



# A Book of the Sea

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A  
Book of the Sea

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by

Lady Sybil Scott

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Ναυηγού τάφος εἰμί· σὺ δὲ πλέε· καὶ γὰρ ὅθ' ἡμεῖς  
ώλόμεθ', αἱ λοιπαὶ νῆες ἐποντοπόρουν

*I am the tomb of one shipwrecked , but sail thou , for even  
while we perished, the other ships sailed on over the sea*

IN MEMORY OF  
THE OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE  
MERCANTILE MARINE AND THE AUXILIARY  
SERVICES .  
WHO HAVE DIED AT SEA  
DURING THE WAR



## PREFACE

THE Navies of the Allies guard our communications, and to their courage and services no tribute can be too high. These are recognized by all and find proper record from those they protect and serve. But the officers and men of the Mercantile Marine also face constant danger in serving our needs, and to them and to those brave fishermen, who, at the call of their country, have left their peaceful avocations for the sternest and hardest of duties, we owe also a heavy debt.

In the grey North Sea, in the narrow waters of the English and Irish Channels, in the long rollers of the Atlantic and the blue waves of the Mediterranean and the Adriatic, the trawlers and the drifters of peace ply in war a new vocation as Patrols and as Mine-sweepers.

The men of Essex, of Hull and Grimsby, of Aberdeen and Wick, of classic Devon and many-harboured Cornwall, go forth to hold the ways for those who 'pass on the seas upon their lawful occasions'. No panoply of war, no glory of battle is theirs. Small vessels, lightly armed, seeking the mine that may be their own destruction, hunting the

submarines that may sink them, facing all weathers in all seas without comforts of any kind, with little rest and with death at hand, far from their homes, what can be said that is too much of their sacrifices and their heroism ?

The merchantman on entering the danger zone welcomes the first sight of the trawler or drifter on its constant and hard patrol, and seeks its haven through the mine-swept passage which these men have cleared.

The man-of-war looks for information from these hardy watchmen of the sea, as do those whose duty it is to guard our shores from aeroplane or Zeppelin attack.

When the war ends what records will leap to light of these seamen, their services and their heroism !

We need not wait till then to pay our tribute. Now, in the Press and in literature, and, above all, by the support of funds for their benefit, we can strengthen their arms and give them fresh courage in the confidence that those dear to them will not be forgotten should they fall in the cause to which they have given all that men can give—themselves

DESART.

## EDITOR'S NOTE

A COLLECTION of this kind cannot, for obvious reasons, be complete: it can, at the best, only be representative. Where the field of choice is so large, what is chosen must depend finally on personal preference. A great deal of verse has been written dealing, directly or indirectly, with the sea, but much of it can only by courtesy be termed poetry. And if I seem to have shown more favour to legends of Greece than to those of the North, to passages descriptive rather of the influence of the wonder and beauty of the sea on the mind of the poet than of the struggles of the sailor with the wind and the waves, I can only say that the book was first conceived in Capri and planned during a summer holiday on the low shores between Porto Venere and the woods of Viareggio. In such surroundings Odysseus seemed a more fitting companion than 'Henry Martin', Shelley and Matthew Arnold more sympathetic singers than the eighteenth-century authors of ballads and chaunties. And although during this war, with its daily record of the endurance and valour of our sailors and fishermen in home and foreign waters, we are reminded constantly of the great seamen of the past—Drake and Raleigh, Nelson and Collingwood—the records of their deeds are already

gathered in the 'Naval Songs and Ballads' of the Navy Records Society, the 'Sailor's Garland' of Mr. Masfield, and the 'Sea Songs and Ballads' of Christopher Stone. And it is to these volumes and to Professor Arber's 'English Garner' and the reprints of the Hakluyt Society that the reader must turn who wishes for more stories of life at sea than are contained in this Anthology. I have, however, included some ballads on account of their historical interest as well as such patriotic poems and sailors' songs as seem to me of some literary value.

The French and Italian poems add, I think, to the interest and variety of the collection, besides having their obvious place in a book produced at a time when our fleets and those of our Allies are united in the guarding of the seas. As to the prose passages, difficult as it was to give any idea in brief quotations of the richness of our literature, it seemed impossible to have an Anthology in which—to name but three prose writers—Defoe, Herman Melville, and, above all perhaps, Joseph Conrad were unrepresented.

The arrangement of the book is simple—chronological in each section—but with frequent breaks in the order, when it seemed to me that, for purposes of comparison or contrast, it was interesting to put poems, even of widely differing periods, together.

For the liberal use that I have been able to make of

copyright material I have to thank the kindness of the following authors and publishers.

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For the many useful suggestions both of friends and scholars I must confine myself to a general expression of my thanks , but I cannot omit to mention the help rendered by my daughter in sharing many of the tasks involved the preparation of this book.



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## PART I LYRICS

You will never enjoy the world aright till the sea itself floweth  
in your veins, till you are clothed with the heavens and crowned  
with th stars —TRAHERNE

We are what suns and winds and waters make us  
LANDOR.

The sky leans dumb on the sea,  
Aweary with all its wings ,  
And oh! the song the sea sings  
Is dark everlastingly —D G ROSSETTI

### 1 *Hymn of St Colum*

DELIGHTFUL would it be to me to be in Uchd  
Ailun  
On the pinnacle of a rock,  
That I might often see  
The face of the ocean ,  
That I might see its heaving waves  
Over the wide ocean,  
When they chant music to their Father  
Upon the world's course ,  
That I might see its level sparkling strand,  
It would be no cause of sorrow ,  
That I might hear the song of the wonderful birds,  
Source of happiness ,  
That I might hear the thunder of the crowding waves  
Upon the rocks ,  
That I might hear the roar by the side of the church  
Of the surrounding sea ,  
That I might see its noble flocks  
Over the watery ocean ,

## SAINT COLUM

That I might see the sea monsters,  
 The greatest of all wonders;  
 That I might see its ebb and flood  
 In their career,  
 That my mystical name might be, I say,  
*Cul in Eim*,<sup>1</sup>  
 That contrition might come upon my heart  
 Upon looking at her,  
 That I might bewail my evils all,  
 Though it were difficult to compute them,  
 That I might bless the Lord  
 Who conserves all.

*Translated from the Irish*

*Cantemus Domino*

**I** WILL sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed  
 gloriously  
 The horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea  
 The Lord is my strength and song,  
 And he is become my salvation  
 He is my God, and I will prepare him an habitation  
 My father's God, and I will exalt him  
 The Lord is a man of war  
 The Lord is his name  
 Pharaoh's chariots and his host hath he cast into the sea  
 His chosen captains also are drowned in the Red Sea  
 The depths have covered them  
 They sank into the bottom as a stone  
 Thy right hand, O Lord, is become glorious in power  
 Thy right hand, O Lord, hath dashed in pieces the enemy.

<sup>1</sup> That is, 'Back turned to Ireland'

And in the greatness of thine excellency thou hast over-  
thrown them that rose up against thee

Thou sentest forth thy wrath, which consumed them as  
stubble.

And with the blast of thy nostrils the waters were gathered  
together,

The floods stood upright as an heap,

And the depths were congealed in the heart of the sea.

The enemy said —

I will pursue, I will overtake, I will divide the spoil,

My lust shall be satisfied upon them,

I will draw my sword, my hand shall destroy them

Thou didst blow with thy wind, the sea covered them

They sank as lead in the mighty waters

Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously,

The horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea

*Exodus, chap xv.*

3

*Quam magnificata*

**O** LORD, how manifold are thy works !  
In wisdom hast thou made them all .

The earth is full of thy riches

So is this great and wide sea,

Wherein are things creeping innumerable,

Both small and great beasts

There go the ships :

There is that leviathan, whom thou hast made to play  
therein.

These wait all upon thee ,

That thou mayest give them their meat in due season

*Psalm civ*



*Leviathan*

CANST thou draw out leviathan with an hook ? or his  
tongue with a cord which thou lettest down ?

Canst thou put an hook into his nose ? or bore his jaw  
through with a thorn ?

Canst thou fill his skin with barbed irons ? or his head  
with fish spears ?

Who can open the doors of his face ? his teeth are terrible  
round about

His scales are his pride, shut up together as with a close  
seal

One is so near to another, that no air can come between  
them

They are joined one to another, they stick together, that  
they cannot be sundered

By his neesings a light doth shine, and his eyes are like the  
eyelids of the morning

Out of his mouth go burning lamps, and sparks of fire  
leap out

Out of his nostrils goeth smoke, as out of a seething pot  
or cauldron.

His breath kindleth coals, and a flame goeth out of his  
mouth.

In his neck remaineth strength, and sorrow is turned into  
joy before him

The flakes of his flesh are joined together, they are firm  
in themselves, they cannot be moved

His heart is as firm as a stone, yea, as hard as a piece of  
the nether millstone

When he raiseth up himself the mighty are afraid, by  
reason of breakings they purify themselves

The sword of him that layeth at him cannot hold the  
 spear, the dart, nor the habergeon  
 He esteemeth iron as straw, and brass as rotten wood . . .  
 He maketh the deep to boil like a pot . he maketh the sea  
 like a pot of ointment  
 He maketh a path to shine after him , one would think the  
 deep to be hoary.  
 Upon earth there is not his like, who is made without fear.

*Job, chap. xli.*

5 *The Fifth Day*

AND God created the great Whales, and each  
 Soul living, each that crept, which plenteously  
 The waters generated by thir kindes,  
 And every Bird of wing after his kinde ,  
 And saw that it was good, and bless'd them, saying,  
 Be fruitful, multiply, and in the Seas  
 And Lakes and running Streams the waters fill ,  
 And let the Fowle be multiply'd on the Earth.  
 Forthwith the Sounds and Seas, each Creek & Bay  
 With Frie innumerable swarme, and Shoales  
 Of Fish that with thir Finns & shining Scales  
 Glide under the green Wave, in Sculles that oft  
 Bank the mid Sea . part single or with mate  
 Graze the Sea weed thir pasture, & through Groves  
 Of Coral stray, or sporting with quick glance  
 Show to the Sun thir wav'd coats dropt with Gold,  
 Or in thir Pearlie shells at ease, attend  
 Moist nutriment, or under Rocks thir food  
 In jointed Armour watch . on smooth the Seale,  
 And bended Dolphins play , part huge of bulk

Wallowing unweildie, enormous in thir Gate  
 Tempest the Ocean there Leviathan  
 Hugest of living Creatures, on the Deep  
 Strecth like a Promontorie sleeps or swimmes,  
 And seems a moving Land, and at his Gilles  
 Draws in, and at his Trunck spouts out a Sea

JOHN MILTON.

6 *'They that go down to the Sea in Ships'*

THEY that go down to the sea in ships  
 And occupy their business in great waters,  
 These men see the works of the Lord  
 And His wonders in the deep  
 For at His word the stormy wind ariseth  
 Which lifteth up the waves thereof  
 They are carried up to the heaven and down again to the  
 deep  
 Their soul melteth away because of the trouble  
 They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man  
 And are at their wit's end  
 So when they cry unto the Lord in their trouble  
 He delivereth them out of their distress  
 For He maketh the storm to cease  
 So that the waves thereof are still  
 Then are they glad because they are at rest  
 And so He bringeth them unto the haven where they  
 would be  
 Oh that men would therefore praise the Lord for His  
 goodness,  
 And declare the wonders that He doeth for the children  
 of men

*Psalm cvii*

SHALL I thus euer long, and be no whit the neare,  
And shal I styll complayn to thee, the which me will  
not here ?

Wherby my hart may thinke, although I see not thee,  
That thou wilt come thy word so sware, if thou a lues  
man be.

- Shall they not make me feare that they haue swallowed thee?

But as thou art most sure aliue so wilt thou come to me.  
Wherby I shall go see thy shippe ride on the strande  
And thinke and say lo where he comes, and sure here will  
he land

And then I shall lift vp to thee my little hande,  
And thou shalt thinke thine hert in ease, in helth to se  
me stand

And if thou come in dede (as Christ the send to do,) Those armes whiche misse thee now shall then imbrace thee to

Ech vaine to every ioynt, the liuely bloud shall spred,  
Which now for want of thy glad sight, doth show full  
pale and dead.

But if thou slip thy trouth and do not come at all,

As minutes in the clocke do strike so call for death I  
shall.

To please bothe thy false hart, and rid my self from wo,  
That rather had to dye in trouth then liue forsaken so

ANONYMOUS *Tottel's Miscellany*.

### 8. *Complaint of the Absence of her Lover*

GOOD Ladies, ye that haue your pleasures in exile,  
Step in your foote, come take a place, and moorne  
with me a while

And such as by their lordes do set but little price,  
Let them sit still. it skilles them not what chance come  
on ye dice

But ye whom loue hath bound by ordre of desire  
To loue your lords, whose good desertes none other  
wold require

Come ye yet ones again, and set your foote by mine,  
Whose wofull plight and sorrowes great no tong may  
wel define.

My loue and lord, alas, in whom consistes my wealth,  
Hath fortune sent to passe the seas in hazarde of his  
health.

Whome I was wont tembrace with well contented minde  
Is nowe amidde the foming floods at pleasure of the  
winde

Where God well him preserue, and sone him home me  
send

Without which hope, my life (alas) wer shortly at an  
end

Whose absence yet, although my hope doth tell me plaine,  
With short returne he comes anon, yet ceasith not my  
payne.

The fearfull dreames I haue, oft times do greue me so  
That when I wake, I lye in doute, where they be true,  
or no.

Sometime the roring seas (me semes) do grow so hye :  
That my dere Lord (ay me alas) me thinkes I se him die  
Another time the same doth tell me he is cumme .

And playeng, where I shall him find with his faire little  
sonne,

So forth I go apace to se that leessom sight

And with a kisse, me think, I say . welcome my lord,  
my knight :

Welcome my swete, alas, the stay of my welfáre.

Thy presence bringeth forth a truce atwixt me, and  
my care.

Then liuely doth he loke, and salueth me againe,

And saith : my dere, how is it now, that you haue all  
thys paine ?

Wherwith the heauy cares : that heapt are in my brest.

Breake forth, and me dischargen clene of all my huge  
vnrest.

But when I me awake, and finde it but a dreame,

The anguishe of my former wo beginneth more extreme

And me tormenteth so, that vnneath may I finde

Sum hidden place, wherein to slake the gnawing of my  
mind,

Thus euery way you se, with absence how I burn .

And for my wound no cure I find, but hope of good  
return,

Saue whan I think, by sowre how swete is felt the more

It doth abate som of my paines, that I abode before

And then vnto my self I say when we shal meete

But litle while shall seme this paine, the ioy shal be so  
sweete.

Ye windes, I you coniure in chiefest of your rage.

That ye my lord me safely sende, my sorowes to assuage  
And that I may not long abide in this exesse

Do your good will, to cure a wight, that liueth in  
distresse

HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY.

9 *'One day I wrote her name vpon the strand'*

ONE day I wrote her name vpon the strand,  
but came the waues and washed it away  
agayne I wrote it with a second hand,  
but came the tyde, and made my paynes his pray.

Vayne man, sayd she, that doest in vaine assay,  
a mortall thing so to immortalize,  
for I my selue shall lyke to this decay,  
and eek my name bee wyped out lykewize.

Not so, (quod I) let baser things deuize  
to dy in dust, but you shall liue by fame  
my verse your vertues rare shall eternize,  
and in the heuens wryte your glorious name  
Where whenas death shall all the world subdew,  
our loue shall liue, and later life renew

EDMUND SPENSER

*The Heart's Venture*

AS carefull *Merchants* doe expecting stand  
(After long time and merry gales of wynde)  
Vpon the place where their braue *Ship* must land  
So waite I for the vessell of my minde

Upon a great aduenture is it bound,  
 Whose safe returne will vally'd be at more  
 Then all the wealthy prizes which haue crown'd  
 The golden wishes of an age before.

O hasten then<sup>1</sup> and if thou be not gone  
 Vnto that wished trafficke through the Mayne,  
 My powrefull sighes shall quickly driue thee on,  
 And then begin to draw thee backe againe

If in the meane rude waues haue it opprest,  
 It shall suffice I venter'd at the best

WILLIAM BROWNE

11

*A Sonnet to the Moone*

LOOKE how the pale Queene of the silent night,  
 Doth cause the Ocean to attend upon her,  
 And he as long as she is in his sight,  
 With his full tide is ready hei to honour  
 But when the siluer wagon of the Moone  
 Is mounted vp so high he cannot follow,  
 The sea calls home his crystall waues to mone,  
 And with low ebbe doth manifest his sorrow  
 So you that are the soueraigne of my heart,  
 Haue all my joyes attending on your will,  
 My joyes low ebbing when you doe depart  
 When you returne, their tide my heart doth fill  
     So as you come, and as you doe depart  
     Joys ebbe and flow within my tender heart

CHARLES BEST



12

*From 'Orchestra'*

FOR loe the Sea that fleets about the Land,  
 And like a girdle clips her solide wast,  
 Musick and measure both doth vnderstand  
 For his great Christall eye is alwayes cast  
 Up to the Moone, and on her fixèd fast  
     And as she daunceth in her pallid spheere,  
     So daunceth he about the Centre heere.

Sometimes his proud greene waues in order set,  
 One after other flow vnto the shore,  
 Which when they haue with many kisses wet,  
 They ebb away in order as before,  
 And to make knowne his Courtly Loue the more,  
     He oft doth lay aside his three-forkt Mace,  
     And with his armes the timerous Earth embrace

SIR JOHN DAVIES

13

*Quando ride il mare*

QUANDO avvien che un zefiretto  
 Per diletto  
 Bagni il piè nell' onde chiare,  
 Sicchè l' acqua in sull' arena  
 Scherzi appena,  
 Noi diciam che ride il mare

GABRIELLO CHIABRERA

14                      *From 'The Tempest'*

(Enter ARIEL, invisible, playing and singing, FERDINAND following )

ARIEL *sings*

COME unto these yellow sands,  
And then take hands .  
Courtsied when you have, and kiss'd,—  
The wild waves whist,—  
Foot it featly here and there ;  
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.  
Hark hark !

[*Burden . Bow, wow, dispersedly.*

The watch-dogs bark

[*Burden . Bow, wow, dispersedly.*

Hark, hark ! I hear

The strain of strutting Chanticleer

[*Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.*

*Ferdinand.* Where should this music be ? i' th' air, or  
th' earth ?

It sounds no more,—and sure, it waits upon  
Some god o' th' island    Sitting on a bank,  
Weeping again the king my father's wrack,  
This music crept by me upon the waters,  
Allaying both their fury, and my passion,  
With its sweet air . thence I have follow'd it,—  
Or it hath drawn me rather,—but 'tis gone.  
No, it begins again

ARIEL *sings*

Full fathom five thy father lies ,  
Of his bones are coral made .  
Those are pearls that were his eyes  
Nothing of him that doth fade,

But doth suffer a sea-change  
 Into something rich and strange.  
 Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell

[*Burden* : ding-dong.

Hark ! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

15 *A Hymne in Praise of Neptune*

OF Neptunes Empyre let vs sing,  
 At whose command the waues obey  
 To whom the Riuers tribute pay,  
 Downe the high mountaines sliding.

To whom the skaly Nation yeelds  
 Homage for the Cristall fields  
 Wherein they dwell,

And euery Sea-god paies a Iem,  
 Yeerely out of his watry Cell,  
 To decke great *Neptunes* Diadem

The *Trytons* dauncing in a ring,  
 Before his Pallace gates, doo make  
 The water with their Ecchoes quake,  
 Like the great Thunder sounding .  
 The Sea-Nymphes chaunt their Accents shrill,  
 And the *Syrens* taught to kill

With their sweet voyce ,  
 Make eu'ry ecchoing Rocke reply,  
 Vnto their gentle murmuring noyse,  
 The prayse of *Neptunes* Empery

THOMAS CAMPION.

16. *The Siren's Song*

**S**TEERE hither, steere, your winged pines,  
 All beaten mariners,  
 Here lye Loues undiscoured mynes,  
     A prey to passengers,  
 Perfumes farre sweeter than the best  
 Which make ye Phœnix vrne and nest  
     Fear not your ships,  
 Nor any to oppose you saue our lips,  
     But come on shore,  
 Where no ioy dyes till loue hath gotten more.  
 For swellinge waues, our panting brestes  
     Where neuer stormes arise  
 Exchange, and be awhile our gueses  
     For starres gaze on our eyes  
 The compasse loue shall hourelly singe,  
 And as he goes aboute the ringe  
     We will not misse  
 To telle each pointe he nameth w<sup>th</sup> a kisse

## Chorus

Then come on shore,  
 Where no ioye dyes till loue hath gotten more  
WILLIAM BROWNE

17. *A Dirge*

**G**LIDE soft ye siluer Floods,  
 And euery Spring ·  
 Within the shady Woods,  
     Let no Bird sing '  
 Nor from the Groue a *Turtle Doue*,  
 Be seene to couple with her loue,  
 But silence on each Dale and Mountaine dwell  
 Whilst WILLY bids his friend and ioy *Farewell*.

But (of great Thetis trayne)  
 Yee *Mermaides* faire,  
 That on the shores doe plaine  
 Your Sea-green haire,  
 As yee in tramels knit your locks  
 Weepe yee, and so inforce the rocks  
 In heauy murmures through the broad shores tell  
 How WILLY bade his friend and ioi *Farewell*

Cease, cease, yee murdring winds  
 To moue a wave,  
 But if with troubled minds  
 You seeke his graue,  
 Know 'tis as various as your selues,  
 Now in the deepe, then on the shelues,  
 His coffin toss'd by fish and surges fell,  
 Whilst WILLY weepes and bids all ioi *Farewell*

Had he *Arion* like  
 Beene iudg'd to drowne,  
 Hee on his Lute could strike  
 So rare a sown',  
 A thousand *Dolphins* would haue come  
 And iointly strue to bring him home  
 But he on Ship-boord dyde, by sicknesse fell,  
 Since when his WILLY bade all ioi *Farewell*.

WILLIAM BROWNE

*A Dialogue*

MY merry mates ! to Neptune's praise,  
 Your voices high advance !  
 The wat'ry nymphs shall dance,  
 And Æolus shall whistle to your lays.  
*Master.* Steersman, how stands the wind ?

*Steersman.* Full north-north-east.

*Master* What course ?

*Steersman* Full south-south-west.

*Master.* No worse, and blow so fair,  
Then sink despair,  
Come solace to the mind !  
Ere night, we shall the haven find  
O happy days, who may contain  
But swell with proud disdain  
When seas are smooth,  
Sails full, and all things please ?

The Golden Mean that constant spirit bears !  
In such extremes, that nor presumes nor fears

Stay, merry mates, proud Neptune lowers !  
Your voices all deplore you,  
The nymphs standing weeping o'er you.  
And Æolus and Iris bandy showers

*Master* Boatsman, haul in the boat !

*Steersman* Hark ! hark the ratlings !

*Master* 'Tis hail !

*Steersman* Make fast the' tacklings !

*Master* Strike sail !

Make quick despatches !

Shut close the hatches !

Hold stern ! cast anchor out !

This night we shall at random float.

O dismal hours !

Who can forbear,

But sink with sad despair ,

When seas are rough, sails rent, and each thing lowers

JOHN DOWLAND.

*Winter*

HARK, hark, I hear the North Wind roar,  
See how he riots on the Shoar ;  
And with expanded Wings out-stretch,  
Ruffels the Billows on the Beach.

Hark, how the routed Waves complain.  
And call for Succor to the Main,  
Flying the Storm as if they meant  
To creep into the Continent.

Surely all Æoll's huffing Brood  
Are met to War against the Flood,  
Which seem surpriz'd, and have not yet  
Had time his Levies to compleat.

The beaten Bark her Rudder lost,  
Is on the rowling Billows tost ;  
Her Keel now Plows the Ouse, and soon  
Her Top-Mast tilts against the Moon

'Tis strange ' the Pilot keeps his seat ;  
His bounding Ship does so curvet,  
Whilst the poor Passengers are found,  
In their own fears already drown'd

Now Fins do serve for Wings, and bear  
Their Scaly Squadrons through the Air ,  
Whilst the Aïrs Inhabitants do stain  
Their gaudy Plumage in the Main.

Now Stars concealed in Clouds do peep  
Into the secrets of the deep ,  
And Lobsters spuèd from the brine,  
With Cancer constellations shine

Sure Neptune's Watery Kingdoms yet  
Since first their Corral Graves were wet,  
Were ne're disturbed with such alarms,  
Nor had such trial of their Arms

See where a Liquid Mountain rides,  
Made up of innumerable Tides,  
And tumbles headlong to the Strand,  
As if the Sea would come to Land.

A Sail, a Sail, I plainly spy,  
Betwixt the Ocean and the Sky,  
An Argosy, a tall built Ship,  
With all her Pregnant Sails a-trip.

Nearer, and nearer, she makes way,  
With Canis Wings into the Bay,  
And now upon the Deck appears  
A croud of busy Mariners

Methinks I hear the Cordage crack,  
With furrowing Neptune's foaming Back,  
Who wounded, and revengeful roars  
His Fury to the neighb'ring Shoars

With massy trident high, he heaves  
Her sliding Keel above the Waves,  
Opening his Liquid Arms to take  
The bold invader in his wrack.

See how she dives into his Chest,  
Whilst raising up his floating Brest  
To clasp her in, he makes her rise  
Out of the reach of his surprize



Nearer she comes, and still doth sweep  
The Azure Surface of the deep,  
And now at last the Waves have thrown  
Their Rider on our Albion.

Under the Black cliff, spumy base,  
The Sea-sick Hulk her freight displays,  
And as she walloweth on the Sand,  
Vomits her burthen to the Land.

With Heads erect, and plying Oar,  
The Ship-wrack'd Mates make to the Shoar ;  
And dreadless of their danger, climb  
The floating Mountains of the brine.

Hark, hark, the noise, their Eccho make  
The Island's Silver Waves to shake ,  
Sure with these throws, the lab'ring Main  
'S delivered of a Hurricane

And see the Seas becalm'd behind,  
Not crispt with any breeze of Wind ,  
The Tempest has forsook the Waves,  
And on Land begins his braves.

Hark, hark, their Voices higher rise,  
They tear the Welkin with their Cries ,  
The very Rocks their fury feel,  
And like Sick Drunkards nod, and reel

Louder, and louder, still they come,  
Niles Cataracts to these are dumb ,  
The Cyclope to these Blades are still,  
Whose Anvils shake the burning Hill.

Were all the Stars enlightened Skies,  
 As full of Ears as sparkling Eyes ,  
 This rattle in the Christal Hall,  
 Would be enough to deaf them all

What monstrous Race is hither tost,  
 Thus to Alarm our British Coast ,  
 With Outcries, such as never yet  
 War, or Confusion could beget

Oh ! now I know them , let us home,  
 Our Mortal Enemy is come,  
 Winter and all his blust'ring train,  
 Have made a voyage o're the Main.

CHARLES COTTON.

20.

*From 'Comus'*

1

SABRINA fair  
 Listen where thou art sitting  
 Under the glassie, cool, translucent wave,  
     In twisted braids of Lillies knitting  
 The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair,  
     Listen for dear honour's sake,  
     Goddess of the silver lake,  
         Listen and save !

Listen and appear to us,  
 In name of great *Oceanus*,  
 By the earth-shaking *Neptune's* mace,  
 And *Tethys* grave majestick pace,  
 By hoary *Nereus* wrinckled look,  
 And the *Carpathian* wisards hook,

By scaly *Tritons* winding shell,  
 And old sooth-saying *Glauco's* spell,  
 By *Leucothea's* lovely hands,  
 And her son that rules the strands,  
 By *Thetis* unself-shipper'd feet,  
 And the Songs of *Sirens* sweet  
 By dead *Parthenope's* dear tomb,  
 And fair *Ligeia's* golden comb.  
 Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks  
 Sleeking her soft alluring locks  
 By all the *Nymphs* that nightly dance  
 Upon thy streams with wily glance,  
 Rise, rise, and heave thy rosie head  
 From thy coral-pav'n bed,  
 And bridle in thy headlong wave,  
 Till thou our summons answered have.  
 Listen and save !

## 11

'To the Ocean now I fly,  
 And those happy climes that ly  
 Where day never shuts his eye,  
 Up in the broad fields of the sky !

JOHN MILTON.

21.

*From 'Lycidas'*

BUT now my Oate proceeds,  
 And listens to the Herald of the Sea  
 That came in *Neptune's* plea,  
 He ask'd the Waves, and ask'd the Fellon winds,  
 What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain ?  
 And question'd every gust of rugged wings

That blows from off each beaked Promontory,  
They knew not of his story,  
And sage *Hippotades* their answer brings,  
That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd,  
The Ayr was calm, and on the level brine,  
Sleek *Panope* with all her sisters play'd.  
It was that fatall and perfidious Bark  
Built in th'eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,  
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine. . . .  
Bring the rathe Primrose that forsaken dies  
The tufted Crow-toe, and pale Gessamine,  
The white Pink, and the Pansie freakt with jeat,  
The glowing Violet  
The Musk-rose, and the well attir'd Woodbine  
With Cowslips wan that hang the pensive hed,  
And every flower that sad embroidery wears  
Bid *Amaranthus* all his beauty shed,  
And Daffadillies fill their cups with tears,  
To strew the Laureat Herse where *Lycid* lies.  
For so to interpose a little ease,  
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise  
Ay me! Whilst thee the shores, and sounding Seas  
Wash far away, where ere thy bones are hurld,  
Whether beyond the stormy *Hebrides*,  
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide  
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world,  
Or whether thou to our moist vows deny'd,  
Sleep'st by the fable of *Bellerus* old,  
Where the great vision of the guarded Mount  
Looks toward *Namancos* and *Bayona's* hold;  
Look homeward Angel now, and melt with ruth.  
And, O ye *Dolphins*, waft the haples youth  
Weep no more, woful Shepherds weep no more,

For *Lycidas* your sorrow is not dead,  
 Sunk though he be beneath the watry floor,  
 So sinks the day-star in the Ocean bed,  
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,  
 And tricks his beams, and with new spangled Ore,  
 Flames in the forehead of the morning sky  
 So *Lycidas* sunk low, but mounted high,  
 Through the dear might of him that walk'd the waves  
 Where other groves, and other streams along,  
 With *Nectar* pure his oozy Lock's he laves,  
 And hears the unexpressive nuptial Song,  
 In the blest Kingdoms meek of joy and love  
 There entertain him all the Saints above,  
 In solemn troops, and sweet Societies  
 That sing, and singing in their glory move,  
 And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes  
 Now *Lycidas* the Shepherds weep no more;  
 Hence forth thou art the Genius of the shore,  
 In thy large recompense, and shalt be good  
 To all that wander in that perilous flood

JOHN MILTON

*Bermudas*

WHERE the remote Bermudas ride,  
 In th' ocean's bosome unesp'y'd,  
 From a small boat, that row'd along,  
 The list'ning winds receiv'd this song

'What should we do but sing His praise,  
 That led us through the wat'ry maze,  
 Unto an isle so long unknown,  
 And yet far kinder than our own'  
 Where he the huge sea-monsters wracks,

That lift the deep upon their backs ,  
He lands us on a grassy stage,  
Safe from the storms, and prelat's rage  
He gave us this eternal Spring,  
Which here enamells every thing ,  
And sends the fowls to us in care,  
On daily visits through the air ,  
He hangs in shades the orange bright,  
Like golden lamps in a green night ,  
And does in the pomegranates close,  
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows ,  
He makes the figs our mouths to meet,  
And throws the melons at our feet ,  
But apples, plants of such a price,  
No tree could ever bear them twice ,  
With cedars, chosen by His hand,  
From Lebanon, He stores the land ,  
And makes the hollow seas, that roar,  
Proclaim the ambergris on shoar  
He cast (of which we rather boast)  
The Gospel's pearl upon our coast,  
And in these rocks for us did frame  
A temple, where to sound His name  
Oh ! let our voice His praise exalt,  
'Till it arrive at Heaven's vault ,  
Which, thence (perhaps) rebounding, may  
Eccho beyond the Mexique Bay '

Thus sung they, in the English boat,  
An holy and a chearful note,  
And all the way, to guide their chime,  
With falling oars they kept the time

ANDREW MARVELL.

*Pour un Marinier**Vers de Ballet*

DESSUS la mer de Cypre, où souvent il arrive  
Que les meilleurs nochers se perdent dès la rive,  
J'ay navigué la nuit plus de fois que le jour.  
La beauté d'Uranie est mon pole et mon phare,  
Et, dans quelque tourmente où ma barque s'égaré,  
Je n'invoque jamais d'autre dieu que l'Amour.

Souvent à la mercy des funestes Pléyades,  
Ce pilote sans peur m'a conduit en des rades  
Où jamais les vaisseaux ne s'estoient hasardez ,  
Et, sans faire le vain, ceux qui m'entendront dire  
De quel art cet enfant a guidé mon navire  
Ne l'accuseront plus d'avoir les yeux bandez.

Il n'est point de brouillards que ses feux n'esclaircissent ;  
Par ses enchantements les vagues s'adoucissent ,  
La mer se fait d'azur et le ciel de saphirs,  
Et, devant la beauté dont j'adore l'image,  
En faveur du printemps, qui luit en son visage,  
Les plus fiers aquilons se changent en zephirs

Mais, bien que dans ses yeux l'amour prenne ses charmes,  
Qu'il y mette ses feux, qu'il y forge ses armes,  
Et qu'il ait estably son empire en ce lieu,  
Toutefois sa grandeur leur rend obeïssance ,  
Sur cette ame de glace il n'a point de puissance,  
Et seulement contre elle il cesse d'estre dieu

Je sçay bien que ma nef y doit faire naufrage .  
Ma science m'apprend à predire l'orage ,  
Je connois le rocher qu'elle cache en son sein ,

Mais plus j'y voy de morts, et moins je m'épouvante ;  
 Je me trahis moy-mesme, et l'art dont je me vante,  
 Pour l'honneur de perir en un si beau dessein.

HONORAT DE BUFIL, MARQUIS DE RACAN.

24. *To Lucasta, Going beyond the Seas*

IF to be absent were to be  
 Away from thee,  
 Or that when I am gone,  
 You or I were alone,  
 Then my *Lucasta* might I crave  
 Pity from blustering winde, or swallowing wave.

But I'll not sigh one blast or gale  
 To swell my saile,  
 Or pay a teare to swage  
 The foming blew Gods rage,  
 For whether he wil let me passe  
 Or no, I'm still as happy as I was.  
 Though Seas and Land betwixt us both,  
 Our Faith and Troth,  
 Like separated soules,  
 All time and space controules  
 Above the highest sphere we meet  
 Unseen, unknown, and greet as Angels greet

So then we do anticipate  
 Our after-fate,  
 And are alive i' th' skies,  
 If thus our lips and eyes  
 Can speake like spirits unconfin'd  
 In Heav'n, their earthy bodies left behind

RICHARD LOVELACE.



*The First Ship*

THE sky in beauty arch'd  
The wide and weltering flood,  
While the winds in triumph march'd  
Through their pathless solitude—  
Rousing up the plume on ocean's hoary crest,  
That like space in darkness slept,  
When his watch old Silence kept,  
Ere the earliest planet leapt  
From its breast

A speck is on the deeps,  
Like a spirit in her flight,  
How beautiful she keeps  
Her stately path in light !  
She sweeps the shining wilderness in glee—  
The sun has on her smiled,  
And the waves, no longer wild,  
Sing in glory round that child  
Of the sea.

'Twas at, the set of sun  
That she tilted o'er the flood,  
Moving like God alone  
O'er the glorious solitude—  
The billows crouch around her as her slaves  
How exulting are her crew !—  
Each sight to them is new,  
As they sweep along the blue  
Of the waves.

DUGALD MOORE

26.

*The Enchanted Island*

TO Rathlin's Isle I chanced to sail  
When summer breezes softly blew,  
And there I heard so sweet a tale  
That oft I wished it could be true.

They said, at eve, when rude winds sleep,  
And hushed is every turbid swell,  
A mermaid rises from the deep  
And sweetly tunes her magic shell.

And while she plays, rock, dell, and cave,  
In dying falls the sound retain,  
As if some choral spirits gave  
Their aid to swell her witching strain

Then summoned by that dulcet note,  
Uprising to th' admiring view,  
A fairy island seems to float  
With tints of many a gorgeous hue

And glittering fanes, and lofty towers,  
All on this fairy isle are seen  
And waving trees, and shady bowers,  
With more than mortal vesture green

And as it moves, the western sky  
Glow with a thousand varying rays,  
And the calm sea, tinged with each dye,  
Seems like a golden flood of haze.

They also say, if earth or stone  
From verdant Erin's hallowed land  
Were on this magic island thrown,  
For ever fixed it then would stand

But when for this some little boat  
 In silence ventures from the shore,  
 The mermaid sinks—hushed is the note—  
 The fairy isle is seen no more

L. A. CONOLLY

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods,  
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore,  
 There is society, where none intrudes,  
 By the deep Sea, and music in its roar  
 I love not Man the less, but Nature more,  
 From these our interviews, in which I steal  
 From all I may be, or have been before,  
 To mingle with the Universe, and feel  
 What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll !  
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ,  
 Man marks the earth with ruin—his control  
 Stops with the shore , upon the watery plain  
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain  
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,  
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,  
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,  
 Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown. . .

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls  
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,  
 And monarchs tremble in their capitals,  
 The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make

Their clay creator the vain title take  
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war—  
 These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,  
 They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar  
 Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of Trafalgar

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—  
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?  
 Thy waters wash'd them power while they were free,  
 And many a tyrant since; then shores obey  
 The stranger, slave, or savage, their decay  
 Has dried up realms to deserts —not so thou,—  
 Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves' play,  
 Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow.  
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form  
 Glasses itself in tempests, in all time,—  
 Calm or convulsed, in breeze, or gale, or storm,  
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime  
 Dark-heaving—boundless, endless, and sublime,  
 The image of eternity, the throne  
 Of the Invisible, even from out thy slime  
 The monsters of the deep are made, each zone  
 Obeys thee, thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON

28.

*Stanzas for Music*

THERE be none of Beauty's daughters  
 With a magic like thee,  
 And like music on the waters  
 Is thy sweet voice to me.

When, as if its sound were causing  
 The charmed ocean's pausing,  
 The waves lie still and gleaming,  
 And the lull'd winds seem dreaming

And the midnight moon is weaving  
 Her bright chain o'er the deep ;  
 Whose breast is gently heaving,  
 As an infant's asleep  
 So the spirit bows before thee,  
 To listen and adore thee ,  
 With a full but soft emotion,  
 Like the swell of Summer's ocean

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON.

**I** SAW from the beach, when the morning was shining,  
 A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on ;  
 I came when the sun o'er that beach was declining,  
 The bark was still there, but the waters were gone.

And such is the fate of our life's early promise,  
 So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known ,  
 Each wave, that we danced on at morning, ebbs from us,  
 And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone.

Ne'er tell me of glories, serenely adorning  
 The close of our day, the calm eve of our night ,—  
 Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of Morning,  
 Her clouds and her tears are worth Evening's best light.

THOMAS MOORE.

30 *From 'Stanzas, written in Dejection  
near Naples'*

THE sun is warm, the sky is clear,  
The waves are dancing fast and bright,  
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear  
The purple noon's transparent might,  
The breath of the moist earth is light,  
Around its unexpanded buds,  
Like many a voice of one delight,  
The winds, the birds, the ocean floods,  
The City's voice itself, is soft like Solitude's.

I see the Deep's untrampled floor  
With green and purple seaweeds strown;  
I see the waves upon the shore,  
Like light dissolved in star-showers, thrown  
I sit upon the sands alone,—  
The lightning of the noontide ocean  
Is flashing round me, and a tone  
Arises from its measured motion,  
How sweet! did any heart now share in my emotion. . .

Yet now despair itself is mild,  
Even as the winds and waters are,  
I could lie down like a tired child,  
And weep away the life of care  
Which I have borne and yet must bear,  
Till death like sleep might steal on me,  
And I might feel in the warm air  
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea  
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony

Some might lament that I were cold,  
 As I, when this sweet day is gone,  
 Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,  
 Insults with this untimely moan,  
 They might lament—for I am one  
 Whom men love not,—and yet regret,  
 Unlike this day, which, when the sun  
 Shall on its stainless glory set,  
 Will linger, though enjoyed, like joy in memory yet

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

31. *From 'Ode to the West Wind'*

THOU on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,  
 Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,  
 Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean,  
 Angels of rain and lightning . there are spread  
 On the blue surface of thine aery surge,  
 Like the bright hair uplifted from the head  
 Of some fierce Maenad, even from the dim verge  
 Of the horizon to the zenith's height,  
 The locks of the approaching storm    Thou dirge  
 Of the dying year, to which this closing night  
 Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,  
 Vaulted with all thy congregated might  
 Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere  
 Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst . oh, hear !  
 Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams  
 The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,  
 Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baiae's bay,  
 And saw in sleep old palaces and towers  
 Quivering within the wave's intenser day,  
 All overgrown with azure moss and flowers  
 So sweet, the sense faints picturing them ! Thou  
 For whose path the Atlantic's level powers  
 Cleave themselves into chasms while far below  
 The sea blooms and the oozy woods which wear  
 The sylvan foliage of the ocean, know  
 Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,  
 And tremble and despoil themselves — oh, hear !

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

32.

*Arethusa*

ARETHUSA arose  
 From her couch of snows  
 In the Acroceraunian mountains —  
     From cloud and from crag,  
     With many a jag,  
 Shepherding her bright fountains  
     She leapt down the rocks,  
     With her rainbow locks  
 Streaming among the streams ;—  
     Her steps paved with green  
     The downward ravine  
 Which slopes to the western gleams ;  
     And gliding and springing  
     She went, ever singing,  
 In murmurs as soft as sleep ;  
     The Earth seemed to love her,  
     And Heaven smiled above her,  
 As she lingered towards the deep.



Then Alpheus bold,  
On his glacier cold,  
With his trident the mountains strook ;  
And opened a chasm  
In the rocks—with the spasm  
All Erymanthus shook.  
And the black south wind  
It unsealed behind  
The urns of the silent snow,  
And earthquake and thunder  
Did rend in sunder  
The bars of the springs below.  
And the beard and the hair  
Of the River-god were  
Seen through the torrent's sweep,  
As he followed the light  
Of the fleet nymph's flight  
To the brink of the Dorian deep.

‘ Oh, save me ! Oh, guide me !  
And bid the deep hide me,  
For he grasps me now by the hair !  
The loud Ocean heard,  
To its blue depth stirred,  
And divided at her prayer ;  
And under the water  
The Earth's white daughter  
Fled like a sunny beam ,  
Behind her descended  
Her billows, unblended  
With the brackish Dorian stream  
Like a gloomy stain  
On the emerald main

Alpheus rushed behind,—  
As an eagle pursuing  
A dove to its ruin  
Down the streams of the cloudy wind.

Under the boxers  
When the Ocean Powers  
Sit on their pearl'd thrones ;  
Through the coral woods  
Of the weltering floods,  
Over leaps of unvalued stones ,  
Through the dim beams  
Which amid the streams  
Weave a network of coloured light ,  
And under the caves,  
Where the shadowy waves  
Are as green as the forest's night .—  
Outspeeding the shark ,  
And the sword-fish dark,  
Under the Ocean's form,  
And up through the rifts  
Of the mountain cliffs  
They passed to their Dorian home

And now from their fountains  
In Enna's mountains,  
Down one vale where the morning basks,  
Like friends once parted  
Grown single-hearted,  
They ply their watery tasks  
At sunrise they leap  
From their cradles steep  
In the cave of the shelving hill ,

## PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

At noontide they flow  
 Through the woods below  
 And the meadows of asphodel;  
 And at night they sleep  
 In the rocking deep  
 Beneath the Ortygian shore,—  
 Like spirits that lie  
 In the azure sky  
 When they love but live no more.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

*From 'Prometheus Unbound'*

ECHOES (*unseen*).

ECHOES we listen!  
 We cannot stay.  
 As dew-stars glisten  
 Then fade away—  
 Child of Ocean!

O, follow, follow,  
 As our voice recedeth  
 Through the caverns hollow,  
 Where the forest spreadeth,  
 (*More distant*)

O, follow, follow!  
 Through the caverns hollow,  
 As the song floats thou pursue,  
 Where the wild bee never flew,  
 Through the noontide darkness deep,  
 By the odour-breathing sleep

Of faint night flowers, and the waves  
 At the fountain-lighted caves.  
 While our music wild and sweet,  
 Mocks thy gently falling feet,  
     Child of Ocean !

In the world unknown  
     Sleeps a voice unspoken ;  
 By thy step alone  
     Can its rest be broken ;  
     Child of Ocean !

O, follow follow !  
     Through the caverns hollow,  
 As the song flows thou pursue.  
 By the woodland noontide dew ;  
 By the forests, lakes, and fountains,  
 Through the many-folded mountains ;  
 To the rents, and gulfs, and chasms,  
 Where the Earth reposed from spasms,  
 On the day when He and thou  
 Parted, to commingle now,  
     Child of Ocean !

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

*From 'The Recollection'*

WE wandered to the Pine Forest  
 That skirts the Ocean's foam,  
 The lightest wind was in its nest,  
     The tempest in its home  
 The whispering waves were half asleep,  
     The clouds were gone to play,  
 And on the bosom of the deep  
     The smile of Heaven lay ;

It seemed as if the hour were one  
 Sent from beyond the skies,  
 Which scattered from above the sun  
 A light of Paradise.

We paused amid the pines that stood  
 The giants of the waste,  
 Tortured by storms to shapes as rude  
 As serpents interlaced  
 And soothed by every azure breath,  
 That under Heaven is blown,  
 To harmonies and hues beneath,  
 As tender as its own ;  
 Now all the tree-tops lay asleep,  
 Like green waves on the sea,  
 As still as in the silent deep  
 The ocean woods may be

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

35.

*A Dirge*

PRAYER unsaid, and mass unsung,  
 Deadman's dirge must still be rung  
 Dingle-dong, the dead-bells sound !  
 Mermen chant his dirge around !

Wash him bloodless, smoothe him fair,  
 Stretch his limbs, and sleek his hair  
 Dingle-dong, the dead-bells go !  
 Mermen swing them to and fro !

In the wormless sands shall he  
 Feast for no foul gluttons be •  
 Dingle-dong, the dead-bells chime !  
 Mermen keep the tone and time !

We must with a tombstone brave  
 Shut the shark out from his grave ·  
     Dingle-dong, the dead-bells toll !  
     Mermen dirgers ring his knoll !

Such a slab will we lay o'er him  
 All the dead shall rise before him !  
     Dingle-dong, the dead-bells boom !  
     Mermen lay him in his tomb !

GEORGE DARLEY.

36

*From 'Nepenthe'*

**H**IE on to great Ocean ! hie on ! hie on !  
 Fleet as water can gallop, hie on !  
     Hear ye not thro' the ground  
     How the sea-trumpets sound  
 Round the sea-monarch's shallop, hie on !

Hie on to brave Ocean ! hie on ! hie on !  
 From the sleek mountain levels, hie on !  
     Hear ye not in the boom  
     Of the water-bell's womb  
 Pleasant whoop to sea-revels, hie on !

Hie on to bright Ocean ! hie on ! hie on !  
 'Tis the store of rich waters, hie on !  
     Hear ye not the rough sands  
     Rolling gold on the strands  
 For poor Earth's sons and daughters, hie on !

## GEORGE DARLEY

Hie on to calm Ocean ! hie on ! hie on !  
Summer-rest from earth riot, hie on !

Hear ye not the smooth tide  
With deep murmur and wide  
Call ye down to its quiet, hie on !

Shrill on those lofty-sloping leas  
The wind-bells sounded in the breeze,  
Dingling beside me, as I glid,  
So sweet, I scarce knew what I did ,  
But shrilly, too, as that lithe shell  
Blown from old Ocean's world-broad well,  
When the red hour of morn's begun  
And Zephyr posts before the Sun  
Yet shriller still than rings at morn  
The wet-mouthed wind-god's broadening horn,  
Sudden above my head I heard  
The cliff-scream of the thunder-bird,  
The rushing of his forest wings,  
A hurricane when he swoops or springs,  
And saw upon the darkening glade  
Cloud-broad his sun-eclipsing shade

I tremble with delight,  
Proud of my terrible plight,  
And turn me to the hollow caves  
Where the hoarse spirit of the Euxine raves  
The melancholy tale of that drown'd Youth he tells  
To the fast fleeting waves,  
For ever in vast murmurs, as he laves  
With foam his sedgy locks loose-floating down the  
Dardanelles !

Down the Dardanelles !  
What Echo in musical sound repels  
My words, like thunder tolled  
From the high-toppling rocks  
In loud redoubtous shocks  
Behold, great Sun, behold !

Down the Dardanelles !  
Behold the Thunderer where she rides !  
Behold her how she swells  
Like floating clouds her canvas sides !  
Raising with ponderous breast the tides  
On both the shores, as down she rides,  
Down the Dardanelles !

Down the Dardanelles !  
Each Continent like a cartiff stands,  
As every broadside knells !  
While with a voice that shakes the strands  
She spreads her hundred-mouth'd commands,  
Albion's loud law to both the lands,  
Down the Dardanelles !

Down the Dardanelles !  
Ye billowy hills before her bowne !  
Wind Caverns ! your deep shells  
Ring Ocean and Earth her old Renown  
Long as that sun from Ida's crown  
Smooths her broad road with splendour down,  
Down the Dardanelles !

GEORGE DARLEY



37

*From 'Nepenthe'*

**I**N the caves of the deep—lost Youth ! lost Youth !—  
 O'er and o'er, fleeting billows ! fleeting billows !—

Rung to his restless everlasting sleep  
 By the heavy death-bells of the deep,  
 Under the slimy-dropping sea-green willows,

Poor Youth ! lost Youth !  
 Laying his dolorous head, forsooth,  
 On Carian reefs uncouth—

Poor Youth !—  
 On the wild sand's ever-shifting pillows !

In the foam's cold shroud—lost Youth ! lost Youth !—  
 And the lithe waterweed swathing round him !—

Mocked by the surges roaring o'er him loud,  
 ' Will the sun-seeker freeze in his shroud,  
 Aye, where the deep-wheeling eddy has wound him ?'

Lost Youth ! poor Youth !  
 Vail him his Daedalian wings, in truth ?  
 Stretched there without all ruth—

Poor Youth !—  
 Weeping fresh torrents into those that drowned him !

Strymon, heaven-descended stream !  
 Valley along, thy silver sand  
 Broader and broader yet doth gleam,  
 Spreading into ocean's strand,  
 Over whose white verge the storm  
 With his wide-swaying loomy arm  
 Weaves his mournful tapestry,  
 Slowly let down from sky to sea

Dull in the Drowner's ear  
Bubbled amid far ocean these sad echoes drear.

In the caves of the deep—Hollo ! hollo !—  
Lost Youth !—o'er and o'er fleeting billows !  
Hollo ! hollo !—without all ruth !—  
In the foam's cold shroud !—Hollo ! hollo !  
To his everlasting sleep !—Lost Youth !

Over the ocean blown,  
Far-winnowing, let my soul be mingled with her own,  
By sighs responsive to each other known !  
Bird unto bird's loved breast has often flown  
From distant zone to zone,  
Why must the Darling of the Morn lament him here alone ?  
Shall not his fleeting spirit be mingled with her own,  
Over the ocean blown ?

.

O could my Spirit wing  
Hills over, where salt Ocean hath his fresh headspring  
And snowy curls bedeck the Blue-haired King,  
Up where sweet oral birds articulate sing  
Within the desert ring—  
Their mighty shadows o'er broad Earth the Lunar Moun-  
tains fling,  
Where the Sun's chariot bathes in Ocean's fresh head-  
spring—  
O could my Spirit wing !

GEORGE DARLEY

38 *From 'Ethelstan' Runilda's Chant*

O'ER the wild gannet's bath  
Come the Norse coursers !  
O'er the whale's heritance  
Gloriously steering !  
With beaked heads peering,  
Deep-plunging, high-rearing,  
Tossing their foam abroad,  
Shaking white manes aloft,  
Creamy-neck'd, pitchy-ribb'd,  
Steeds of the Ocean !

O'er the Sun's mirror green  
Come the Norse coursers !  
Trampling its glassy breadth  
Into bright fragments !  
Hollow-back'd, huge-bosom'd,  
Fraught with mail'd riders,  
Clanging with hauberks,  
Shield, spear, and battleaxe,  
Canvas-wing'd, cable-rein'd,  
Steeds of the Ocean !

O'er the Wind's ploughing-field  
Come the Norse coursers !  
By a hundred each ridden,  
To the bloody feast bidden,  
They rush in their fierceness  
And ravine all round them !  
Their shoulders enriching  
With fleecy-light plunder,  
Fire-spreading, foe-spurning,  
Steeds of the Ocean !

GEORGE DARLEY.

39.

*' To Sea '*

TO sea, to sea ! The calm is o'er ,  
 The wanton water leaps in sport,  
 And rattles down the pebbly shore ,  
 The dolphin wheels, the sea-cows snort,  
 And unseen Mermaids' pearly song  
 Comes bubbling up, the weeds among.

Fling broad the sail, dip deep the oar  
 To sea, to sea ! the calm is o'er.

To sea, to sea ! our wide-winged bark  
 Shall billowy cleave its sunny way,  
 And with its shadow, fleet and dark,  
 Break the caved Tritons' azure day,  
 Like mighty eagle soaring light  
 O'er antelopes on Alpine height

The anchor heaves, the ship swings free,  
 The sails swell full . To sea, to sea !

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES

40

*Song of the Sicilian Sea**(Nereids sing )*

STROPHE

FAR off the storms were dying ,  
 The Sea-nymphs and Sea-gods  
 On new-lulled billows lying,

With tridents and pearl-rods  
 Upon their sliding thrones

And beds of waving waters  
 Reclined august, old Ocean's sons,

And the choir of his foam-white daughters

## AUBREY DE VERE

## ANTISTROPHE.

Into their deep conchs blowing,  
 They smoothed the scowling waves,  
 And the great sea-music forth flowing  
 Was echoed in the glassy caves.  
 There was no sound but song  
 Save now and then far under,  
 When an ocean monster streamed along  
 With a roll of Ocean's thunder.

## EPODE.

Then Iris, lightly dropping,  
 Leaped from her cloudy screen,  
 And lit on a wave down-sloping  
 In floods of crimson-green  
 A moment its neck she trod,  
 And cried, 'The Gods of Heaven  
 Are coming to feast with the Ocean-God,  
 So Jove has sworn, this even'

AUBREY DE VERE

*Æolian Harp*

O PALE green sea,  
 With long pale purple clouds above—  
 What lies in me like weight of love?  
 What dies in me  
 With utter grief, because there comes no sign  
 Through the sun-raying West, or on the dim sea-line,  
 O salted air,  
 Blown round the rocky headlands chill—  
 What calls me there from cove and hill?

What calls me fair  
 From Thee, the first-born of the youthful night?  
 Or in the waves is coming through the dusk twilight?  
 O yellow Star,  
 Quivering upon the rippling tide—  
 Sendest so far to one that sigh'd?  
 Bendest thou, Star,  
 Above where shadows of the dead have rest  
 And constant silence, with a message from the blest?

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

42

*The Ocean Wood*

GREY woods within whose silent shade  
 The ocean voice is dimly known.  
 Where undisturbed the violets fade,  
 And roses perish overblown  
 Calm rests the wave against the beach  
 Calm rocks the wave-bird on its tide,  
 And calmer in their heaven than each,  
 The gleaming bands of sunset ride  
 Soon will the ripple move again  
 Soon will the shorelark flute its song:  
 And in sweet emphasis of pain  
 The rock-dove mourn the cliffs along.  
 Sweet shall resound the curlew's wail,  
 New sails come sweeping up the sea  
 But all the ships that ever sail  
 Will bring no comfort home to me

LORD DE TABLEY

43 *From 'The Churchyard on the Sands'*

MY Love lies in the gates of foam,  
 The last dear wreck of shore :  
 The naked sea-marsh binds her home,  
 The sand her chamber door

The grey gull flaps the written stones,  
 The ox-birds chase the tide ,  
 And near that narrow field of bones  
 Great ships at anchor ride. . . .

Sleep and forget all things but one,  
 Heard in each wave of sea,—  
 How lonely all the years will run  
 Until I rest by thee

LORD DE TABLEY.

44 *The Sands of Dee*

‘O MARY, go and call the cattle home,  
 And call the cattle home,  
 And call the cattle home  
 Across the sands of Dee ,’  
 The western wind was wild and dank with foam,  
 And all alone went she

The western tide crept up along the sand,  
 And o’er and o’er the sand,  
 And round and round the sand,  
 As far as eye could see.  
 The rolling mist came down and hid the land .  
 And never home came she.

'Oh' is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—  
A tress of golden hair,  
A drownèd maiden's hair  
Above the nets at sea?  
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair  
Among the stakes on Dee.'

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,  
The cruel crawling foam,  
The cruel hungry foam,  
To her grave beside the sea.  
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home  
Across the sands of Dee.

CHARLES KINGSLEY

45.

*Annabel Lee*

IT was many and many a year ago,  
In a kingdom by the sea,  
That a maiden there lived whom you may know  
By the name of Annabel Lee,  
And this maiden she lived with no other thought  
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and *she* was a child,  
In this kingdom by the sea;  
But we loved with a love that was more than love—  
I and my Annabel Lee,  
With a love that the wingèd seraphs of heaven  
Coveted her and me.



And this was the reason that, long ago,  
    In this kingdom by the sea,  
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling  
    My beautiful Annabel Lee ,  
So that her highborn kinsman came  
    And bore her away from me,  
To shut her up in a sepulchre  
    In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,  
    Went envying her and me—  
Yes !—that was the reason (as all men know,  
    In this kingdom by the sea)  
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,  
    Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love  
    Of those who were older than we—  
    Of many far wiser than we—  
And neither the angels in heaven above,  
    Nor the demons down under the sea,  
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul  
    Of the beautiful Annabel Lee

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams  
    Of the beautiful Annabel Lee ,  
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes  
    Of the beautiful Annabel Lee ,  
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side  
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,  
    In the sepulchre there by the sea,  
    In her tomb by the sounding sea.

EDGAR ALLAN POE

46. *My Lost Youth*

OFTEN I think of the beautiful town  
 That is seated by the sea ,  
 Often in thought go up and down  
 The pleasant streets of that dear old town,  
 And my youth comes back to me  
 And a verse of a Lapland song  
 Is haunting my memory still .  
 ' A boy's will is the wind's will,  
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts '

I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,  
 And catch in sudden gleams,  
 The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,  
 And islands that were the Hesperides  
 Of all my boyish dreams  
 And the burden of that old song,  
 It murmurs and whispers still .  
 ' A boy's will is the wind's will,  
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts '

I remember the black wharves and the slips,  
 And the sea-tides tossing free ,  
 And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,  
 And the beauty and mystery of the ships,  
 And the magic of the sea.  
 And the voice of that wayward song  
 Is singing and saying still  
 ' A boy's will is the wind's will,  
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts '

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,  
 And the fort upon the hill;  
 The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar,  
 The drum-beat repeated o'er and o'er,  
 And the bugle wild and shrill  
 And the music of that old song  
 Throbs in my memory still  
 'A boy's will is the wind's will.  
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts'

I remember the sea-fight far away,  
 How it thundered o'er the tide!  
 And the dead captains, as they lay  
 In the graves, o'erlooking the tranquil bay,  
 Where they in battle died  
 And the sound of that mournful song  
 Goes through me with a thrill:  
 'A boy's will is the wind's will,  
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts'

I can see the breezy dome of groves,  
 The shadows of Deering's Woods,  
 And the friendships old and the early loves  
 Come back with a sabbath sound, as of doves  
 In quiet neighbourhoods  
 And the verse of that sweet old song,  
 It flutters and murmurs still.  
 'A boy's will is the wind's will,  
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts'

I remember the gleams and glooms that dart  
 Across the schoolboy's brain,  
 The song and the silence in the heart,  
 That in part are prophecies, and in part  
 Are longings wild and vain

And the voice of that fitful song  
Sings on, and is never still.

'A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'  
There are things of which I may not speak,

There are dreams that cannot die,  
There are thoughts that make the strong heart weak,  
And bring a pallor into the cheek,  
And a mist before the eye

And the words of that fatal song  
Come over me like a chill

'A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'

Strange to me now are the forms I meet

When I visit the dear old town,  
But the native air is pure and sweet,  
And the trees that o'ershadow each well-known street,  
As they balance up and down,

Are singing the beautiful song,  
Are sighing and whispering still

'A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'

And Deering's Woods are fresh and fair,

And with joy that is almost pain  
My heart goes back to wander there,  
And among the dreams of the days that were,  
I find my lost youth again.

And the strange and beautiful song,  
The groves are repeating it still

'A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

47. ' *In Cabin'd Ships at Sea* '

**I**N cabin'd ships at sea,  
The boundless blue on every side expanding,  
With whistling winds and music of the waves, the large  
imperious waves,  
Or some lone bark buoy'd on the dense marine,  
Where joyous full of faith, spreading white sails,  
She cleaves the ether mid the sparkle and the foam of  
day, or under many a star at night,  
By sailors young and old haply will I, a reminiscence of  
the land, be read,  
In full rapport at last

Here are our thoughts, voyagers' thoughts,  
Here not the land, firm land, alone appears, may then by  
them be said,  
The sky o'erarches here, we feel the undulating deck beneath  
our feet,  
We feel the long pulsation, ebb and flow of endless motion,  
The tones of unseen mystery, the vague and vast suggestions  
of the briny world, the liquid-flowing syllables,  
The perfume, the faint creaking of the cordage, the melan-  
choly rhythm,  
The boundless vista and the horizon far and dim are all here,  
And this is ocean's poem

Then falter not O book, fulfil your destiny,  
You not a reminiscence of the land alone,  
You too as a lone bark cleaving the ether, purpos'd I know  
not whither, yet ever full of faith,  
Consort to every ship that sails, sail you!  
Bear forth to them folded by love, (dear mariners, for you  
(I fold it here in every leaf,))

Speed on my book ! spread your white sails my little bark  
athwart the imperious waves,  
Chant on, sail on, bear o'er the boundless blue from me to  
every sea,  
This song for mariners and all their ships.

WALT WHITMAN

48 *From 'Out of the Cradle endlessly  
Rocking'*

BLOW ! blow ! blow !  
Blow up sea-winds along Paumanok's shore ,  
I wait and I wait till you blow my mate to me  
Yes, when the stars glisten'd,  
All night long on the prong of a moss-scallop'd stake,  
Down almost amid the slapping waves,  
Sat the lone singer wonderful causing tears.

He call'd on his mate,  
He pour'd forth the meanings which I of all men know.

Yes my brother I know,  
The rest might not, but I have treasur'd every note,  
For more than once dimly down to the beach gliding,  
Silent, avoiding the moonbeams, blending myself with the  
shadows,  
Recalling now the obscure shapes, the echoes, the sounds  
and sights after their sorts,  
The white arms out in the breakers tirelessly tossing,  
I, with bare feet, a child, the wind wafting my hair,  
Listen'd long and long.  
Listen'd to keep, to sing, now translating the notes,  
Following you my brother.

Soothe ! soothe ! soothe !

Close on its wave soothes the wave behind,  
And again another behind embracing and lapping, every  
one close,

But my love soothes not me, not me.

Low hangs the moon, it rose late,  
It is lagging—O I think it is heavy with love, with love.

O madly the sea pushes upon the land,  
With love, with love

O night ! do I not see my love fluttering out among the  
breakers ?

What is that little black thing I see there in the white ?

Loud ! loud ! loud !

Loud I call to you, my love !

High and clear I shoot my voice over the waves,  
Surely you must know who is here, is here,  
You must know who I am, my love

Low-hanging moon !

What is that dusky spot in your brown yellow ?

O it is the shape, the shape of my mate !

O moon do not keep her from me any longer

Land ! land ! O land !

Whichever way I turn, O I think you could give me my  
mate back again if you only would,  
For I am almost sure I see her dimly whichever way I  
look.

On the sands of Paumanok's shore gray and rustling,  
The yellow half-moon enlarged, sagging down, drooping,  
the face of the sea almost touching,

The boy ecstatic, with his bare feet the waves, with his  
hair the atmosphere dallying,  
The love in the heart long pent, now loose, now at last  
tumultuously bursting,  
The aria's meaning, the ears, the soul, swiftly depositing,  
The strange tears down the cheeks coursing,  
The colloquy there, the trio, each uttering,  
The undertone, the savage old mother incessantly crying,  
To the boy's soul's questions sullenly timing, some drown'd  
secret hissing,  
To the outsetting bard.

Are you whispering it, and have you been all the time, you  
sea-waves ?

Is that it from your liquid rims and wet sands ?

Whereto answering, the sea,  
Delaying not, hurrying not,  
Whisper'd me through the night, and very plainly before  
daybreak,

Lisp'd to me the low and delicious word death,  
And again death, death, death, death,  
Hissing melodious, neither like the bird nor like my arous'd  
child's heart,

But edging near as privately for me rustling at my feet,  
Creeping thence steadily up to my ears and laving me  
softly all over,  
Death, death, death, death, death

Which I do not forget,  
But fuse the song of my dusky demon and brother,  
That he sang to me in the moonlight on Paumanok's gray  
beach,  
With the thousand responsive songs at random,



My own songs awaked from that hour,  
 And with them the key, the word up from the waves,  
 The word of the sweetest song and all songs,  
 That strong and delicious word which, creeping to my feet,  
 (Or like some old crone rocking the cradle, swathed in  
     sweet garments, bending aside,)  
 The sea whisper'd me.

WALT WHITMAN

49      '*On the Beach at Night*'

ON the beach at night,  
 Stands a child with her father,  
 Watching the east, the autumn sky.

Up through the darkness,  
 While ravening clouds, the burial clouds, in black masses  
     spreading,  
 Lower sullen and fast athwart and down the sky,  
 Amid a transparent clear belt of ether yet left in the east,  
 Ascends large and calm the lord-star Jupiter,  
 And nigh at hand, only a very little above,  
 Swim the delicate sisters the Pleiades

From the beach the child holding the hand of her father,  
 Those burial-clouds that lower victorious soon to devour  
     all,

Watching, silently weeps

Weep not, child,

Weep not, my darling,

With these kisses let me remove your tears,

The ravening clouds shall not long be victorious,

They shall not long possess the sky, they devour the stars  
     only in apparition,

Jupiter shall emerge, be patient, watch again another night,  
the Pleiades shall emerge,  
They are immortal, all those stars both silvery and golden  
shall shine out again,  
The great stars and the little ones shall shine out again,  
they endure,  
The vast immortal suns and the long-enduring pensive  
moons shall again shine

Then dearest child mournest thou only for Jupiter ?  
Considerest thou alone the burial of the stars ?

Something there is,  
(With my lips soothing thee, adding I whisper,  
I give thee the first suggestion, the problem and indirection,)  
Something there is more immortal even than the stars,  
(Many the burials, many the days and nights, passing  
away,)  
Something that shall endure longer even than lustrous  
Jupiter,  
Longer than sun or any revolving satellite,  
Or the radiant sisters the Pleiades.

WALT WHITMAN

50

*Pendant la Tempête*

LA barque est petite et la mer immense,  
La vague nous jette au ciel en courroux,  
Le ciel nous renvoie au flot en démente  
Près du mât rompu prions à genoux !

De nous à la tombe il n'est qu'une planche  
Peut-être ce soir, dans un lit amer,  
Sous un froid linceul, fait d'écume blanche,  
Irons-nous dormir, veillés par l'éclair !

Fleur du paradis, sainte Notre-Dame,  
Si bonne aux marins en péril de mort,  
Apaie le vent, fais taire la lame,  
Et pousse du doigt notre esquif au port.

Nous te donnerons, si tu nous délivres,  
Une belle robe en papier d'argent,  
Un cierge à festons pesant quatre livres,  
Et, pour ton Jésus, un petit Saint-Jean.

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER.

### *Les Matelots*

**S**UR l'eau bleue et profonde  
Nous allons voyageant,  
Environnant le monde  
D'un sillage d'argent,  
Des îles de la Sonde,  
De l'Inde au ciel brûlé,  
Jusqu'au pôle gelé . .

Les petites étoiles  
Montrent de leur doigt d'or  
De quel côté les voiles  
Doivent prendre l'essor,  
Sur nos ailes de toiles,  
Comme de blancs oiseaux,  
Nous effleurons les eaux.

Nous pensons à la terre  
Que nous fuyons toujours,  
A notre vieille mère,  
A nos jeunes amours,  
Mais la vague légère  
Avec son doux refrain  
Endort notre chagrin

Le laboureur déchire  
Un sol avare et dur ;  
L'éperon du navire  
Ouvre nos champs d'azur,  
Et la mer sait produire,  
Sans peine ni travail,  
La perle et le corail.

Existence sublime !  
Bercés par notre nid  
Nous vivons sur l'abîme  
Au sein de l'infini,  
Des flots rasant la cime,  
Dans le grand désert bleu  
Nous marchons avec Dieu !

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER.

52    *'Where lies the Land to which the Ship  
would go?'*

WHERE lies the land to which the ship would go?  
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.  
And where the land she travels from? Away,  
Far, far behind, is all that they can say

On sunny noons upon the deck's smooth face,  
Linked arm in arm, how pleasant here to pace;  
Or, o'er the stern reclining, watch below  
The foaming wake far widening as we go,

On stormy nights when wild north-westerns rave,  
How proud a thing to fight with wind and wave!  
The dripping sailor on the reeling mast  
Exults to bear, and scorns to wish it past.

Where lies the land to which the ship would go?  
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know  
And where the land she travels from? Away,  
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

53            *The River of Time*

HAPLY, the River of Time,  
As it grows, as the towns on its marge  
Fling their wavering lights  
On a wider statelier stream—  
May acquire, if not the calm  
Of its early mountainous shore,  
Yet a solemn peace of its own

And the width of the waters, the hush  
 Of the grey expanse where he floats,  
 Freshening its current and spotted with foam  
 As it draws to the Ocean, may strike  
 Peace to the soul of the man on its breast

As the pale Waste widens around him—  
 As the banks fade dimmer away—  
 As the stars come out, and the night-wind  
 Brings up the stream  
 Murmurs and scents of the infinite Sea.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

54. *From 'The Scholar Gipsy'*

THEN fly our greetings, fly our speech and smiles !  
 —As some grave Tyrian trader, from the sea,  
 Descried at sunrise an emerging prow  
 Lifting the cool-hair'd creepers stealthily,  
 The fringes of a southward-facing brow  
 Among the Ægean isles ,  
 And saw the merry Grecian coaster come,  
 Freighted with amber grapes, and Chian wine,  
 Green bursting figs, and tunnies steep'd in brine ,  
 And knew the intruders on his ancient home,

The young light-hearted Masters of the waves ,  
 And snatch'd his rudder, and shook out more sail,  
 And day and night held on indignantly  
 O'er the blue Midland waters with the gale,  
 Betwixt the Syrtes and soft Sicily,  
 To where the Atlantic raves

Outside the Western Straits, and unbent sails  
 There, where down cloudy cliffs, through sheets of foam,  
 Shy traffickers, the dark Iberians come,  
 And on the beach undid his corded bales.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

55. *From 'Empedocles on Etna'*

and CALLICLES sings. —

FAR, far from here,  
 The Adriatic breaks in a warm bay  
 Among the green Illyrian hills; and there  
 The sunshine of the happy glens is fair,  
 And by the sea, and in the brakes  
 The grass is cool, the sea-side air  
 Buoyant and fresh, the mountain flowers  
 As virginal and sweet as ours  
 And there, they say, two bright and aged snakes,  
 Who once were Cadmus and Harmonia,  
 Bask in the glens or on the warm sea-shore,  
 In breathless quiet, after all their ills  
 Nor do they see their country, nor the place  
 Where the Sphinx lived among the frowning hills,  
 Nor the unhappy palace of their race,  
 Nor Thebes, nor the Ismenus, any more  
 There those two live, far in the Illyrian brakes  
 They had stay'd long enough to see,  
 In Thebes, the billow of calamity  
 Over their own dear children roll'd,  
 Curse upon curse, pang upon pang,  
 For years, they sitting helpless in their home,  
 A grey old man and woman, yet of old  
 The Gods had to their marriage come,  
 And at the banquet all the Muses sang.

Therefore they did not end their days  
 In sight of blood , but were rapt, far away,  
 To where the west wind plays,  
 And murmurs of the Adriatic come  
 To those untrodden mountain lawns , and there  
 Placed safely in changed forms, the Pair  
 Wholly forget their first sad life, and home,  
 And all that Theban woe, and stray  
 For ever through the glens, placid and dumb

MATTHEW ARNOLD

56

*' Break, break, break '*

**B**REAK, break, break,  
 On thy cold grey stones, O Sea !  
 And I would that my tongue could utter  
 The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,  
 That he shouts with his sister at play !  
 O well for the sailor lad,  
 That he sings in his boat on the bay !

And the stately ships go on  
 To the haven under the hill ,  
 But O for the touch of a vanished hand,  
 And the sound of a voice that is still !

Break, break, break,  
 At the foot of thy crags, O Sea !  
 But the tender grace of a day that is dead  
 Will never come back to me

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON



57

*Song of the Argonauts*

O BITTER sea, tumultuous sea,  
Full many an ill is wrought by thee!—  
Unto the wasters of the land  
Thou holdest out thy wrinkled hand,  
And when they leave the conquered town,  
Whose black smoke makes thy surges brown,  
Driven betwixt thee and the sun,  
As the long day of blood is done,  
From many a league of glittering waves  
Thou smilest on them and their slaves

The thin, bright-eyed Phœnician  
Thou drawest to thy waters wan ·  
With ruddy eve and golden morn  
Thou temptest him, until, forlorn,  
Unburied, under alien skies,  
Cast up ashore his body lies

Yea, whoso sees thee from his door,  
Must ever long for more and more,  
Nor will the beechen bowl suffice,  
Or homespun robe of little price,  
Or hood well-woven of the fleece  
Undyed, or unspiced wine of Greece,  
So sore his heart is set upon  
Purple, and gold, and cinnamon,  
For, as thou cravest, so he craves,  
Until he rolls beneath thy waves  
Nor, in some land-locked unknown bay,  
Can satiate thee for one day.

Now therefore, O thou bitter sea,  
With no long words we pray to thee,

But ask thee, hast thou felt before  
Such strokes of the long ashen oar ?  
And hast thou yet seen such a prow  
Thy rich and niggard waters plough ?

Nor yet, O sea, shalt thou be cursed,  
If at thy hands we gain the worst,  
And, wrapt in water, roll about,  
Blind-eyed, unheeding song or shout,  
Within thine eddies far from shore,  
Warmed by no sunlight any more.

Therefore, indeed, we joy in thee,  
And praise thy greatness, and will we  
Take at thy hands both good and ill,  
Yea, what thou wilt, and praise thee still,  
Enduring not to sit at home,  
And wait until the last days come,  
When we no more may care to hold  
White bosoms under crowns of gold,  
And our dulled hearts no longer are  
Stirred by the clangorous noise of war,  
And hope within our souls is dead,  
And no joy is remembered

So, if thou hast a mind to slay,  
Fair prize thou hast of us to-day,  
And if thou hast a mind to save,  
Great praise and honour shalt thou have .  
But whatso thou wilt do with us  
Our end shall not be piteous,  
Because our memories shall live  
When folk forget the way to drive  
The black keel through the heaped-up sea,  
And half dried up the waters be

WILLIAM MORRIS.

58.

*The Wanderers*

OVER the sea our galleys went,  
With cleaving prows in order brave  
To a speeding wind and a bounding wave,  
A gallant armament  
Each bark built out of a forest-tree  
Left leafy and rough as first it grew,  
And nailed all over the gaping sides,  
Within and without, with black bull-hides,  
Seethed in fat and suppld in flame,  
To bear the playful billows' game  
So, each good ship was rude to see,  
Rude and bare to the outward view,  
But each upbore a stately tent  
Where cedar pales in scented row  
Kept out the flakes of the dancing brine,  
And an awning drooped the mast below,  
In fold on fold of the purple fine,  
That neither noontide nor starshine  
Nor moonlight cold which maketh mad,  
Might pierce the regal tenement.  
When the sun dawned, oh, gay and glad  
We set the sail and plied the oar,  
But when the night-wind blew like breath,  
For joy of one day's voyage more,  
We sang together on the wide sea,  
Like men at peace on a peaceful shore,  
Each sail was loosed to the wind so free,  
Each helm made sure by the twilight star,  
And in a sleep as calm as death,  
We, the voyagers from afar,

Lay stretched along, each weary crew  
In a circle round its wondrous tent  
Whence gleamed soft light and curled rich scent,  
And with light and perfume, music too  
So the stars wheeled round, and the darkness past,  
And at morn we started beside the mast,  
And still each ship was sailing fast

Now, one morn, land appeared—a speck  
Dim trembling betwixt sea and sky.  
‘Avoid it,’ cried our pilot, ‘check  
The shout, restrain the eager eye!’  
But the heaving sea was black behind  
For many a night and many a day,  
And land, though but a rock, drew nigh;  
So we broke the cedar pales away,  
Let the purple awning flap in the wind,  
And a statue bright was on every deck!  
We shouted, every man of us,  
And steered right into the harbour thus,  
With pomp and pæan glorious.

A hundred shapes of lucid stone!  
All day we built its shrine for each,  
A shrine of rock for every one,  
Nor paused till in the westering sun  
We sat together on the beach  
To sing because our task was done  
When lo! what shouts and merry songs!  
What laughter all the distance stirs!  
A loaded raft with happy throngs  
Of gentle islanders!  
‘Our isles are just at hand,’ they cried,

'Like cloudlets faint in even sleeping,  
 Our temple-gates are opened wide,  
 Our olive-groves thick shade are keeping  
 For these majestic forms'—they cried.  
 Oh, then we awoke with sudden start  
 From our deep dream, and knew, too late,  
 How bare the rock, how desolate,  
 Which had received our precious freight :  
 Yet we called out—'Depart !'  
 Our gifts, once given, must here abide.  
 Our work is done, we have no heart  
 To mar our work,'—we cried

ROBERT BROWNING.

*Amphibian*

**T**HE fancy I had to-day,  
 Fancy which turned a fear !  
 I swam far out in the bay,  
 Since waves laughed warm and clear.  
 I lay and looked at the sun,  
 The noon-sun looked at me.  
 Between us two, no one  
 Live creature, that I could see.  
 Yes ! There came floating by  
 Me, who lay floating too,  
 Such a strange butterfly !  
 Creature as dear as new  
 Because the membraned wings  
 So wonderful, so wide,  
 So sun-suffused, were things  
 Like soul and nought beside.

A handbreadth over head !  
All of the sea my own,  
It owned the sky instead ;  
Both of us were alone.

I never shall join its flight,  
For, nought buoys flesh in air.  
If it touch the sea—good night !  
Death sure and swift waits there

Can the insect feel the better  
For watching the uncouth play  
Of limbs that slip the fetter,  
Pretend as they were not clay ?

Undoubtedly I rejoice  
That the air comports so well  
With a creature which had the choice  
Of the land once Who can tell ?

What if a certain soul  
Which early slipped its sheath,  
And has for its home the whole  
Of heaven, thus look beneath,

Thus watch one who, in the world,  
Both lives and likes life's way,  
Nor wishes the wings unfurled  
That sleep in the worm, they say ?

But sometimes when the weather  
Is blue, and warm waves tempt  
To free oneself of tether,  
And try a life exempt

## ROBERT BROWNING

From worldly noise and dust,  
In the sphere which overbrims  
With passion and thought,—why, just  
Unable to fly, one swims !

By passion and thought upborne,  
One smiles to oneself—‘ They fare  
Scarce better, they need not scorn  
Our sea, who live in the air !’

Emancipate through passion  
And thought, with sea for sky,  
We substitute, in a fashion,  
For heaven—poetry .

Which sea, to all intent,  
Gives flesh such noon-disport  
As a finer element  
Affords the spirit-sort

Whatever they are, we seem .  
Imagine the thing they know ;  
All deeds they do, we dream ,  
Can heaven be else but so ?

And meantime, yonder streak  
Meets the horizon’s verge ,  
That is the land, to seek  
If we tire or dread the surge .

Land the solid and safe—  
To welcome again (confess !)  
When, high and dry, we chafe  
The body, and don the dress.

Does she look, pity, wonder  
At one who mimics flight,  
Swims—heaven above, sea under,  
Yet always earth in sight?

ROBERT BROWNING

60 *From 'Meeting at night'*

THE grey sea and the long black land,  
And the yellow half-moon large and low,  
And the startled little waves that leap  
In fiery ringlets from their sleep.  
As I gain the cove with pushing prow,  
And quench its speed i' the slushy sand

ROBERT BROWNING.

61 *Parting at Morning*

ROUND the cape of a sudden came the sea,  
And the sun looked over the mountain's rim  
And straight was a path of gold for him,  
And the need of a world of men for me.

ROBERT BROWNING

62 *Sleep at Sea*

SOUND the deep waters —  
Who shall sound that deep?—  
Too short the plummet,  
And the watchmen sleep.



## CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

Some dream of effort  
Up a toilsome steep ;  
Some dream of pasture grounds  
For harmless sheep

White shapes flit to and fro  
From mast to mast ,  
They feel the distant tempest  
That nears them fast  
Great rocks are straight ahead,  
Great shoals not past ,  
They shout to one another  
Upon the blast.

Driving and driving,  
The ship drives amain  
While swift from mast to mast  
Shapes flit again,  
Flit silent as the silence  
Where men lie slain ,  
Their shadow cast upon the sails  
Is like a stain

No voice to call the sleepers,  
No hand to raise .  
They sleep to death in dreaming  
Of length of days  
Vanity of vanities,  
The Preacher says .  
Vanity is the end  
Of all their ways

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

63.

*By the Sea*

WHY does the sea moan evermore?  
Shut out from heaven it makes its moan,  
It frets against the boundary shore  
All earth's full rivers cannot fill  
The sea, that drinking thirsteth still

Sheer miracles of loveliness  
Lie hid in its unlooked-on bed  
Anemones, salt, passionless,  
Blow flower-like—just enough alive  
To blow and multiply and thrive

Shells quaint with curve or spot or spike,  
Encrusted live things argus-eyed,  
All fair alike yet all unlike,  
Are born without a pang, and die  
Without a pang, and so pass by

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

64

*The Sea-Limits*

CONSIDER the sea's listless chime  
Time's self it is, made audible,—  
The murmur of the earth's own shell.

Secret continuance sublime  
Is the sea's end our sight may pass  
No furlong further Since time was,  
This sound hath told the lapse of time

No quiet, which is death's,—it hath  
The mournfulness of ancient life,  
Enduring always at dull strife.  
As the world's heart of rest and wrath,

Its painful pulse is in the sands  
 Last utterly, the whole sky stands,  
 Grey and not known, along its path

Listen alone beside the sea,  
 Listen alone among the woods,  
 Those voices of twin solitudes  
 Shall have one sound alike to thee:  
 Hark where the murmurs of thronged men  
 Surge and sink back and surge again,—  
 Still the one voice of wave and tree

Gather a shell from the strown beach  
 And listen at its lips they sigh  
 The same desire and mystery,  
 The echo of the whole sea's speech  
 And all mankind is thus at heart  
 Not anything but what thou art  
 And Earth, Sea, Man, are all in each.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

PASSA la nave mia con vele nere,  
 Con vele nere pe 'l selvaggio mare.  
 Ho in petto una ferita di dolore,  
 Tu ti diverti a farla sanguinare  
 E, come il vento, perfido il tuo core,  
 E sempre qua e là presto a voltare.  
 Passa la nave mia con vele nere,  
 Con vele nere pe 'l selvaggio mare.

GIOSUÈ CARDUCCI.

66

*'Je ne sais pourquoi'*

JE ne sais pourquoi  
 Mon esprit amer  
 D'une aile inquiète et folle vole sur la mer,  
 Tout ce qui m'est cher,  
 D'une aile d'effroi  
 Mon amour le couve au ras des flots    Pourquoi, pourquoi ?

Mouette à l'essor mélancolique,  
 Elle suit la vague, ma pensée,  
 A tous les vents du ciel balancée  
 Et braisant quand la marée oblique,  
 Mouette à l'essor mélancolique.

Ivre de soleil  
 Et de liberté,  
 Un instinct la guide à travers cette immensité  
 La brise d'été  
 Sur le flot vermeil  
 Doucement la porte en un tiède demi-sommeil

Parfois si tristement elle crie  
 Qu'elle alarme au lointain le pilote,  
 Puis au gré du vent se livre et flotte  
 Et plonge, et l'aile toute meurtrie  
 Revole, et puis si tristement crie !

Je ne sais pourquoi  
 Mon esprit amer  
 D'une aile inquiète et folle vole sur la mer,  
 Tout ce qui m'est cher,  
 D'une aile d'effroi  
 Mon amour le couve au ras des flots    Pourquoi, pourquoi ?  
 PAUL VERLAINE

67

*' La Mer est plus belle '*

LA mer est plus belle  
Que les cathédrales,  
Nourrice fidèle,  
Berceuse de râles,  
La mer sur qui prie  
La Vierge Marie !

Elle a tous les dons  
Terribles et doux  
J'entends ses pardons  
Gronder ses courroux.  
Cette immensité  
N'a rien d'entêté

O ! si patiente,  
Même quand méchante !  
Un souffle ami hante  
La vague, et nous chante  
' Vous sans espérance,  
Mourez sans souffrance ! '

Et puis sous les cieux  
Qui s'y rient plus clairs,  
Elle a des airs bleus,  
Rose, gris et verts .  
Plus belle que tous,  
Meilleure que nous !

PAUL VERLAINE

*To a Seamew*

**W**HEN I had wings, my brother,  
 Such wings were mine as thine  
 Such life my heart remembers  
 In all as wild Septembers  
 As this when life seems other,  
 Though sweet, than once was mine,  
 When I had wings, my brother,  
 Such wings were mine as thine.

Such life as thrills and quickens  
 The silence of thy flight,  
 Or fills thy note's elation  
 With lordlier exultation  
 Than man's, whose faint heart sickens  
 With hopes and fears that blight  
 Such life as thrills and quickens  
 The silence of thy flight

Thy cry from windward clanging  
 Makes all the cliffs rejoice;  
 Though storm clothe seas with sorrow,  
 Thy call salutes the morrow,  
 While shades of pain seem hanging  
 Round earth's most rapturous voice,  
 Thy cry from windward clanging  
 Makes all the cliffs rejoice

We, sons and sires of seamen,  
 Whose home is all the sea,  
 What place man may, we claim it,  
 But thine—whose thought may name it?

Free birds live higher than freemen,  
 And gladlier ye than we—  
 We, sons and sires of seamen,  
 Whose home is all the sea

For you the storm sounds only  
 More notes of more delight  
 Than earth's in sunniest weather  
 When heaven and sea together  
 Join strength against the lonely  
 Lost bark borne down by night,  
 For you the storm sounds only  
 More notes of more delight

With wider wing, and louder  
 Long clarion-call of joy,  
 Thy tribe salutes the terror  
 Of darkness, wild as error,  
 But sure as truth, and prouder  
 Than waves with man for toy,  
 With wider wing, and louder  
 Long clarion-call of joy.

The wave's wing spreads and flutters,  
 The wave's heart swells and breaks,  
 One moment's passion thrills it,  
 One pulse of power fulfils it  
 And ends the pride it utters  
 When, loud with life that quakes,  
 The wave's wing spreads and flutters,  
 The wave's heart swells and breaks

But thine and thou, my brother,  
 Keep heart and wing more high

Than aught may scare or sunder ;  
 The waves whose throats are thunder  
 Fall hurtling each on other,  
     And triumph as they die ,  
 But thine and thou, my brother,  
     Keep heart and wing more high

More high than wrath or anguish,  
     More strong than pride or fear,  
 The sense or soul half hidden  
 In thee, for us forbidden,  
 Bids thee nor change nor languish,  
     But live thy life as here,  
 More high than wrath or anguish,  
     More strong than pride or fear.

We are fallen, even we, whose passion  
     On earth is nearest thine ,  
 Who sing, and cease from flying ,  
 Who live, and dream of dying .  
 Grey time, in time's grey fashion,  
     Bids wingless creatures pine  
 We are fallen, even we, whose passion  
     On earth is nearest thine

The lark knows no such rapture,  
     Such joy no nightingale,  
 As sways the songless measure  
 Wherein thy wings take pleasure  
 Thy love may no man capture,  
     Thy pride may no man quail ,  
 The lark knows no such rapture,  
     Such joy no nightingale.



And we, whom dreams embolden,  
 We can but creep and sing  
 And watch through heaven's waste hollow  
 The flight no sight may follow  
 To the utter bourne beholden  
 Of none that lack thy wing ·  
 And we, whom dreams embolden,  
 We can but creep and sing

Our dreams have wings that falter,  
 Our hearts bear hopes that die,  
 For thee no dream could better  
 A life no fears may fetter,  
 A pride no care can alter,  
 That wots not whence or why  
 Our dreams have wings that falter,  
 Our hearts bear hopes that die

With joy more fierce and sweeter  
 Than joys we deem divine  
 Their lives, by time untarnished,  
 Are girt about and garnished,  
 Who match the wave's full metre  
 And drink the wind's wild wine  
 With joy more fierce and sweeter  
 Than joys we deem divine.

Ah, well were I for ever,  
 Wouldst thou change lives with me,  
 And take my song's wild honey,  
 And give me back thy sunny

Wide eyes that weary never,  
And wings that search the sea,  
Ah, well were I for ever,  
Wouldst thou change lives with me.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

69. *From 'By the North Sea'*

MILES, and miles, and miles of desolation !  
Leagues on leagues on leagues without a change !  
Sign or token of some eldest nation

Here would make the strange land not so strange  
Time-forgotten, yea, since time's creation,  
Seem these borders where the sea-birds range

Slowly, gladly, full of peace and wonder  
Grows his heart who journeys here alone.  
Earth and all its thoughts of earth sink under  
Deep as deep in water sinks a stone  
Hardly knows it if the rollers thunder,  
Hardly whence the lonely wind is blown.

Tall the plumage of the rush-flower tosses,  
Sharp and soft in many a curve and line  
Gleam and glow the sea-coloured marsh-mosses,  
Salt and splendid from the circling brine  
Streak on streak of glimmering seashine crosses  
All the land sea-saturate as with wine

Far, and far between, in divers orders,  
Clear grey steeples cleave the low grey sky,  
Fast and firm as time-unshaken warders,  
Hearts made sure by faith, by hope made high.  
These alone in all the wide sea-borders  
Fear no blast of days and nights that die.

All the land is like as one man's face is,  
 Pale and troubled still with change of cares.  
 Doubt and death pervade her clouded spaces :  
 Strength and length of life and peace are theirs ,  
 'Theirs alone amid these weary places,  
 Seeing not how the wild world frets and fares.

Firm and fast where all is cloud that changes  
 Cloud-clogged sunlight, cloud by sunlight thinned,  
 Stern and sweet, above the sand-hill ranges  
 Watch the towers and tombs of men that sinned  
 Once, now calm as earth whose only change is  
 Wind, and light, and wind, and cloud, and wind  
 Out and in and out the sharp straits wander,  
 In and out and in the wild way strives,  
 Starred and paved and lined with flowers that squander  
 Gold as golden as the gold of hives,  
 Salt and moist and multiform but yonder  
 See, what sign of life or death survives ?

Seen then only when the songs of olden  
 Harps were young whose echoes yet endure,  
 Hymned of Homer when his years were golden,  
 Known of only when the world was pure,  
 Here is Hades, manifest, beholden,  
 Surety, surely here, if aught be sure !

All too sweet such men's Hellenic speech is,  
 All too fair they lived of light to see,  
 Once to see the darkness of these beaches,  
 Once to sing this Hades found of me  
 Ghostless, all its gulfs and creeks and reaches,  
 Sky, and shore, and cloud, and waste, and sea

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

70. *From 'In Guernsey'*

MY mother sea, my fostress, what new strand,  
What new delight of waters, may this be,  
The fairest found since time's first breezes fanned  
My mother sea'

Once more I give me body and soul to thee,  
Who hast my soul for ever . cliff and sand  
Recede, and heart to heart once more are we

My heart springs first and plunges, ere my hand  
Strike out from shore . more close it brings to me,  
More near and dear than seems my fatherland,  
My mother sea.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

71. *From 'Echoes'*

THE wan sun westers, faint and slow ,  
The eastern distance glimmers gray ,  
An eerie haze comes creeping low  
Across the little, lonely bay ,  
And from the sky-line far away  
About the quiet heaven are spread  
Mysterious hints of dying day,  
Thin, delicate dreams of green and red.

And weak, reluctant surges lap  
And rustle round and down the strand  
No other sound . If it should hap,  
The ship that sails from fairy-land !  
The silken shrouds with spells are manned,  
The hull is magically scrolled,  
The squat mast lives, and in the sand  
The gold prow-griffin claws a hold

It steals to seaward silently ;  
 Strange fish-folk follow thro' the gloom ,  
 Great wings flap overhead , I see  
 The Castle of the Drowsy Doom  
 Vague thro' the changeless twilight loom,  
 Enchanted, hushed And ever there  
 She slumbers in eternal bloom,  
 Her cushions hid with golden hair.

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

72

*From 'Echoes'*

THE full sea rolls and thunders  
 In glory and in glee  
 O, bury me not in the senseless earth  
 But in the living sea !

Ay, bury me where it surges  
 A thousand miles from shore,  
 And in its brotherly unrest  
 I'll range for evermore

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY.

73.

*Over the Sea to Skye*

SING me a song of a lad that is gone,  
 Say, could that lad be I?  
 Merry of soul he sailed on a day  
 Over the sea to Skye.

Mull was astern, Rum on the port,  
 Egg on the starboard bow ,  
 Glory of youth glowed in his soul  
 Where is that glory now ?

Sing me a song of a lad that is gone,  
Say, could that lad be I ?  
Merry of soul he sailed on a day  
Over the sea to Skye.

Give me again all that was there,  
Give me the sun that shone !  
Give me the eyes, give me the soul, ·  
Give me the lad that's gone !

Sing me a song of a lad that is gone,  
Say, could that lad be I ?  
Merry of soul he sailed on a day  
Over the sea to Skye

Billow and breeze, islands and seas,  
Mountains of rain and sun,  
All that was good, all that was fair,  
All that was me is gone.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

*From 'The Wanderer'*

OFt by the marsh's quaggy edge  
I heard the wind-swept rushes fall ;  
Where through an overgrowth of sedge  
Rolled the slow mere funereal  
I heard the music of the leaves  
Unto the night wind's fingering,  
I saw the dropping forest eaves  
Make in the mere their water-ring. . .

But day by day about the marge  
 Of this slow-brooding dreaminess  
 The shadow of the past lay large,  
 And brooded low and lustreless :  
 Then vanished as I looked on it,  
 Yet back returned with wider sweep  
 And broad upon my soul vould sit,  
 Like a storm-cloud above the deep .  
 ' I see ', I cried, ' the waste of waves  
 That shifts from out the western tracts ,  
 I see the sun that ever laves  
 With liquid gold their cataracts ;  
 And night by night I see the moon  
 Career and thwart the waves of cloud ,  
 I see great nature burgeon  
 Through all her seasons laughter-browed.  
 But what are these things unto me ?  
 They lack not me, they are full-planned.  
 I must have love in my degree,  
 A human heart, a human hand ;  
 For oh ! 'tis better far to share,  
 Though life all dark all bitter be,  
 With human bosoms human care : '  
 I launched my boat upon the sea.

RICHARD WATSON DIXON.

75.

*Dalla Spiaggia*

I

C' È sopra il mare tutto abbonacciato  
 Il tremolare quasi d' una maglia  
 In fondo in fondo un ermo colonnato,  
 Nivee colonne d' un candor che abbaglia :

Una rovina bianca e solitaria,  
Là dove azzurra è l' acqua come l' aria .

Il mare nella calma dell' estate  
Ne canta tra le sue larghe sorsate.

## II

O bianco tempio che crederi vedere  
Nel chiaro giorno, dove sei vanito ?  
Due barche stanno immobilmente nere,  
Due barche in panna in mezzo all' infinito

E le due barche sembrano due bare  
Smarrite in mezzo all' infinito mare ;

E piano il mare scivola alla riva  
E ne sospira nella calma estiva.

GIOVANNI PASCOLI

76.

*Il Mare*

**M'** AFFACCIO alla finestra, e vedo il mare .  
Vanno le stelle, tremolano l' onde.  
Vedo stelle passare, onde passare .  
Un guizzo chiama, un palpito risponde

Ecco sospira l' acqua, alita il vento  
Sul mare è apparso un bel ponte d' argento

Ponte gettato sui laghi sereni,  
Per chi dunque sei fatto e dove meni ?

GIOVANNI PASCOLI.



77.

*Song*

THE boat is chafing at our long delay,  
 And we must leave too soon  
 The spicy sea-pinks and the inborne spray,  
 The tawny sands, the moon.

Keep us, O Thetis, in our western flight !  
 Watch from thy pearly throne  
 Our vessel, plunging deeper into night  
 To reach a land unknown

JOHN DAVIDSON

78. (1) *From 'A Cinque Port'*

BELOW the down the stranded town,  
 What may betide forlornly waits,  
 With memories of smoky skies,  
 When Gallic navies crossed the straits,  
 When waves with fire and blood grew bright,  
 And cannon thundered through the night.

With swinging stride the rhythmic tide  
 Bore to the harbour barque and sloop;  
 Across the bar the ship of war,  
 In castled stern and lanterned poop,  
 Came up with conquests on her lee,  
 The stately mistress of the sea.

(11) *From 'In Romney Marsh'*

MASTS in the offing wagged their tops,  
 The swinging waves pealed on the shore,  
 The saffron beach, all diamond drops  
 And beads of surge, prolonged the roar

As I came up from Dymchurch Wall,  
I saw above the Downs' low crest  
The crimson brands of sunset fall,  
Flicker and fade from out the west.

Night sank like flakes of silver fire  
The stars in one great shower came down,  
Shrill blew the wind; and shrill the wire  
Rang out from Hythe to Romney town.

The darkly shining salt sea drops  
Streamed as the waves clashed on the shore;  
The beach, with all its organ stops  
Pealing again, prolonged the roar.

JOHN DAVIDSON.

79.

*Les Silhouettes*

THE sea is flecked with bars of grey,  
The dull dead wind is out of tune,  
And like a withered leaf the moon  
Is blown across the stormy bay.

Etched clear upon the pallid sand  
Lies the black boat a sailor boy  
Clambers aboard in careless joy  
With laughing face and gleaming hand.

And overhead the curlews cry,  
Where through the dusky upland grass  
The young brown-throated reapers pass,  
Like silhouettes against the sky

OSCAR WILDE.

80.

*In Hebrid Seas*

WE turned her prow into the sea,  
Her stern into the shore,  
And first we raised the tall tough masts,  
And then the canvas hoar ,  
Fast filled our towering cloud-like sails,  
For the wind came from the land,  
And such a wind as we might choose  
Were the winds at our command  
A bleeze that rushing down the hill  
Would strip the blooming heather,  
Or, rustling through the green-clad grove,  
Would whirl its leaves together  
But when it seized the aged saugh,  
With the light locks of grey,  
It tore away its ancient root,  
And there the old trunk lay !  
It raised the thatch too from the roof,  
And scattered it along ,  
Then tossed and whirled it through the air,  
Singing a pleasant song  
It heaped the runs on the land  
Though sire and son stood by  
They could not help afford, but gaze  
With wan and troubled eye !  
A flap, a flash, the green roll dashed,  
And laughed against the red ,  
Upon our boards, now here, now there,  
It knocked its foamy head.

The dun bowed welk in the abyss,  
As on the galley bore,  
Gave a tap upon her gunwale  
And a slap upon her floor  
She could have split a slender straw—  
So clean and well she went—  
As still obedient to the helm  
Her stately course she bent  
We watched the big beast eat the small—  
The small beast nimbly fly,  
And listened to the plunging eels—  
The sea-gull's clang on high  
We had no other music  
To cheer us on our way  
Till round those sheltering hills we passed  
And anchored in this bay

*Translated from the Gaelic.*

81      *The St. Kilda Maid's Song*

OVER the rocks, steadily, steadily,  
Down to the clefts with a shout and a shove, O,  
Warily tend the rope, shifting it readily,  
Eagerly, actively, watch from above, O  
Brave, O brave, my lover true, he's worth a maiden's  
love  
(And the sea below is still as deep as the sky is high  
above!)

Sweet 'tis to sleep on a well feathered pillow,  
Sweet from the embers the fulmar's red egg, O,  
Bounteous our store from the rock and the billow,  
Fish and birds in good store, we need never to beg, O,

Brave, O brave, my lover true, he's worth a maiden's  
love

(And the sea below is still as deep as the sky is high  
above !)

Hark to the fulmar and guillemot screaming

Hark to the kittiwake, puffin, and gull, O

See the white wings of solan goose gleaming ;

Steadily, men ! on the rope gently pull, O

Brave, O brave, my lover true, he's worth a maiden's  
love .

(And the sea below is still as deep as the sky is high  
above !)

Defly my love can hook ling and conger,

The grey-fish and hake, with the net and the creel, O ,

Far from our island be plague and be hunger ,

And sweet our last sleep in the quiet of the Kiel, O

Brave, O brave, my lover true, he's worth a maiden's  
love .

(And the sea below is still as deep as the sky is high  
above !)

Pull on the rope, men, pull it up steadily .

(There's a storm on the deep, see the scart claps his  
wings, O) ,

Cunningly guide the rope, shifting it readily ,

Welcome my true love, and all that he brings, O !

Now God be praised, my lover's safe, he's worth a  
maiden's love

(And the sea below is still as deep as the sky is high  
above !)

*Trans. from the Gaelic by ALEXANDER STEWART*

Kiel] churchyard.

82

*The Sea-Going Bark*

SHALL I loose my dusky little coracle  
 On the glorious, deep, wide-bosomed ocean ?  
 Shall I face, O Heaven's bright King and Oracle,  
 Of my own free will the salt commotion ?

Whether narrow in Thy sight or wide it be,  
 Served by few or by a host in number,  
 O my God, wilt Thou Thyself beside it be,  
 When my struggling bark the billows cumber ?

*Trans from the Irish by A. PERCEVAL GRAVES.*

83

*The Hymn of the Fishermen*

TO God give foremost praises,  
 Who, 'neath the rolling tides,  
 In ocean's secret places,  
 Our daily bread provides,  
 Who in His pasture grazes  
 The flat fish and the round,  
 And makes the herring 'maces'  
 In shoaling heaps abound.

Who, in the hour of trial,  
 When, down the rattling steep  
 The tempest's wrathful vial  
 Is poured upon the deep,  
 Gives courage, calm and steady,  
 Through every form of fear,  
 And makes our fingers ready  
 To hand, and reef, and steer

Who, when through drift and darkness  
 The reeling hooker flies,  
 And rocks, in ridgy starkness,  
 Athwart our bows arise,  
 Prompt to the helm's commanding,  
 Brings round the swerving tree,  
 Till, into harbour standing,  
 We anchor safe and free.

And, great and small sufficing,  
 Before that equal law,  
 That rules the sun's uprising,  
 And makes the mainsail draw,  
 Brings round his erring creatures  
 To seek salvation's ways,  
 By laws surpassing Nature's—  
 To God give foremost praise.

SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON.

84. *The Harvest of the Sea*

*Manx Fishermen's Evening Hymn.*

**H**EAR us, O Lord, from Heaven, Thy dwelling place .  
 Like them of old in vain we toil all night  
 Unless with us Thou go, Who art the Light ,  
 Come then, O Lord, that we may see Thy face

Thou, Lord, dost rule the raging of the sea,  
 When loud the storm and furious is the gale ;  
 Strong is Thine arm, our little barks are frail ,  
 Send us Thy help ; remember Galilee,

Our wives and children we commend to Thee ,  
For them we plough the land and plough the deep,  
For them by day the golden corn we reap,  
By night the silver harvest of the sea.

Sow in our hearts the seeds of Thy dear Love,  
That we may reap Contentment, Joy, and Peace ,  
And, when at last our earthly labours cease,  
Grant us to join Thy Harvest Home above.

*Trans from the Manx by W H GILL*

85

*The Undersong*

I HEAR the sea-song of the blood in my heart,  
I hear the sea-song of the blood in my ears  
And I am far apart,  
And lost in the years.

But when I lie and dream of that which was  
Before the first man's shadow flitted on the grass.  
I am stricken dumb  
With sense of that to come.

Is then this wildering sea-song but a part  
Of the old song of the mystery of the years—  
Or only the echo of the tired heart  
And of tears ?

FIONA MACLEOD



86.

*The Moon-child*

A LITTLE lonely child am I  
That have not any soul.  
God made me as the homeless wave,  
That has no goal

A seal my father was, a seal  
That once was man.  
My mother loved him tho' he was  
'Neath mortal ban

He took a wave and drowned her,  
She took a wave and lifted him  
And I was born where shadows are  
In sea-depths dim

All through the sunny blue-sweet hours  
I swim and glide in waters green  
Never by day the mournful shores  
By me are seen

But when the gloom is on the wave  
A shell unto the shore I bring  
And then upon the rocks I sit  
And plaintive sing

I have no playmate but the tide  
The seaweed loves with dark brown eyes  
The night-waves have the stars for play,  
For me but sighs

FIONA MACLEOD.

87.      ‘ *My Grief on the Sea* ’

MY grief on the sea,  
How the waves of it roll !  
For they heave between me  
And the love of my soul !

Abandoned, forsaken,  
To grief and to care,  
Will the sea ever waken  
Relief from despair ?

My grief, and my trouble !  
Would he and I were  
In the province of Leinster,  
Or county of Clare

Were I and my darling—  
Oh, heart-bitter wound !—  
On the board of the ship  
For America bound.

On a green bed of rushes  
All last night I lay,  
And I flung it abroad  
With the heat of the day

And my love came behind me—  
He came from the South ;  
His breast to my bosom,  
His mouth to my mouth.

DOUGLAS HYDE

88.                      *Herring is King*

LET all the fish that swim the sea,  
 L Salmon and turbot, cod and ling,  
 Bow down the head, and bend the knee,  
     To herring, their king<sup>1</sup> to herring, their king<sup>1</sup>  
     Sing, Hugamar féin an sowra lin',  
     'Tis we have brought the summer in<sup>1</sup>

The sun sank down so round and red  
     Upon the bay, upon the bay,  
 The sails shook idly overhead,  
     Becalmed we lay, becalmed we lay;  
     Sing, Hugamar, &c.

Till Shawn, The Eagle, dropped on deck—  
     The bright-eyed boy, the bright-eyed boy,  
 'Tis he has spied your silver track,  
     Herring, our joy—herring, our joy,  
     Sing, Hugamar, &c.

It was in with the sails and away to shore,  
     With the rise and swing, the rise and swing  
 Of two stout lads at each smoking oar,  
     After herring, our king—herring, our king;  
     Sing, Hugamar, &c

The Manx and the Cornish raised the shout,  
     And joined the chase, and joined the chase,  
 But their fleets they fouled as they went about,  
     And we won the race, we won the race,  
     Sing, Hugamar, &c

<sup>1</sup> The second line to the refrain translates the first.

For we turned and faced you full to land,  
 Down the góleen <sup>1</sup> long, the góleen long,  
 And after you, slipped from strand to strand  
 Our nets so strong; our nets so strong ;  
 Sing, Hugamar, &c.

Then we called to our sweethearts and our wives,  
 'Come welcome us home, welcôme us home !'  
 Till they ran to meet us for their lives  
 Into the foam, into the foam ;  
 Sing, Hugamar, &c

O the kissing of hands and waving of caps  
 From girl and boy, from girl and boy,  
 While you leapt by scores in the lasses' laps,  
 Herring, our pride and joy ,  
 Sing, Hugamar, &c.

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

89. *Can Doov Deelish*

CAN doov deelish, beside the sea  
 I stand and stretch my hands to thee  
 Across the world.  
 The nderless horses race to shore  
 With thundering hoofs and shuddering, hoar,  
 Blown manes uncurled

Can doov deelish, I cry to thee  
 Beyond the world, beneath the sea,  
 Thou being dead.  
 Where'hast thou hidden from the beat  
 Of crushing hoofs and tearing feet  
 Thy dear black head ?

<sup>1</sup> Creek

God bless the woman, whoever she be,  
 From the tossing waves will recover thee  
     And lashing wind  
 Who will take thee out of the wind and storm,  
 Dry thy wet face on her bosom warm  
     And lips so kind ?

I not to know. It is hard to pray,  
 But I shall for this woman from day to day,  
     ‘ Comfort my dead,  
 The sport of the winds and the play of the sea.’  
 I loved thee too well for this thing to be,  
     O dear black head !

DORA SIGERSON.

90

*The White Birds*

I WOULD that we were, my beloved, white birds on the  
     foam of the sea !  
 We tire of the flame of the meteor, before it can fade and  
     flee ,  
 And the flame of the blue star of twilight, hung low on the  
     rim of the sky,  
 Has awaked in our hearts, my beloved, a sadness that may  
     not die.  
 A weariness comes from those dreamers, dew dabbled, the  
     lily and rose ,  
 Ah, dream not of them, my beloved, the flame of the meteor  
     that goes,  
 Or the flame of the blue star that lingers hung low in the  
     fall of the dew  
 For I would we were changed to white birds on the wander-  
     ing foam . I and you !

I am haunted by numberless islands, and many a Danaan  
 shore,  
 Where Time would surely forget us, and Sorrow come  
 near us no more ;  
 Soon far from the rose and the lily, and fret of the flames  
 would we be,  
 Were we only white birds, my beloved, buoyed out on the  
 foam of the sea !

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

91 *The Sad Shepherd*

THERE was a man whom Sorrow named his friend,  
 And he, of his high comrade Sorrow dreaming,  
 Went walking with slow steps along the gleaming  
 And humming sands, where windy surges wend  
 And he called loudly to the stars to bend  
 From their pale thrones and comfort him, but they  
 Among themselves laugh on and sing alway  
 And then the man whom Sorrow named his friend  
 Cried out, *Dim sea, hear my most piteous story !*  
 The sea swept on and cried her old cry still,  
 Rolling along in dreams from hill to hill,  
 He fled the persecution of her glory  
 And, in a far-off, gentle valley stopping,  
 Cried all his story to the dewdrops glistening,  
 But naught they heard, for they are always listening  
 The dewdrops, for the sound of their own dropping  
 And then the man whom Sorrow named his friend,  
 Sought once again the shore, and found a shell  
 And thought, *I will my heavy story tell*

*Till my own words, re-echoing, shall send  
 Their sadness through a hollow, pearly heart ;  
 And my own tale again for me shall sing,  
 And my own whispering words be comforting  
 And lo ! my ancient burden may depart.*  
 Then he sang softly nigh the pearly rim ,  
 But the sad dweller by the sea-ways lone  
 Changed all he sang to inarticulate moan  
 Among her wildering whirls, forgetting him.

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS.

92      ‘ *There shall be no more Sea* ’

‘ **T**HERE shall be no more Sea ’ Ah, surely this  
 Is only for the souls who reach the bliss  
 Of Paradise ! They need not seek the kiss  
 Of Earth’s great mother, Sea , nor will they miss,  
 Whose pulses with new-risen life beat high,  
 The soothings of the Æolian lullaby,  
 Which now doth win man’s weariness to lie,  
 Lapped in its sound and be content to die.

Hearts strong in vigour of their fresh great joy  
 Will ask no more the leaping waves to buoy  
 Their moods to kindred laughter, and destroy  
 ‘Through alien glee their human cares’ annoy  
 A little while. The eyes whereon doth break  
 The light of Heaven, what need have they to take  
 Sad pleasure in those ocean gleams that make  
 Dim lives worth living for their beauty’s sake ?

Yet though the Blessed need no more the Sea,  
Will not God leave her to the Lost ?—that she,  
Who could not save them from their woe, may be  
Their nurse to comfort, ever tenderly  
With vast and low-voiced hushabies to still  
The restlessness of pain incurable,  
And with a sense of vague, fair sadness fill  
Their hunger for lost good adorable

Men love her, earth's old Sea. She loves them well  
If she may be their mother too in Hell,  
Will she not rock them there with lulling swell,  
In her deep constancy ? Ah, who can tell ?  
If waters' strength and love's be not in vain,  
Some souls who nevermore God's grace might gain  
May yet to peace of dreamless sleep attain,  
Lost to all gladness, lost alike to pain

ELIZABETH DOWDEN.

93.

*The Haven*

WHERE the gray bushes by the gray sea grow,  
Where the gray islands lie,  
Naked and bare to all the winds that blow,  
Under the dim gray sky—  
The very flowers are gray, and dare not show  
The blue we know the little harebell by

MARY E COLERIDGE



94

*Veneta*

WIND and waters ring the bells  
That rang for them of high degree,  
Trumpets are the sounding shells  
In the city under the sea

Where a Queen was wont to hide  
Her outwearied majesty,  
Swim the fishes open-eyed  
In the city under the sea

Many a street lies broad and fair,  
Many a palace fair and free,  
Neither a man nor woman there,  
In the city under the sea

MARY E. COLERIDGE.

95 *From 'In the Midst of the Seas'*

I

LET them not dream that they have known the ocean  
Who have but seen him where his locks are spread  
'Neath purple cliffs, on curving beaches golden,  
Who have but wandered where his spume is shed  
On those dear Isles where thou and I were bred,  
Far Britain, and far Ierne, and who there,  
Dallying about his porch, have but beholden  
The fringes of his power, and skirts of his commotion,  
And culled his voiceful shells, and plucked his ravelled hair.

## III

Many have sung of the terrors of Storm ;  
I will make me a song of its beauty, its graces of hue and  
form ;  
A song of the loveliness gotten of Power,  
Born of Rage in her blackest hour,  
When never a wave repeats another,  
But each is unlike his own twin brother,  
Each is himself from base to crown,  
Himself alone as he clambers up,  
Himself alone as he crashes down, —  
When the whole sky drinks of the sea's mad cup,  
And the ship is thrilled to her quivering core,  
But amidst her pitching, amidst her rolling,  
Amidst the clangour and boom and roar,  
Is a Spirit of Beauty all-controlling !  
For here in the thick of the blinding weather  
The great waves gather themselves together,  
Shake out their creases, compose their folds,  
As if each one knew that an eye beholds  
And look ! there rises a shape of wonder,  
A moving menace, a mount of gloom,  
But the moment ere he breaks asunder  
His forehead flames into sudden bloom,  
A burning rapture of nameless green,  
That never on earth or in heaven was seen,  
Never but where the midmost ocean  
Greets and embraces the tempest in primal divine emotion.  
And down in a vale of the sea, between  
Two roaring hills, is a wide smooth space,  
Where the foam that blanches the ocean's face  
Is woven in likeness of filmiest lace,  
Delicate, intricate, fairy-fine,

Wrought by the master of pure design,  
 Storm, the matchless artist, and lord of colour and line.

## IV

And what of the ship, the great brave vessel,  
 Buffeted, howled at, patient, dumb,  
 Built to withstand, and manned to wrestle,  
 Fashioned to strive and to overcome ?  
 She slackens her pace, her athlete speed,  
 Like a bird that checks his ardent pinion,  
 She husbands her strength for the day of her need,  
 But she thrusts right on through her salt dominion,  
 She staggers to port, she reels to starboard,  
 But weathers the storm and lives it down ;  
 And one chill morning beholds her harboured  
 Under the lee of the great chill town.

WILLIAM WATSON

96

*Ode to the Mediterranean*

OF thee the Northman by his beachèd galley  
 Dreamt, as he watched the never-setting Ursa  
 And longed for summer and thy light, O sacred  
 Mediterranean

Unseen he loved thee, for the heart within him  
 Knew earth had gardens where he might be blessed,  
 Putting away long dreams and aimless, barbarous  
 Hunger for battle

The foretaste of thy languors thawed his bosom  
 A great need drove him to thy caverned islands  
 From the gray, endless reaches of the outer  
 Desert of ocean.

He saw thy pillars, saw thy sudden mountains  
 Wrinkled and stark, and in their crooked gorges,  
 'Neath peeping pine and cypress, guessed the torrent  
     Smothered in flowers

Thine incense to the sun, thy gathered vapours,  
 He saw suspended on the flanks of Taurus,  
 Or veiling the snowed bosom of the virgin  
     Sister of Atlas

He saw the luminous top of wide Olympus,  
 Fit for the happy gods, he saw the pilgrim  
 River, with rains of Ethiopia flooding  
     Populous Egypt.

And having seen, he loved thee    His racked spirit,  
 By thy breath tempered and the light that clothes thee,  
 Forgot the monstrous gods, and made of Nature  
     Mistress and mother

The more should I, O fatal sea, before thee  
 Of alien words make echoes to thy music,  
 For I was born where first the rills of Tagus  
     Turn to the westward,

And, wandering long, alas ' have need of drinking  
 Deep of the patience of thy perfect sadness,  
 O thou that constant through the change of ages,  
     Beautiful ever,

Never was wholly young and void of sorrows,  
 Nor ever canst be old, while yet the morning  
 Kindles thy ripples, or the golden evening  
     Dyes thee in purple.

Thee, willing to be tamed but still untamable,  
 The Roman called his own until he perished,  
 As now the busy English hover o'er thee,  
     Stalwart and noble,

But all is naught to thee, while no harsh winter  
 Congeals thy fountains, and the blown Sahara  
 Chokes not with dreadful sand thy deep and placid  
     Rock-guarded havens.

Thou carest not what men may tread thy margin,  
 Nor I, while from some heather-scented headland  
 I may behold thy beauty, the eternal  
     Solace of mortals

GEORGE SANTAYANA.

*The Old Ships*

I HAVE seen old ships sail like swans asleep  
 Beyond the village which men still call Tyre,  
 With leaden age o'ercargoed, dipping deep  
 For Famagusta and the hidden sun  
 That rings black Cyprus with a lake of fire,  
 And all those ships were certainly so old  
 Who knows how oft with squat and noisy gun,  
 Questing brown slaves or Syrian oranges,  
 The pirate Genoese  
 Hell-raked them till they rolled  
 Blood, water, fruit and corpses up the hold.  
 But now through friendly seas they softly run,  
 Painted the mid-sea blue or shore-sea green,  
 Still patterned with the vine and grapes in gold

But I have seen,  
Pointing her shapely shadows from the dawn  
And image tumbled on a rose-swept bay,  
A drowsy ship of some yet older day,  
And, wonder's breath indrawn,  
Thought I—who knows—who knows—but in that same  
(Fished up beyond Ææa, patched up new  
—Stern painted brighter blue—)  
That talkative, bald-headed seaman came  
(Twelve patient comrades sweating at the oar)  
From Troy's doom-crimson shore,  
And with great lies about his wooden horse  
Set the crew laughing, and forgot his course.

It was so old a ship—who knows, who knows?  
—And yet so beautiful, I watched in vain  
To see the mast burst open with a rose,  
And the whole deck put on its leaves again.

JAMES E. FLECKER

98.

*The Strait*

AH, sleepless race—  
Ye that a thousand years sailed to destroy  
Past Lemnos isle and Samothrace  
The cloud-rebuilt pirate fort of Troy—  
Who fell not for a Helen's face  
To keep for kings her beauty's joy  
But died to burst the Asian robbers' gate  
And send Athena shining through the iron strait  
On lifted shield—

Sleep now in pride ,  
 Asia shall yield to you to-day once more  
 When beak'd ships of the freemen ride  
 Past Holy Wisdom's wave-wash'd temple door.  
 Across the Hellespont's astride  
 Power darker than the Minotaur .  
 But in your Goddess Virgin's battle-wake  
 Again shall we the sea-path into freedom break  
 That you reveal'd

HERBERT TRENCH

99.

*From 'Dauber'*

FAIR came the falling wind , a seaman said  
 The Dauber was a Jonah , once again  
 The clipper held her course, showing red lead,  
 Shattering the sea-tops into golden rain  
 The waves bowed down before her like blown grain ,  
 Onwards she thundered, on , her voyage was short,  
 Before the tier's bells rang her into port.

Cheerly they rang her in, those beating bells,  
 The new-come beauty stately from the sea,  
 Whitening the blue heave of the drowsy swells,  
 Treading the bubbles down With three times three  
 They cheered her moving beauty in, and she  
 Came to her berth so noble, so superb ,  
 Swayed like a queen, and answered to the curb

Then in the sunset's flush they went aloft,  
 And unbent sails in that most lovely hour,  
 When the light gentles and the wind is soft,  
 And beauty in the heart breaks like a flower.

Working aloft they saw the mountain tower,  
Snow to the peak, they heard the launchmen shout;  
And bright along the bay the lights came out.

And then the night fell dark, and all night long  
The pointed mountain pointed at the stars,  
Frozen, alert, austere, the eagle's song  
Screamed from her desolate screes and splintered scars  
On her intense crags where the air is sparse  
The stars looked down, their many golden eyes  
Watched her and burned, burned out, and came to rise

Silent the finger of the summit stood,  
Icy in pure, thin air, glittering with snows.  
Then the sun's coming turned the peak to blood.  
And in the rest-house the muleteers arose  
And all day long, where only the eagle goes,  
Stones, loosened by the sun, fall, the stones falling  
Fill empty gorge on gorge with echoes calling

JOHN MASEFIELD

100

*Cargoes*

QUINQUIREME of Nineveh from distant Ophir,  
Rowing home to haven in sunny Palestine,  
With a cargo of ivory,  
And apes and peacocks,  
Sandalwood, cedarwood, and sweet white wine.

Stately Spanish galleon coming from the Isthmus,  
Dipping through the Tropics by the palm-green shores,  
With a cargo of diamonds,  
Emeralds, amethysts,  
Topazes, and cinnamon, and gold moidores.



Dirty British coaster with a salt-caked smoke stack,  
 Butting through the Channel in the mad March days,  
 With a cargo of Tyne coal,  
 Road-rails, pig-lead,  
 Firewood, iron-ware, and cheap tin trays

JOHN MASEFIELD

101

*Sea-Fever*

I MUST go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea  
 and the sky,  
 And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,  
 And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white  
 sail's shaking,  
 And a grey mist on the sea's face and a grey dawn breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running  
 tide  
 Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied,  
 And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,  
 And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-gulls  
 crying

I must go down to the seas again to the vagrant gypsy  
 life,  
 To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's  
 like a whetted knife,  
 And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,  
 And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's  
 over

JOHN MASEFIELD.

102

*John Winter*

WHAT ails John Winter, that so oft  
Silent he sits apart ?  
The neighbours cast their looks on him ,  
But deep he hides his heart.

In Deptford streets the houses small  
Huddle forlorn together  
Whether the wind blow or be still,  
'Tis soiled and sorry weather.

But over these dim roofs arise  
Tall masts of ocean ships  
Whenever John Winter looked on them,  
The salt blew on his lips

He cannot pace the street about,  
But they stand before his eyes '  
The more he shuns them, the more proud  
And beautiful they rise

He turns his head, but in his ear  
The steady Trade-winds run,  
And in his eye the endless waves  
Ride on into the sun.

His little child at evening said,  
Now tell us, Dad, a tale  
Of naked men that shoot with bows,  
Tell of the spouting whale '

He told old tales, his eyes were bright,  
His wife looked up to see  
And smiled on him . but in the midst  
He ended suddenly.

He bade his boys good-night, and kissed  
And held them to his breast  
They wondered and were still, to feel  
Their lips so fondly pressed

He sat absorbed in silent gloom.  
His wife lifted her head  
From sewing, and stole up to him,  
What ails you, John ? she said.

He spoke no word    A silent tear  
Fell softly down her cheek.  
She knelt beside him, and his hand  
Was on her forehead meek.

But even as his tender touch  
Her dumb distress consoled,  
The mighty waves danced in his eyes  
And through the silence rolled

There fell a soft November night,  
Restless with gusts that shook  
The chimneys, and beat wildly down  
The flames in the chimney nook

John Winter lay beside his wife,  
'Twas past the mid of night.  
Softly he rose, and in dead hush  
Stood stealthily upright

Softly he came where slept his boys,  
And kissed them in their bed  
One stretched his arms out in his sleep ,  
At that he turned his head

And now he bent above his wife,  
She slept a sleep serene,  
Her patient soul was in the peace  
Of breathing slumber seen

At last he kissed one aching kiss,  
Then shrank again in dread,  
And from his own home guiltily  
And like a thief he fled

But now with darkness and the wind  
He breathes a breath more free,  
And walks with calmer steps like one  
Who goes with destiny

And see, before him the great masts  
Tower with all their spars  
Black on the dimness, soaring bold  
Among the mazy stars

In stormy rushings through the air  
Wild scents the darkness filled,  
And with a fierce forgetfulness  
His drinking nostril thrilled

He hasted with quick feet, he hugged  
The wildness to his breast,  
As one who goes the only way  
To set his heart at rest.

When morning glimmered, a great ship  
Dropt gliding down the shore  
John Winter coiled the anchor ropes  
Among his mates once more

LAURENCE BINYON.

103.

*Dreams of the Sea*

I KNOW not why I yearn for thee again,  
To sail once more upon thy fickle flood ;  
I'll hear thy waves wash under my death-bed,  
Thy salt is lodged forever in my blood.

Yet I have seen thee lash the vessel's sides  
In fury, with thy many tailèd whip ,  
And I have seen thee, too, like Galilee,  
When Jesus walked in peace to Simon's ship

And I have seen thy gentle breeze as soft  
As summer's, when it makes the cornfields run ,  
And I have seen thy rude and lusty gale  
Make ships show half their bellies to the sun.

Thou knowest the way to tame the wildest life,  
Thou knowest the way to bend the great and proud .  
I think of that Armada whose puffed sails,  
Greedy and large, came swallowing every cloud.

But I have seen the sea-boy, young and drowned  
Lying on shore and, by thy cruel hand,  
A seaweed beard was on his tender chin,  
His heaven-blue eyes were filled with common sand

And yet, for all, I yearn for thee again,  
To sail once more upon thy fickle flood :  
I'll hear thy waves wash under my death-bed,  
Thy salt is lodged forever in my blood

WILLIAM H. DAVIES

104.

*The Sea*

HER cheeks were white, her eyes were wild,  
Her heart was with her sea-gone child.

‘Men say you know and love the sea’

It is ten days, my child left me ;

Ten days, and still he doth not come,

And I am weary of my home.’

I thought of waves that ran the deep

And flashed like rabbits, when they leap,

The white part of their tails , the glee

Of captains that take brides to sea,

And own the ships they steer , how seas

Played leap-frog over ships with ease

The great Sea-Wind, so rough and kind ,

Ho, ho ! his strength ; the great Sea-Wind

Blows iron tons across the sea !

Ho, ho ! his strength , how wild and free !

He breaks the waves, to our amaze,

Into ten thousand little sprays !

‘Nay, have no fear’ , I laughed with joy,

‘That you have lost a sea-gone boy ,

The Sea’s wild horses, they are far

More safe than Land’s tamed horses are ,

They kick with padded hoofs, and bite

With teeth that leave no marks in sight.

‘True, Waves will howl when, all day long

The Wind keeps piping loud and strong ,

For in ship’s sails the wild Sea-Breeze

Pipes sweeter than your birds in trees ,

But have no fear’—I laughed with joy,

‘That you have lost a sea-gone boy.’

That night I saw ten thousand bones  
 Coffined in ships, in weeds and stones ,  
 Saw how the Sea's strong jaws could take  
 Big iron ships like rats to shake ;  
 Heard him still moan his discontent  
 For one man or a continent

I saw that woman go from place  
 To place, hungry for her child's face ;  
 I heard her crying, crying, crying ,  
 Then, in a flash ' saw the Sea trying,  
 With savage joy, and efforts wild,  
 To smash his rocks with a dead child.

WILLIAM H. DAVIES

105

*The full Heart*

ALONE on the shore in the pause of the night-time  
 I stand and I hear the long wind blow light ,  
 I view the constellations quietly, quietly burning ;  
 I hear the wave fall in the hush of the night

Long after I am dead, ended this bitter journey,  
 Many another whose heart holds no light  
 Shall your solemn sweetness, hush, awe, and comfort,  
 O my companions, Wind, Waters, Stars, and Night

ROBERT NICHOLS.

106.

*Rowers' Chant*

ROW till the land dip 'neath  
 The sea from view  
 Row till a land peep up,  
 A home for you

Row till the mast sing songs  
Welcome and sweet.  
Row till the waves, out-stripped,  
Give up dead beat

Row till the sea-nymphs rise  
To ask you why  
Rowing you tarry not  
To hear them sigh

Row till the stars grow bright  
Like certain eyes  
Row till the noon be high  
As hopes you prize.

Row till you harbour in  
All longing's port.  
Row till you find all things  
For which you sought

T STURGE MOORE.

107.      *'Never more, Sailor'*

NEVER more, Sailor,  
Shalt thou be  
Tossed on the wind-ridden,  
Restless sea.  
Its tides may labour,  
All the world  
Shake 'neath that weight  
Of waters hurled:  
But its whole shock



Can only stir  
Thy dust to a quiet  
Even quieter.  
Thou mock'dst at land  
Who now art come  
To such a small  
And shallow home,  
Yet bore the sea  
Full many a care  
For bones that once  
A sailor's were  
And though the grave's  
Deep soundlessness  
Thy once sea-deafened  
Ear distress,  
No robin ever  
On the deep  
Hopped with his song  
To haunt thy sleep

WALTER DE LA MARIE.

*'I found her out there'*

**I** FOUND her out there  
On a slope few see,  
That falls westwardly  
To the salt-edged air,  
Where the ocean breaks  
On the purple strand,  
And the hurricane shakes  
The solid land

I brought her here,  
And have laid her to rest  
In a noiseless nest  
No sea beats near.  
She will never be stirred  
In her loamy cell  
By the waves long heard  
And loved so well.

So she does not sleep  
By those haunted heights  
The Atlantic smites  
And the blind gales sweep,  
Whence she often would gaze  
At Dundagel's far head,  
While the dipping blaze  
Dyed her face fire-red,

And would sigh at the tale  
Of sunk Lyonesse,  
As a wind-tugged tress  
Flapped her cheek like a flail;  
Or listen at whiles  
With a thought-bound brow  
To the murmuring miles  
She is far from now.

Yet her shade, maybe,  
Will creep underground  
Till it catch the sound  
Of that western sea  
As it swells and sobs  
Where she once domiciled,  
And joy in its throbs  
With the heart of a child.

THOMAS HARDY.

109.

*A Passer-by*

WHITHER, O splendid ship, thy white sails  
crowding,

Leaning across the bosom of the urgent West,  
That fearest nor sea rising, nor sky clouding,

Whither away, fair rover, and what thy quest ?

Ah ! soon, when Winter has all our vales opprest,  
When skies are cold and misty, and hail is hurling,  
Wilt thou glide on the blue Pacific, or rest  
In a summer haven asleep, thy white sails furling.

I there before thee, in the country that well thou knowest,

Already arrived am inhaling the odorous air :

I watch thee enter unerringly where thou goest,

And anchor queen of the strange shipping there,

'Thy sails for awnings spread, thy masts bare ,

Nor is aught from the foaming reef to the snow-capped,  
grandest

Peak, that is over the feathery palms more fair

Than thou, so upright, so stately, and still thou standest.

And yet, O splendid ship, unhailed and nameless,

I know not if, aiming a fancy, I rightly divine  
That thou hast a purpose joyful, a courage blameless,

Thy port assured in a happier land than mine

But for all I have given thee, beauty enough is thine,  
As thou, aslant with trim tackle and shrouding,

From the proud nostril curve of a prow's line

In the offing scatterest foam, thy white sails crowding

ROBERT BRIDGES.

110

*The Cliff-top*

THE cliff-top has a carpet  
Of lilac, gold and green .  
• The blue sky bounds the ocean,  
The white clouds scud between.

A flock of gulls are wheeling  
And wailing round my seat ,  
Above my head the heaven,  
The sea beneath my feet

## THE OCEAN

Were I a cloud I'd gather  
My skirts up in the air,  
And fly I well know whither,  
And rest I well know where.

As pointed the star surely,  
The legend tells of old,  
Where the wise kings might offer  
Myrrh, frankincense, and gold ,

Above the house I'd hover  
Where dwells my love, and wait  
Till haply I might spy her  
Throw back the garden-gate

There in the summer evening  
~ I would bedeck the moon ,  
I would float down and screen her  
From the sun's rays at noon ,

And if her flowers should languish  
 Or wither in the drought  
 Upon her tall white lilies  
 I'd pour my heart's blood out .  
 So if she wore one only,  
 And shook not out the rain,  
 Were I a cloud, O cloudlet,  
 I had not lived in vain.

[*A cloud speaks*]

### A CLOUD.

But were I thou, O ocean,  
 I would not chafe and fret  
 As thou, because a limit  
 To thy desires is set.  
 I would be blue, and gentle,  
 Patient, and calm, and see  
 If my smiles might not tempt her,  
 My love, to come to me  
 I'd make my depths transparent,  
 And still, that she should lean  
 O'er the boat's edge to ponder  
 The sights that swam between  
 I would command strange creatures,  
 Of bright hue and quick fin,  
 To stir the water near her,  
 And tempt her bare arm in  
 I'd teach her spend the summer  
 With me, and I can tell,  
 That, were I thou, O ocean,  
 My love should love me well.

\*

\*

But on the mad cloud scudded,  
The breeze it blew so stiff;  
And the sad ocean bellowed,  
And pounded at the cliff

ROBERT BRIDGES.

111 *'Who has not walked upon the shore'*

WHO has not walked upon the shore,  
And who does not the morning know,  
The day the angry gale is o'er,  
The hour the wind has ceased to blow

The horses of the strong south-west  
Are pastured round his tropic tent,  
Careless how long the ocean's breast  
Sob on and sigh for passion spent

The frightened birds, that fled inland  
To house in rock and tower and tree,  
Are gathering on the peaceful strand,  
To tempt again the sunny sea,

Whereon the timid ships steal out,  
And laugh to find their foe asleep,  
That lately scattered them about,  
And drove them to the fold like sheep

The snow-white clouds he northward chased  
Break into phalanx, line, and band  
All one way to the south they haste,  
The south, their pleasant fatherland

From distant hills their shadows creep,  
 Arrive in turn and mount the lea,  
 And flit across the downs, and leap  
 Sheer off the cliff upon the sea,

And sail and sail far out of sight  
 And still I watch their fleecy trains,  
 That piling all the south with light,  
 Dapple in France the fertile plains.

ROBERT BRIDGES

*'The evening darkens over'*

THE evening darkens over  
 After a day so bright  
 The windcapt waves discover  
 That wild will be the night  
 There's a sound of distant thunder

The latest sea-birds hover  
 Along the cliff's sheer height,  
 As in the memory wander  
 Last flutterings of delight,  
 White wings lost on the white.

There's not a ship in sight,  
 And as the sun goes under  
 Thick clouds conspire to cover  
 The moon that should rise yonder  
 Thou art alone, fond lover.

ROBERT BRIDGES

113      *'The snow lies sprinkled'*

THE snow lies sprinkled on the beach,  
And whitens all the marshy lea.  
The sad gulls wail adown the gale,  
The day is dark and black the sea  
Shorn of their crests the blighted waves  
With driven foam the offing fleck  
The ebb is low and barely laves  
The red rust of the giant wreck.

On such a stony, breaking beach  
My childhood chanced and chose to be.  
'Twas here I played, and musing made  
My friend the melancholy sea.

He from his dim enchanted caves  
With shuddering roar and onrush wild  
Fell down in sacrificial waves  
At feet of his exulting child.

Unto a spirit too light for fear  
His wrath was mirth, his wail was glee.—  
My heart is now too fixed to bow  
Tho' all his tempests howl at me

For to the gain life's summer saves,  
My solemn joy's increasing store,  
The tossing of his mournful waves  
Makes sweetest music evermore

ROBERT BRIDGES.



## PART II

### REFLECTIONS AND PICTURES

‘The best in this kind are but shadows . . .’

#### 114 *Spring on the Coast*

NOW is the season of sailing, for already the chattering swallow is come, and the gracious west wind, the meadows flower, and the sea, tossed up with waves and rough blasts, has sunk to silence. Weigh thine anchors and unloose thine hawsers, O mariner, and sail with all thy canvas set this I Priapus of the harbour bid thee, O man, that thou mayest sail forth to all thy trafficking

LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM. *Trans. by J W MACKAIL*

#### 115 *A Restless Grave*

NOT even in death shall I Theris, tossed shipwrecked upon land by the waves, forget the sleepless shores, for beneath the spray-beaten reefs, nigh the disastrous main, I found a grave at the hands of strangers, and for ever do I wretchedly hear roaring even among the dead the hated thunder of the sea

ARCHIAS *Trans. by J W MACKAIL,*

116      *'When winds that move not'*

WHEN winds that move not its calm surface sweep  
The azure sea, I love the land no more,  
The smiles of the serene and tranquil deep  
Tempt my unquiet mind —But when the roar  
Of Ocean's gray abyss resounds, and foam  
Gathers upon the sea, and vast waves burst,  
I turn from the drear aspect to the home  
Of Earth and its deep woods, where, interspersed,  
When winds blow loud, pines make sweet melody.  
Whose house is some lone bark, whose toil the sea,  
Whose prey the wandering fish, an evil lot  
Has chosen.—But I my languid limbs will fling  
Beneath the plane, where the brook's murmuring  
Moves the calm spirit, but disturbs it not.

MOSCHUS OF SYRACUSE. *Trans. by SHELLEY.*

117      *The Drowned Seaman*

THE measurer of sea and land and of the sands that are  
without number, the tribute of a handful of dust holds  
thee fast, Archytas, by the Matine shore, nor aught avails  
it thee to have climbed in thought the homes of the sky and  
ranged from end to end of the round heaven, for thou hadst  
still to die. Died Pelops' sire too, the guest of gods, and  
Tithonus though he was rapt into the sky, and Minos  
though he was admitted to the secrets of Jove. And the son  
of Panthus is safe in Tartarus since he descended a second  
time to the lower world, for all that before (for he took  
down the shield and proved his knowledge of the days of

Troy) he had yielded to black death no spoils beyond mere sinews and skin—by thy witness no mean master he of nature and of truth. But one and the same night awaits us all, and the path of death must once be trodden. Some the Furies give to make shows for grim Mars. The greedy sea is the destruction of those who go in ships. Of young and old without difference the funerals crowd along. There is no head that imperious Proserpine ever feared to touch. Me too the south wind, boisterous comrade of Orion at his setting, whelmed in Illyrian waters. But thou, sailor, grudge not churlishly a handful of the drifting sand to my unburied bones and skull. So what promise soever of ill the east wind has in store for the western waves, may Venusia's woods feel his vengeance and thou be safe, and a stream of rich reward, whence only it can, pour into thy lap from kindly Jove and Neptune, guardian of sacred Tarentum. Art thou careless of committing a crime that shall bring punishment presently on thy innocent children? Who knows but that in thine own person the debt of justice and a return of contumely may be in store for thee? If I am deserted, my prayers shall not be unavenged. and for thee, no expiations shall release thee. Whatever be thy haste, the delay is not long. sprinkle the dust thrice, and thou mayst go on thy way.

HORACE *Trans* by E. C. WICKHAM

118 *The Sea-Burial of King Scyld*

WHEN at length the fated hour was come, Scyld, the valiant, departed unto the keeping of the Lord. Then his dear companions bore him down to the ocean flood even as he himself had bidden them, while as yet the friend of the Scyldings ruled them with his words and long did

reign over them, dear prince of the land. There at the harbour stood a ship with curving prow, all icy, eager to depart—meet for a prince. And in the ship's bosom, hard by the mast, they laid their dear lord, the giver of treasure, that famous hero. Many treasures were there, abundance of ornaments brought from afar. Never have I heard tell of a ship more splendidly laden with battle weapons and war-harness, with sword and coats of mail. Upon his breast lay many precious things which were to go out with him into the realm of the waters. Verily no fewer of their gifts and tribal treasures did this people bestow upon him than they who at his birth sent him forth alone over the waves, babe as he was. Moreover they set up a golden banner high o'er his head, and let the sea bear him away, giving him over to the deep. Sad at heart were they, sorrowful in spirit. No man can truly say—no lord of hall, or hero under heaven—into whose hands that burden fell.

*From 'Beowulf'.*

119. *The Swimming Match*

BEOWULF, son of Egtheow, spoke: 'Well! thou hast said a deal about Breca in thy drunkenness, Unferth, my friend, and hast talked much of his adventure. The truth now I tell, that I had more sea-strength, more battling with the waves, than any man else. We talked of this when boys, and boasted, being yet in the days of our youth, that we would venture our lives out at sea, and we performed it even so. Naked in our hands we held our hard swords as we swam, purposing to defend us against the whale-fishes. He, nowise swifter on the flood, could not float far from me through the waves, nor would I part from

him. Thus we two were in the sea for the space of five nights, till the flood, the tossing waves, coldest of weathers, and darkening night, drove us apart, and a fierce north wind beat down upon us—rough were the waves. The spirit of the sea-fishes was roused, then my corslet, hard and hand-wrought, was of help to me against my foes; my woven armour, gold-adorned, lay upon my breast. An evil monster dragged me to the bottom, the grim foe held me fast in its clutch; yet it was granted unto me to strike the creature with the point of my war-sword, the fierce struggle carried off the mighty sea-beast by my hand.

Thus did the evil creatures often press me hard, but, as was meet, I served them well with my war-sword, they had no joyous fill by eating me, wicked destroyers, sitting round their feast nigh the bottom of the sea; but in the morning, wounded by the sword, slain by the dagger, they lay up along the sea-strand, so that they could never more hinder sea-farers on their course in the deep channel.

Light came from the east, the bright beacon of the Lord, the waves were stilled, and I could descry the sea-headlands, those wind-swept walls.'

*From 'Beowulf' Trans by C B TINKER.*

*St Andrew goes down to the Sea*

SO at the dawning, when the day first broke,  
He gat him o'er the sand-downs to the sea,  
Valiant in heart, and with him went his thanes  
To walk upon the shingle, where the waves  
Loud thundered, and the streams of ocean beat

Against the shore Full glad was that brave saint  
To see upon the sands a galley fair  
Wide-bosomed Then, behold, resplendent dawn,  
Brightest of beacons, came upon her way,  
Hasting from out the murky gloom of night,  
And heaven's candle shone across the floods.  
Three seamen saw he there, a glorious band,  
Courageous men, upon their ocean bark  
Sitting all ready to depart, like men  
Just come across the deep. The Lord himself  
It was, the everlasting Lord of hosts,  
Almighty, with his holy angels twain.  
In raiment they were like sea-faring men,  
These heroes, like to wanderers on the waves,  
When in the flood's embrace they sail with ships  
Upon the waters cold to distant lands

*A Storm.*

Then was the ocean stirred  
And deeply troubled, then the horn-fish played,  
Shot through the raging deep, the sea-gull gray,  
Greedy for slaughter, flew in circling flight  
The candle of the sky grew straightway dark,  
The winds waxed strong, the waves whirled, and the surge  
Leapt high, the ropes creaked, dripping with the waves,  
The Terror of the waters rose, and stood  
Above them with the might of multitudes  
The thanes were sore afraid, not one of them  
Dared hope that he would ever reach the land,  
Of those who by the sea had sought a ship  
With Andrew, for as yet they did not know  
Who pointed out the course for that sea-bark

*Andrew tells how Christ stilled the Tempest*

I know  
Myself that there is one that shieldeth us,  
The Maker of the angels, Lord of hosts  
Rebuked and bridled by the King of might,  
The Terror of the waters shall grow calm,  
The leaping sea    So once, in days of yore  
Within a bark upon the struggling waves  
We tried the waters, riding on the surge,  
And very fearful seemed the sad sea-roads  
The ocean-floods beat fierce against the shores,  
Oft wave would answer wave, and whiles upstood  
From out the ocean's bosom, o'er our ship,  
A Terror on the breast of our sea-boat  
Thereon that ocean courser bode his time,  
The glorious God, Creator of mankind,  
Almighty One. The men were filled with fear,  
They sought protection, mercy from the Lord  
And when that company began to call,  
The King straightway arose and stilled the waves,  
The seething of the waters—He who gives  
Bliss to the angels, He rebuked the winds,  
The sea subsided and the boundaries  
Of ocean-stream grew calm    Then laughed our soul,  
When under heaven's course our eyes beheld  
The winds and waves and Terror of the deep  
Affrighted by the vision of the Lord

*Trans by R. K. Root*

121. *The Storm-Spirit in the Sea*

THE billows crash above me while I move,  
 No man knows whither, searching out the earth  
 In the vast caverns of the sea. Then stirs  
 The ocean, and impels the watery mass  
 To burst in foam Fiercely the whale-mere rises  
 And shouts aloud, and groans in mighty pain,  
 While sounds the tramp of floods along the shore  
 Against precipitous cliffs incessantly  
 Rocks, sands, and heaving waves and weeds are hurled  
 Yet toiling, robed with the strength of many waters,  
 I stir the soil of ocean's ample grounds,  
 Nor can I 'scape the whelming tide, till he  
 That is my guide allows O man of wisdom,  
 Tell who may wrest me from the encircling grasp  
 Of water, when the streams again are stilled,  
 And waves that covered me beat harmony

*From the Anglo-Saxon Riddles*

*Trans by H B BROUGHAM.*

122 *From the 'Divina Commedia'*

NOI eravam lunghesso il mare ancora,  
 come gente che pensa a suo cammino,  
 che va col core, e col corpo dimora  
 ed ecco qual, sul presso del mattino,  
 per li grossi vapor Marte rosseggia  
 giù nel ponente sopra il suol marino ,  
 cotal m' apparve, s'io ancor lo veggia,  
 un lume per lo mar venir sì ratto,  
 che il mover suo nessun volar pareggia ,



dal qual com'io un poco ebbi ritratto  
l'occhio per domandar lo Duca mio,  
rividil più lucente e maggior fatto

Poi d'ogni lato ad esso m'apparìo  
un non sapeva che bianco, e di sotto  
a poco a poco un altro a lui uscìo

Lo mio Maestro ancor non fece motto,  
mentre che i primi bianchi apparser al .  
allor che ben conobbe il galeotto,

Gridò ' Fa, fa che le ginocchia cali ,  
ecco l' Angel di Dio piega le mani .  
omai vedrai di sì fatti ufficiali.

Vedi che sdegna gli argomenti umani,  
sì che remo non vuol, nè altro velo  
che l'ali sue, tra liti sì lontani

Vedi come l' ha dritte verso il cielo,  
trattando l'aere con l' eterne penne,  
che non si mutan come mortal pelo.'

Poi come più e più verso noi venne  
l' uccel divino, più chiaro appariva ,  
per che l'occhio da presso nol sostenne .

ma chinai 'l giuso , e quei sen venne a riva  
con un vasello snelletto e leggiero,  
tanto che l'acqua nulla ne inghiottiva

Da poppa stava il celestial nocchiero,  
tal che pareva beato per iscripto ,  
e più di cento spirti entro sediero

DANTE, *Purgatorio*, Canto II

123.

*Sonetto*

ASSAI sem raggirati in alto mare,  
E quanto posson gli empiti de' venti,  
L'onde commosse, et i fieri accidenti  
Provat' abbiamo . nè già il navigare  
Alcun legno con vela, o con vogare  
Scampati ci ha da perigli eminenti,  
Fra' duri scogli, e le secche latenti,  
Ma sol colui che, ciò che vuol, può fare  
Tempo è omai da reducirsi in porto,  
E l'ancore fermare a quella pietra,  
Che del tempio congiunse i due parieti,  
Quivi aspettare il fin del viver corto  
Nell' amor di Colui da cui s'impetra  
Con umiltà la vita de' quieti.

GIOVANNI BOCCACCIO

124

*From the 'Divina Commedia'*

ERA già l'ora che volge il disio  
ai naviganti e intenerisce il core,  
Io di ch' han detto ai dolci amici addio ;

e che lo nuovo peregrin d' amore  
punge, se ode squilla di lontano,  
che paia il giorno pianger che si more.

DANTE, *Purgatorio*, Canto VIII.

125

*Port after Stormy Seas*

WHAT if some little paine the passage haue,  
 That makes fraile flesh to feare the bitter waue ?  
 Is not short paine well borne, that brings long ease,  
 And layes the soule to sleepe in quiet grave ?  
 Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,  
 Ease after warre, death after life does greatly please.

EDMUND SPENSER.

126. *From 'The Tragedy of Dido'**Æneas*

SO much haue I receu'd at *Didos* hands,  
 As without blushing I can aske no more  
 Yet Queene of *Affricke*, are my ships vnrigd,  
 My Sailes all rent in sunder with the winde,  
 My Oares broken, and my Tackling lost,  
 Yea all my Naue split with Rockes and Shelves .  
 Nor Sterne nor Anchor haue our maimed Fleete,  
 Our Masts the furious windes strooke ouer board :  
 Which piteous wants if *Dido* will supplie,  
 We will account her author of our liues

*Dido*

*Æneas*, Ile repaire thy Trojan ships,  
 Conditionally that thou wilt stay with me,  
 And let *Achates* saile to *Italy* .  
 Ile giue thee tackling made of ruel'd gold,  
 Wound on the barkes of odoriferous trees,  
 Oares of massie Iuorie full of holes,  
 Through which the water shall delight to play  
 Thy Anchors shall be hewed from Christall Rockes,

Which if thou lose shall shine about the waues.  
The Masts whereon thy swelling sailes shall hang,  
Hollow Pyramides of silver plate  
The sailes of foulded Lawne, where shall be wrought  
The warres of *Troy*, but not *Troyes* ouerthrow.  
For ballace, emptie *Didos* treasure,  
Take what ye will, but leaue *Æneas* here  
*Achates*, thou shalt be so meanly clad,  
As Seaborne Nymphes shall swarme about thy ships,  
And wanton Mermaides court thee with sweete songs.

THOMAS NASHE AND CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

127. *From 'King Richard II'*

THIS precious stone set in the silver sea,  
Which serves it in the office of a wall,  
Or as a moat defensive to a house,  
Against the envy of less happier lands,  
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England, . . .  
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,  
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege  
Of watery Neptune.

128. *From 'The Merchant of Venice'*

YOUR mind is tossing on the ocean,  
There, where your argosies with portly sail,—  
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,  
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,—  
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,  
That curtsy to them, do them reverence,  
As they fly by them with their woven wings

THE sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch  
 But that the sea, mounting to th' welkin's cheek,  
 Dashes the fire out O' I have suffer'd  
 With those that I saw suffer. a brave vessel,  
 Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her,  
 Dash'd all to pieces. O' the cry did knock  
 Against my very heart Poor souls, they perish'd  
 Had I been any god of power, I would  
 Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er  
 It should the good ship so have swallow'd and  
 The fraughting souls within her

I saw him beat the surges under him,  
 And ride upon their backs he trod the water,  
 Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted  
 The surge most swoln that met him his bold head  
 'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd  
 Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke  
 To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,  
 As stooping to relieve him I not doubt  
 He came alive to land

METHOUGHT I saw a thousand fearful wrack  
 A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon,  
 Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,  
 Inestimable stones, unvalu'd jewels,  
 All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea

Some lay in dead men's skulls, and in those holes  
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,  
As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,  
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,  
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

131

*From 'Othello'*

METHINKS the wind had spoke aloud at land,  
A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements,  
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,  
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,  
Can hold the mortise? .  
For do but stand upon the foaming shore,  
The chidden billow seems to pelt the clouds,  
The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous mane,  
Seems to cast water on the burning bear  
And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole.  
I never did such molestation view  
On the enchafed flood

132. *From 'A Midsummer-Night's Dream'*

THOU remember'st,  
Since once I stood upon a promontory,  
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back  
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,  
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,  
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres  
To hear the sea-maid's music.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

133

*The Storme*

ENGLAND to whom we 'owe, what we be, and have  
Sad that her sonnes did seeke a forraine grave  
(For, Fates, or Fortunes drifts none can soothsay,  
Honour and misery have one face and way.)  
From out her pregnant intrales sigh'd a winde  
Which at th' ayres middle marble roome did finde  
Such strong resistance, that it selfe it threw  
Downeward againe, and so when it did view  
How in the port, our fleet deare time did leese,  
Withering like prisoners, which lye but for fees,  
Mildly it kist our sailes, and, fresh and sweet,  
As to a stomack sterv'd, whose insides meete,  
Meate comes, it came, and swole our sailes, when wee  
So joyd, as *Sara* 'her swelling joy'd to see.  
But 'twas but so kinde, as our countrimen,  
Which bring friends one dayes way, and leave them then  
Then like two mighty Kings, which dwelling farre  
Asunder, meet against a third to warre,  
The South and West winds joyn'd, and, as they blew,  
Waves like a rowling trench before them threw  
Sooner then you read this line, did the gale,  
Like shot, not fear'd till felt, our sailes assaile,  
And what at first was call'd a gust, the same  
Hath now a stormes, anon a tempests name  
*Jonas*, I pittie thee, and curse those men,  
Who when the storm rag'd most, did wake thee then,  
Sleepe is paines easiest salve, and doth fullfill  
All offices of death, except to kill.  
But when I wakt, I saw, that I saw not,

I, and the Sunne, which should teach mee 'had forgot  
East, West, Day, Night, and I could onely say,  
If 'the world had lasted, now it had beene day  
Thousands our noyses were, yet wee 'mongst all  
Could none by his right name, but thunder call  
Lightning was all our light, and it rain'd more  
Then if the Sunne had drunke the sea before  
Some coffin'd in their cabbins lye, 'equally  
Griev'd that they are not dead, and yet must dye,  
And as sin-burd'ned soules from graves will creepe,  
At the last day, some forth their cabbins peepe  
And tremblingly 'aske what newes, and doe heare so,  
Like jealous husbands, what they would not know  
Some sitting on the hatches, would seeme there,  
With hideous gazing to feare away feare.  
Then note they the ships sicknesses, the Mast  
Shak'd with this ague, and the Hold and Wast  
With a salt dropsie clog'd, and all our tacklings  
Snapping, like too-high-stretched treble strings  
And from our totterd sailes, ragges drop downe so,  
As from one hang'd in chaines, a yeare agoe  
Even our Ordinance plac'd for our defence,  
Strive to breake loose, and scape away from thence.  
Pumping hath tur'd our men, and what's the gaine?  
Seas into seas throwne, we suck in againe,  
Hearing hath deaf'd our saylers, and if they  
Knew how to heare, there's none knowes what to say.  
Compar'd to these stormes, death is but a qualme,  
Hell somewhat lightsome, and the 'Bermuda calme  
Darknesse, lights elder brother, his birth-right  
Claims o'r this world, and to heaven hath chas'd light.  
All things are one, and that one none can be,  
Since all formes, uniforme deformity



Doth cover, so thy wee weepe God -  
 And her *Fate*, shall have no more d -  
 So violent, yet long this furie bee,  
 That though thine absence -  
 JOHN DONNE

134

*The Calme*

OUR storme is past, and the storme tempestuous  
 A stupid calme, but no hurt it, doth see  
 The fable is inverted, and here more  
 A blocke afflicte now, then a storme before  
 Stormes chafe, and soone weare out thams lyes, or vs:  
 In calmes, Heaven laughs to see us bingush thus  
 As steady 'as I can wish, that my thoughts were,  
 Smooth as thy mistresse please, or what shines there,  
 The sea is now - And, as the lles which wee  
 Seeke, when wee can move, our ships roo'd be  
 As water did in stormes, now pitch runs o'r  
 As lead, when a fir'd Church becomes one spout.  
 And all our beauty, and our trimme, decays,  
 Like courts removing, or like ended playes  
 The fighting place now seamens ragoes supply,  
 And all the tackling is a frippery  
 No use of lanthornes, and in one place lay  
 Feathers and dust to-day and yesterday  
 Earths hollowneses, which the worlds lungs are,  
 Have no more winde then the upper vault of air.  
 We can nor lost friends, nor sought foes recover  
 But meteorlike, save that wee move not, hover.  
 Onely the Calenture together drawes  
 Deare friends, which meet dead in great fishes jaws  
 And on the hatches as on Altars lyes  
 Each one, his owne Priest, and owne Sacrifice

Who live, that miracle do multiply  
Where walkers in hot Ovens, doe not dye.  
If in despite of these, wee swimme, that hath  
No more refreshing, then our brimstone Bath,  
But from the sea, into the ship we turne,  
Like parboyl'd wretches, on the coales to burne.  
Like *Bajazet* encag'd, the shepherds scoffe,  
Or like slacke sinew'd *Sampson*, his haire off,  
Languish our ships    Now, as a Miriade  
Of Ants, durst th' Emperours lov'd snake invade,  
The crawling Gallies, Sea-goales, finny chips,  
Might brave our Pinnaces, now bed-ridde ships  
Whether a rotten state, and hope of gaine,  
Or to disuse mee from the queasie paine  
Of being belov'd, and loving, or the thirst  
Of honour, or faire death, out pusht mee first,  
I lose my end    for here as well as I  
A desperate may live, and a coward die  
Stagge, dogge, and all which from, or towards flies,  
Is paid with life, or pray, or doing dyes  
Fate grudges us all, and doth subtly lay  
A scourge, 'gainst which wee all forget to pray,  
He that at sea prayes for more winde, as well  
Under the poles may begge cold, heat in hell  
What are wee then ? How little more alas  
Is man now, then before he was ? he was  
Nothing , for us, wee are for nothing fit,  
Chance, or our selves still disproportion it  
Wee have no power, no will, no sense    I lye,  
I should not then thus feele this miserie.

JOHN DONNE

*The Third Day*

AS Armies at the call  
 Of Trumpet (for of Armies thou hast heard)  
 Troop to thir Standard, so the watrie throng,  
 Wave rowling after Wave, where way they found,  
 If steep, with torrent rapture, if through Plaine,  
 Soft-ebbing, nor withstood them Rock or Hill,  
 But they, or under ground, or circuit wide  
 With Serpent error wandering, found thir way,  
 And on the washie Oose deep Channels wore;  
 Easie, e're God had bid the ground be drie,  
 All but within those banks, where Rivers now  
 Stream, and perpetual draw thir humid traine  
 The dry Land, Earth, and the great receptacle  
 Of congregated Waters he call'd Seas

JOHN MILTON

*After the Shipwreck*

IN this distress, the mate of our vessel lays hold of the  
 boat, and, with the help of the rest of the men, they got  
 her slung over the ship's side, and getting all into her, let  
 go, and committed ourselves, being eleven in number, to  
 God's mercy, and the wild sea, for though the storm was  
 abated considerably, yet the sea went dreadful high upon  
 the shore, and might well be called *den wild zee*, as the  
 Dutch call the sea in a storm

After we had rowed, or rather driven, about a league  
 and a half, as we reckoned it, a raging wave, mountain-  
 like, came rolling astern of us, and plainly bade us expect  
 the *coup de grâce*. In a word, it took us with such a fury,  
 that it overset the boat at once, and separating us, as

well from the boat as from one another, gave us not time hardly to say, 'O God !' for we were all swallowed up in a moment

Nothing can describe the confusion of thought which I felt when I sunk into the water ; for though I swam very well, yet I could not deliver myself from the waves so as to draw breath, till that wave having driven me, or rather carried me, a vast way on towards the shore, and having spent itself, went back, and left me upon the land almost dry, but half dead with the water I took in I had so much presence of mind, as well as breath left, that seeing myself nearer the mainland than I expected, I got upon my feet, and endeavoured to make on towards the land as fast as I could, before another wave should return and take me up again But I soon found it was impossible to avoid it ; for I saw the sea come after me as high as a great hill, and as furious as an enemy, which I had no means or strength to contend with. My business was to hold my breath, and raise myself upon the water, if I could, and so, by swimming, to preserve my breathing, and pilot myself towards the shore, if possible ; my greatest concern now being that the wave, as it would carry me a great way towards the shore when it came on, might not carry me back again with it when it gave back towards the sea.

The wave that came upon me again, buried me at once twenty or thirty foot deep in its own body, and I could feel myself carried with a mighty force and swiftness towards the shore a very great way, but I held my breath, and assisted myself to swim still forward with all my might I was ready to burst with holding my breath, when, as I felt myself rising up, so, to my immediate relief, I found my head and hands shoot out above the surface of the water, and though it was not two seconds of time that

I could keep myself so, yet it relieved me greatly, gave me breath, and new courage. I was covered again with water a good while, but not so long but I held it out, and finding the water had spent itself, and began to return, I struck forward against the return of the waves, and felt ground again with my feet. I stood still a few moments, to recover breath, and till the water went from me, and then took to my heels and run with what strength I had farther towards the shore. But neither would this deliver me from the fury of the sea, which came pouring in after me again, and twice more I was lifted up by the waves and carried forwards as before, the shore being very flat.

The last time of these two had well near been fatal to me, for the sea, having hurried me along, as before, landed me, or rather dashed me, against a piece of a rock, and that with such force, as it left me senseless, and indeed helpless, as to my own deliverance, for the blow taking my side and breast, beat the breath as it were quite out of my body, and had it returned again immediately, I must have been strangled in the water. But I recovered a little before the return of the waves, and seeing I should be covered again with the water, I resolved to hold fast by a piece of the rock and so to hold my breath, if possible, till the wave went back. Now, as the waves were not so high as at first, being near land, I held my hold till the wave abated, and then fetched another run, which brought me so near the shore, that the next wave, though it went over me, yet did not so swallow me up as to carry me away, and the next run I took, I got to the mainland, where, to my great comfort, I clambered up the cliffs of the shore, and sat me down upon the grass, free from danger, and quite out of the reach of the water.

DANIEL DEFOE

137      *A Squall, deep lowering'*

A SQUALL, deep lowering, blots the southern sky,  
Before whose boisterous breath the waters fly  
Its weight the topsails can no more sustain  
'Reef topsails'!—'Reef'! the master calls again.  
The halyards and top bowlines soon are gone,  
To clewlines and reef-tackles next they run,  
The shivering sails descend, the yards they square,  
Then quick aloft the ready crew repair,  
The weather-earings and the lee are passed,  
The reefs enrolled, and every point's made fast  
Their task above thus finished, they descend,  
And vigilant th' approaching squall attend  
It comes resistless, and with foaming sweep  
Upturns the whit'ning surface of the deep!

The clouds, with ruin pregnant, now impend,  
And storm and cataract tumultuous blend!  
Deep on her side the reeling vessel lies  
'Brail up the mizzen quick!' the master cries,  
'Man the clew-garnets! Let the mainsheet fly!'—  
It rends in scores of shivering shreds on high!  
The main-sail, all in streaming ruins tore,  
Loud fluttering, imitates the thunder's roar!  
The ship still labours in th' oppressive strain,  
Low bending, as if ne'er to rise again  
'Bear up the helm a while!' young Rodmond cries;  
Swift at the word the helm a-weather flies.  
She feels its guiding power and veers apace,  
And now the foresail right athwart they brace.

The swelling sail, the flowing sheets sustain,  
 Whose firm coercion equally restrain.  
 While o'er the foam, the ship impetuous flies,  
 The helm, th' attentive timoneer applies.  
 Thus vigilant, the falcon marks his prey,  
 And skims with ardent eye, th' aerial way,  
 Each motion watches, of the doubtful chase,  
 Obliquely wheeling thro' the azure space.  
 Thus, and so quick, the helm responsive flew,  
 Whose swift rotations all her curves subdue.

WILLIAM FALCONER.

TURN to the watery world<sup>1</sup>—but who to thee  
 (A wonder yet unview'd) shall paint—the sea?  
 Various and vast, sublime in all its forms,  
 When lull'd by zephyrs, or when roused by storms;  
 Its colours changing, when from clouds and sun  
 Shades after shades upon the surface run,  
 Embrown'd and horrid now, and now serene,  
 In limpid blue, and evanescent green;  
 And oft the foggy banks on ocean lie,  
 Lift the fair sail, and cheat th' experienced eye  
     Be it the summer-noon a sandy space  
 The ebbing tide has left upon its place;  
 Then, just the hot and stony beach above,  
 Light twinkling streams in bright confusion move  
 (For heated thus, the warmer air ascends,  
 And with the cooler in its fall contends),  
 Then the broad bosom of the ocean keeps  
 An equal motion, swelling as it sleeps,

Then slowly sinking ; curling to the strand,  
Faint, lazy waves o'ercreep the ridgy sand,  
Or tap the tarry boat with gentle blow,  
And back return in silence, smooth and slow  
Ships in the calm seem anchor'd , for they glide  
On the still sea, urged solely by the tide ;  
Art thou not present, this calm scene before,  
Where all beside is pebbly length of shore,  
And far as eye can reach, it can discern no more '

Yet sometimes comes a ruffling cloud, to make  
The quiet surface of the ocean shake ,  
As an awaken'd giant with a frown  
Might show his wrath, and then to sleep sink down.

View now the winter-storm, above, one cloud,  
Black and unbroken, all the skies o'ershroud  
Th' unwieldy porpoise through the day before  
Had roll'd in view of boding men on shore ,  
And sometimes hid, and sometimes show'd, his form,  
Dark as the cloud, and furious as the storm.

All where the eye delights, yet dreads, to roam,  
The breaking billows cast the flying foam  
Upon the billows rising—all the deep  
Is restless change , the waves so swell'd and steep,  
Breaking and sinking, and the sunken swells,  
Nor one, one moment, in its station dwells  
But, nearer land, you may the billows trace,  
As if contending in their watery chase ,  
May watch the mightiest till the shoal they reach,  
Then break and hurry to their utmost stretch ,  
Curl'd as they come, they strike with furious force,  
And then, re-flowing, take their grating course,  
Raking the rounded flints, which ages past  
Roll'd by their rage, and shall to ages last.



Far off, the petrel in the troubled way  
 Swims with her brood, or flutters in the spray,  
 She rises often, often drops again,  
 And sports at ease on the tempestuous main.

High o'er the restless deep, above the reach  
 Of gunner's hope, vast flights of wild-ducks stretch,  
 Far as the eye can glance on either side,  
 In a broad space and level line they glide,  
 All in their wedge-like figures from the north,  
 Day after day, flight after flight, go forth.

In-shore their passage tribes of sea-gulls urge,  
 And drop for prey within the sweeping surge,  
 Oft in the rough opposing blast they fly  
 Far back, then turn, and all their force apply,  
 While to the storm they give their weak complaining cry,  
 Or clap the sleek white pinion to the breast,  
 And in the restless ocean dip for rest

GEORGE CRABBE.

139 *The Spanish Galleons seen by an Aztec*

*Guyomar.*

AT last, as far as I could cast my eyes  
 Upon the Sea, somewhat, methought did rise  
 Like blewish mists, which still appearing more,  
 Took dreadful shapes, and mov'd towards the shore. . . .  
 The object I could first distinctly view  
 Was tall straight trees which on the waters flew,  
 Wings on their sides instead of leaves did grow,  
 Which gather'd all the breath the winds could blow.  
 And at their roots grew floating Palaces,  
 Whose out-blow'd bellies cut the yielding Seas

*Montezuma*

What Divine Monsters, O ye gods, were these  
 That float in air and flye upon the Seas !  
 Came they alive or dead upon the shore ?

*Guyomar.*

Alas, they liv'd too sure, I heard them roar  
 All turn'd their sides, and to each other spoke,  
 I saw their words break out in fire and smoke.  
 Sure 'tis their voice that 'Thunders from on high,  
 Or these the younger brothers of the Skie  
 Deaf with the noise I took my hasty flight,  
 No mortal courage can support the fright

JOHN DRYDEN.

140

*Les Plaisirs du Rivage*

ASSIS sur la rive des mers,  
 Quand je sens l'amoureux zéphire  
 Agiter doucement les airs  
 Et souffler sur l'humide empire,

Je suis des yeux les voyageurs,  
 A leur destin je porte envie  
 Le souvenir de ma patrie  
 S'éveille et fait couler mes pleurs

Je tressaille au bruit de la rame  
 Qui frappe l'écume des flots  
 J'entends retentir dans mon âme  
 Le chant joyeux des matelots

Un secret désir me tourmente  
De m'arracher à ces beaux lieux,  
Et d'aller sous de nouveaux cieux  
Porter ma fortune inconstante

Mais quand le terrible Aquilon  
Gronde sur l'onde bondissante,  
Que dans le liquide sillon  
Roule la foudre étincelante ;

Alors je repose mes yeux  
Sur les foîêts, sur le rivage,  
Sur les vallons silencieux  
Qui sont à l'abri de l'oiage ,

Et je m'écrie . Heureux le sage  
Qui rêve au fond de ces berceaux,  
Et qui n'entend sous leur feuillage  
Que le murmure des ruisseaux !

NICOLAS-GERMAIN LÉONARD

... WHERE the Northern Ocean in vast whirls  
Boils round the naked melancholy isles  
Of farthest Thule, and the Atlantic surge  
Pours in among the stormy Hebrides—  
Who can recount what transmigrations there  
Are annual made ? what nations come and go ?  
And how the living clouds on clouds arise ?  
Infinite wings ! till all the plume-dark air  
And rude resounding shore are one wild cry

JAMES THOMSON

142.

*Omens of Storm*

AMID the heavens,  
Falsely serene, deep in a cloudy speck  
Compressed, the mighty tempest brooding dwells  
Of no regard save to the skilful eye,  
Fiery and foul the small prognostic hangs  
Aloft, or on the promontory's brow  
Musters its force. A faint deceitful calm,  
A fluttering gale, the demon sends before  
To tempt the spreading sail Then down at once  
Precipitant descends a mingled mass  
Of roaring winds and flame and rushing floods  
In wild amazement fixed the sailor stands.  
Art is too slow, by rapid fate oppressed,  
His broad-winged vessel drinks the whelming tide,  
Hid in the bosom of the black abyss  
With such mad seas the daring Gama fought  
For many a day and many a dreadful night  
Incessant, labouring round the stormy Cape,  
By bold ambition led and bolder thirst  
Of gold.

JAMES THOMSON

*Clouds*

AS when a shepherd of the Hebrid Isles,  
Placed far amid the melancholy main.  
(Whether it be lone fancy him beguiles,  
Or that aerial beings sometimes deign  
To stand, embodied, to our senses plain)

Sees on the naked hill, or valley low,  
 The whilst in ocean Phœbus dips his wain,  
 A vast assembly moving to and fro ,  
 Then all at once in air dissolves the wondrous show

JAMES THOMSON.

*L' Infinito*

SEMPRE caro mi fu quest' ermo colle,  
 SE questa siepe, che da tanta parte  
 Dell' ultimo orizzonte il guardo esclude  
 Ma sedendo e mirando, interminati  
 Spazi di là da quella, e sovrumani  
 Silenzi, e profondissima quiete  
 Io nel pensier mi fingo , ove per poco  
 Il cor non si spaura E come il vento  
 Odo stormir tra queste piante, io quello  
 Infinito silenzio a questa voce  
 Vo comparando • e mi sovvien l' eterno,  
 E le morte stagioni, e la presente  
 E viva, e il suon di lei Così tra questa  
 Immensità s' annega il pensier mio .  
 E il naufragar m' è dolce in questo mare.

GIACOMO LEOPARDI.

144 ' *The world is too much with us* '

THE world is too much with us , late and soon,  
 Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers  
 Little we see in Nature that is ours ,  
 We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon !  
 This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon ,

The winds that will be howling at all hours,  
 And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers,  
 For this, for everything, we are out of tune,  
 It moves us not—Great God! I'd rather be  
 A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;  
 So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,  
 Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn,  
 Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,  
 Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

145. *Evening by the Sea*

IT is a beauteous Evening, calm and free,  
 The holy time is quiet as a Nun  
 Breathless with adoration, the broad sun  
 Is sinking down in its tranquillity,  
 The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the Sea  
 Listen! the mighty Being is awake,  
 And doth with his eternal motion make  
 A sound like thunder—everlastingly.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

146. *The Ship*

WHERE lies the Land to which yon Ship must go?  
 Fresh as a lark mounting at break of day,  
 Festively she puts forth in trim array;  
 Is she for tropic suns, or polar snow?  
 What boots the enquiry?—Neither friend nor foe  
 She cares for, let her travel where she may,  
 She finds familiar names, a beaten way

Ever before her, and a wind to blow.  
 Yet still I ask, what haven is her mark ?  
 And, almost as it was when ships were rare,  
 (From time to time, like Pilgrims, here and there  
 Crossing the waters) doubt, and something dark,  
 Of the old Sea some reverential fear,  
 Is with me at thy farewell, joyous Bark !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

147 *From 'The Old Margate Hoy'*

WILL it be thought a digression (it may spare some unwelcome comparisons), if I endeavour to account for the *dissatisfaction* which I have heard so many persons confess to have felt (as I did myself feel in part on this occasion), *at the sight of the sea for the first time* ? I think the reason usually given—referring to the incapacity of actual objects for satisfying our preconceptions of them—scarcely goes deep enough into the question. Let the same person see a lion, an elephant, a mountain, for the first time in his life, and he shall perhaps feel himself a little mortified. The things do not fill up that space, which the idea of them seemed to take up in his mind. But they have still a correspondency to his first notion, and in time grow up to it, so as to produce a very similar impression, enlarging themselves (if I may say so) upon familiarity. But the sea remains a disappointment. Is it not, that in *the latter* we had expected to behold (absurdly, I grant, but, I am afraid, by the law of imagination unavoidably) not a definite object, as those wild beasts, or that mountain, compassable by the eye, but *all the sea at once*, THE COMMENSURATE ANTAGONIST OF THE EARTH ?

I do not say we tell ourselves so much, but the craving of the mind is to be satisfied with nothing less. I will suppose the case of a young person of fifteen (as I then was) knowing nothing of the sea, but from description. He comes to it for the first time—all that he has been reading of it all his life, and *that* the most enthusiastic part of life, —all he has gathered from narratives of wandering seamen, what he has gained from true voyages, and what he cherishes as credulously from romance and poetry; crowding their images, and extracting strange tributes from expectation.—He thinks of the great deep, and of those that go down unto it; of its thousand isles, and of the vast continents it washes, of its receiving the mighty Plata, or Orellana, into its bosom, without disturbance, or sense of augmentation, of Biscay swells, and the mariner

For many a day, and many a dreadful night,  
Incessant labouring round the stormy Cape,

of fatal rocks, and the ‘still-vexed Bermoothes’, of great whirlpools, and the water-spout, of sunken ships, and sumless treasures swallowed up in the unrestoring depths, of fishes and quaint monsters, to which all that is terrible on earth—

Be but as buggs to frighten babes withal,  
Compared with the creatures in the sea’s entral;

of naked savages, and Juan Fernandez, of pearls, and shells, of coral beds, and of enchanted isles, of mermaids’ grotts—

I do not assert that in sober earnest he expects to be shown all these wonders at once, but he is under the tyranny of a mighty faculty, which haunts him with confused hints and shadows of all these, and when the



actual object opens first upon him, seen (in tame weather too most likely) from our unromantic coasts—a speck, a slip of sea-water, as it shows to him—what can it prove but a very unsatisfying and even diminutive entertainment? Or if he has come to it from the mouth of a river, was it much more than the river widening? and, even out of sight of land, what had he but a flat watery horizon about him, nothing comparable to the vast o’er-curtaining sky, his familiar object, seen daily without dread or amazement?—Who, in similar circumstances, has not been tempted to exclaim with Charoba, in the poem of Gebir,—

Is this the mighty ocean?—is this *all*?

CHARLES LAMB

148. *From ‘Julian and Maddalo’*

A BARE strand

Of hillocks, heaped from ever-shifting sand,  
 Matted with thistles and amphibious weeds,  
 Such as from earth’s embrace the salt ooze breeds,  
 Is this; an uninhabited sea-side,  
 Which the lone fisher, when his nets are dried,  
 Abandons, and no other object breaks  
 The waste, but one dwarf tree and some few stakes  
 Broken and unrepaired, and the tide makes  
 A narrow space of level sand thereon,  
 Where ’twas our wont to ride, while day went down  
 This ride was my delight. I love all waste  
 And solitary places, where we taste  
 The pleasure of believing what we see  
 Is boundless, as we wish our souls to be

And such was this wide ocean, and this shore  
More barren than its billows , . .

For the winds drove  
The living spray along the sunny air  
Into our faces , the blue heavens were bare,  
Stripped to their depths by the awakening north ,  
And, from the waves, sound like delight broke forth  
Harmonising with solitude, and sent  
- Into our hearts aerial merriment

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

149.      *From 'Epipsychidion'*

A SHIP is floating in the harbour now,  
A wind is hovering o'er the mountain's brow ;  
There is a path on the sea's azure floor,  
No keel has ever ploughed that path before ,  
The halcyons brood around the foamless isles ,  
The treacherous Ocean has forsworn its wiles ;  
The merry mariners are bold and free :  
Say, my heart's sister, wilt thou sail with me ?  
Our bark is as an albatross, whose nest  
Is a far Eden of the purple East ,  
And we between her wings will sit, while Night,  
And Day, and Storm, and Calm, pursue their flight,  
Our ministers, along the boundless Sea,  
Treading each other's heels, unheededly  
It is an isle under Ionian skies,  
Beautiful as a wreck of Paradise,  
And, for the harbours are not safe and good,  
This land would have remained a solitude  
But for some pastoral people native there,  
Who from the Elysian, clear, and golden air

Draw the last spirit of the age of gold,  
Simple and spirited, innocent and bold.  
The blue Aegean girds this chosen home,  
With ever-changing sound and light and foam,  
Kissing the sifted sands, and caverns hoar;  
And all the winds wandering along the shore  
Undulate with the undulating tide.  
There are thick woods where sylvan forms abide,  
And many a fountain, rivulet, and pond,  
As clear as elemental diamond,  
Or serene morning air, and far beyond,  
The mossy tracks made by the goats and deer  
(Which the rough shepherd treads but once a year)  
Pierce into glades, caverns, and bowers, and halls  
Bult round with ivy, which the waterfalls  
Illumining, with sound that never fails  
Accompany the noonday nightingales;  
And all the place is peopled with sweet airs;  
The light clear element which the isle wears  
Is heavy with the scent of lemon-flowers,  
Which floats like mist laden with unseen showers,  
And falls upon the eyelids like faint sleep,  
And from the moss violets and jonquils peep  
And dart their arrowy odour through the brain  
Till you might faint with that delicious pain.  
And every motion, odour, beam, and tone,  
With that deep music is in unison  
Which is a soul within the soul—they seem  
Like echoes of an antenatal dream —  
It is an isle 'twixt Heaven, Air, Earth, and Sea,  
Cradled, and hung in clear tranquillity,  
Bright as that wandering Eden Lucifer,  
Washed by the soft blue Oceans of young air.

It is a favoured place. Famine or Blight,  
Pestilence, War and Earthquake, never light  
Upon its mountain-peaks; blind vultures, they  
Sail onward far upon their fatal way.  
The wingèd storms, chanting their thunder-psalm  
To other lands, leave azure chasms of calm  
Over this isle, or weep themselves in dew,  
From which its fields and woods ever renew  
Their green and golden immortality.  
And from the sea there rise, and from the sky  
There fall, clear exhalations, soft and bright,  
Veil after veil, each hiding some delight,  
Which Sun or Moon or zephyr draw aside,  
Till the isle's beauty, like a naked bride  
Glowing at once with love and loveliness,  
Blushes and trembles at its own excess.  
Yet, like a buried lamp, a Soul no less  
Burns in the heart of this delicious isle,  
An atom of th' Eternal, whose own smile  
Unfolds itself, and may be felt, not seen  
O'er the gray rocks, blue waves, and forests green,  
Filling their bare and void interstices —

We too will rise, and sit, and walk together,  
Under the roof of blue Ionian weather,  
And wander in the meadows, or ascend  
The mossy mountains, where the blue heavens bend  
With lightest winds, to touch their paramour,  
Or linger, where the pebble-paven shore,  
Under the quick, faint kisses of the sea  
Trembles and sparkles as with ecstasy

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

150.

*On the Sea*

**I**T keeps eternal whisperings around  
 Desolate shores, and with its mighty swell  
 Gluts twice ten thousand Caverns, till the spell  
 Of Hecate leaves them their old shadowy sound  
 Often 'tis in such gentle temper found,  
 That scarcely will the very smallest shell  
 Be mov'd for days from where it sometime fell,  
 When last the winds of Heaven were unbound.  
 Oh ye<sup>1</sup> who have your eye-balls vex'd and tir'd,  
 Feast them upon the wideness of the Sea,  
 Oh ye<sup>1</sup> whose ears are dinn'd with uproar rude,  
 Or fed too much with cloying melody—  
 Sit ye near some old Cavern's Mouth, and brood  
 Until ye start, as if the sea-nymphs quiv'd<sup>1</sup>

JOHN KEATS

151.

*To Ailsa Rock*

**H**EARKEN, thou craggy ocean pyramid!  
 Give answer from thy voice, the sea-fowls' screams<sup>1</sup>  
 When were thy shoulders mantled in huge streams?  
 When, from the sun, was thy broad forehead hid?  
 How long is 't since the mighty power bid  
 Thee heave to airy sleep from fathom dreams?  
 Sleep in the lap of thunder or sunbeams,  
 Or when grey clouds are thy cold coverlid  
 Thou answer'st not, for thou art dead asleep,  
 Thy life is but two dead eternities—

The last in air, the former in the deep,  
First with the whales, last with the eagle-skies—  
Drown'd wast thou till an earthquake made thee steep,  
Another cannot wake thy giant size

JOHN KEATS

152. *From 'To my Brother George'*

AND on the other side, outspread, is seen  
Ocean's blue mantle streak'd with purple, and green.  
Now 'tis I see a canvass'd ship, and now  
Mark the bright silver curling round her prow  
I see the lark down-dropping to his nest,  
And the broad winged sea-gull never at rest,  
For when no more he spreads his feathers free,  
His breast is dancing on the restless sea  
Now I direct my eyes into the west,  
Which at this moment is in sunbeams drest

JOHN KEATS

153. *From 'Endymion'**The Shipwreck.*

ON a day,  
Sitting upon a rock above the spray,  
I saw grow up from the horizon's brink  
A gallant vessel soon she seem'd to sink  
Away from me again, as though her course  
Had been resum'd in spite of hindering force—  
So vanish'd and not long, before arose  
Dark clouds, and muttering of winds morose

Old Æolus would stifle his mad spleen.  
 But could not : therefore all the billows green  
 Toss'd up the silver spume against the clouds  
 The tempest came . I saw that vessel's shrouds  
 In perilous bustle , while upon the deck  
 - Stood trembling creatures . I beheld the wrëck ,  
 The final gulphing ; the poor struggling souls :  
 I heard their cries amid loud thunder-rolls

*Wind on the Sea*

The wind out-blows  
 Her scarf into a fluttering pavilion ,  
 'Tis blue, and over-spangled with a million  
 Of little eyes, as though thou wert to shed,  
 Over the darkest, lushest blue-bell bed,  
 Handfuls of daisies

*The Poet praises the Moon*

She dies at the thinnest cloud , her loveliness  
 Is wan on Neptune's blue yet there's a stress  
 Of love-spangles, just off yon cape of trees,  
 Dancing upon the waves, as if to please  
 The curly foam with amorous influence  
 O, not so idle : for down-glancing thence  
 She fathoms eddies, and runs wild about  
 O'erwhelming water-courses , scaring out  
 The thorny sharks from hiding-holes, and fright'ning  
 Their savage eyes with unaccustom'd lightning

On gold sand impearl'd  
 With lilly shells, and pebbles milky white,  
 Poor Cynthia greeted him, and sooth'd her light  
 Against his pallid face . he felt the charm

To breathlessness, and suddenly a warm  
 Of his heart's blood 'twas very sweet, he stay'd  
 His wandering steps, and half-entranced laid  
 His head upon a tuft of straggling weeds,  
 To taste the gentle moon, and freshening beads,  
 Lash'd from the crystal roof by fishes' tails  
 And so he kept, until the rosy veils  
 Mantling the east, by Aurora's peering hand  
 Were lifted from the water's breast, and fann'd  
 Into sweet air, and sober'd morning came  
 Meekly through billows —when like taper-flame  
 Left sudden by a dallying breath of air,  
 He rose in silence, and once more 'gan fare  
 Along his fated way

JOHN KEATS.

154.

*From 'Hyperion'**The Shell's Song*

I STOOD upon a shore, a pleasant shore,  
 Where a sweet clime was breathèd from a land  
 Of fragrance, quietness, and trees, and flowers.  
 Full of calm joy it was, as I of grief,  
 Too full of joy and soft delicious warmth,  
 So that I felt a movement in my heart  
 To chide, and to reproach that solitude  
 With songs of misery, music of our woes,  
 And sat me down, and took a mouthèd shell  
 And murmur'd into it, and made melody—  
 O melody no more! for while I sang,  
 And with poor skill let pass into the breeze  
 The dull shell's echo, from a bowery strand



Just opposite, an island of the sea,  
 There came enchantment with the shifting wind,  
 That did both drown and keep alive my ears.  
 I threw my shell away upon the sand,  
 And a wave fill'd it, as my sense was fill'd  
 With that new blissful golden melody.

JOHN KEATS.

155.

*The Shells*

BUT I have sinuous shells, of pearly hue  
 Within, and they that lustre have imbibed  
 In the sun's palace porch, where, when unyoked,  
 His chariot wheel stands midway in the wave  
 Shake one, and it awakens; then apply  
 Its polished lips to your attentive ear,  
 And it remembers its august abodes,  
 And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

156 *From 'The Chambered Nautilus'*

THIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,  
 Sails the unshadowed main,—  
 The venturous bark that flings  
 On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings  
 In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,  
 And coral reefs lie bare,  
 Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl,  
Wrecked is the ship of pearl !  
And every chambered cell,  
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,  
As the frail tenant shaped its growing shell,  
Before thee lies revealed,—  
Its rised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed !  
Year after year beheld the silent toil  
That spread this lustrous coil,  
Still, as the spiral grew,  
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,  
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,  
Built up its idle door,  
Stretched in its last-found home, and knew the old no more.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

157

*From 'Hyperion'*

HAVE ye beheld the young God of the Seas,  
My dispossessor ? Have ye seen his face ?  
Have ye beheld his chariots, foam'd along  
By noble wingèd creatures he hath made ?  
I saw him on the calmèd waters scud,  
With such a glow of beauty in his eyes,  
That it enforc'd me to bid sad farewell  
To all my empire farewell sad I took,  
And hither came, to see how dolorous fate  
Had wrought upon ye, and how I might best  
Give consolation in this woe extreme  
Receive the truth, and let it be your balm

JOHN KEATS.

158.

*The Swimmer*

**H**OW many a time have I  
 Cloven with arm still lustier, breast more daring,  
 The wave all roughen'd, with a swimmer's stroke  
 Flinging the billows back from my drench'd hair,  
 And laughing from my lip the audacious brine,  
 Which kiss'd it like a wine-cup, rising o'er  
 The waves as they arose, and prouder still  
 The loftier they uplifted me, and oft  
 In wantonness of spirit, plunging down  
 Into their green and glassy gulfs, and making  
 My way to shells and sea-weed, all unseen  
 By those above, till they waxed fearful; then  
 Returning with my grasp full of such tokens  
 As show'd that I had search'd the deep. exulting  
 With a far-dashing stroke, and drawing deep  
 The long-suspended breath, again I spurn'd  
 The foam which broke around me, and pursued  
 My track like a sea-bird

LORD BYRON.

159

*The Swimmer*

**Y**ONDER, lo! the tide is flowing,  
 Clamber, while the breeze is blowing,  
 Down to where a soft foam flusters  
 Dulse and fairy feathery clusters!  
 While it, fills the shelly hollows,  
 A swift sister billow follows,  
 Leaps in hurrying with the tide,  
 Seems the lingering wave to chide,

Both push on with eager life,  
 And a gurgling show of strife.  
 O the salt, refreshing air  
 Shrilly blowing in the hair !  
 A keen, healthful savour haunts  
 Sea-shell, sea-flower, and sea-plants.  
 Innocent billows on the strand  
 Leave a crystal over sand,  
 Whose thin ebbing soon is crossed  
 By a crystal foam-enmossed,  
 Variegating silvergrey  
 Shell-empetalled sand in play  
 When from sand dries off the brine,  
 Vanishes swift shadow fine ;  
 But a wet sand is a glass  
 Where the plummy cloudlets pass,  
 Floating islands of the blue,  
 Tender, shining, fair, and true.

Who would linger idle,  
 Dallying would lie,  
 When wind and wave, a bridal  
 Celebrating, fly ?  
 Let him plunge among them,  
 Who hath wooed enough,  
 Flirted with them, sung them !  
 In the salt seatrough  
 He may win them, onward  
 On a buoyant crest,  
 Far to seaward, sunward,  
 Oceanborne to rest !  
 Wild wind will sing over him,  
 And the free foam cover him,

Swimming seaward, sunward,  
On a blithe sea-breast !  
On a blithe sea-bosom  
Swims another too,  
Swims a live sea-blossom,  
A grey-winged seamew !  
Grape green all the waves are,  
By whose hurrying line  
Half of ships and caves are  
Buried under brine ,  
Supple, shifting ranges  
Lucent at the crest,  
With pearly surface-changes  
Never laid to rest .  
Now a dripping gunwale  
Momently he sees,  
Now a fuming funnel,  
Or red flag in the breeze.  
Arms flung open wide,  
Lip the laughing sea ,  
For playfellow, for bride,  
Claim her impetuously !  
Triumphantly exult with all the free  
Buoyant bounding splendour of the sea !  
And if, while on the billow  
Wearily he lay,  
His awful wild playfellow  
Filled his mouth with spray,  
Reft him of his breath,  
To some far realms away  
He would float with Death ,  
Wild wind would sing over him,  
And the free foam cover him,

Waft him sleeping onward,  
Floating seaward, sunward,  
All alone with Death,  
In a realm of wondrous dreams,  
And shadow-haunted ocean gleams !

RODEN NOEL.

160      *The Swimmer at Sunrise*

WHILE still the dusk impends above the glimmering  
waste

A tremor comes . wave after wave turns silvery bright .  
A sudden yellow gleam athwart the east is traced  
The waning stars fade forth, swift perishing pyres.  
The moon lies pearly-wan upon the front of Night.  
Then all at once upwells a flood of golden light  
And a myriad waves flash forth a myriad fires .  
Now is the hour the amplest glory of life to taste,  
Outswimming towards the sun upon the billowy waste.

TIONA MACLFOD.

161.      *A Sea-Spell*  
(For a Picture )

HER lute hangs shadowed in the apple-tree,  
While flashing fingers weave the sweet-strung spell  
Between its chords , and as the wild notes swell,  
The sea-bird for those branches leaves the sea  
But to what sound her listening ear stoops she ?  
What netherworld gulf-whispers doth she hear,  
In answering echoes from what planetsphere,  
Along the wind, along the estuary ?

She sinks into her spell and when full soon  
 Her lips move and she soars into her song,  
 What creatures of the midmost main shall throng  
 In furrowed surf-clouds to the summoning rune.  
 Till he, the fated mariner, hears her cry,  
 And up her rock, bare-breasted, comes to die?

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

162. *From 'The Englishman in Italy'*

SO, I turned to the sea; and there slumbered  
 As greenly as ever  
 Those isles of the siren, your Galli,  
 No ages can sever  
 The Three, nor enable their sister  
 To join them,—halfway  
 On the voyage, she looked at Ulysses—  
 No farther to-day,  
 Tho' the small one, just launched in the wave,  
 Watches breast-high and steady  
 From under the rock, her bold sister  
 Swum halfway already  
 Fortù, shall we sail there together  
 And see from the sides  
 Quite new rocks show their faces, new haunts  
 Where the siren abides?  
 Shall we sail round and round them, close over  
 The rocks, tho' unseen,  
 That ruffle the grey glassy water  
 To glorious green?  
 Then scramble from splinter to splinter,  
 Reach land and explore,

On the largest, the strange square black turret  
 With never a door.  
 Just a loop to admit the quick lizards ;  
 Then, stand there and hear  
 The birds' quiet singing, that tells us  
 What life is, so clear ?  
 —The secret they sang to Ulysses  
 When, ages ago,  
 He heard and he knew this life's secret  
 I hear and I know

ROBERT BROWNING

163

*L'Homme et la Mer*

**H**OMME libre, toujours tu chériras la mer  
 La mer est ton miroir, tu contemples ton âme  
 Dans le déroulement infini de sa lame,  
 Et ton esprit n'est pas un gouffre moins amer

Tu te plais à plonger au sein de ton image,  
 Tu l'embrasses des yeux et des bras, et ton cœur  
 Se distrait quelquefois de sa propre rumeur  
 Au bruit de cette plainte indomptable et sauvage

Vous êtes tous les deux ténébreux et discrets  
 Homme, nul n'a sondé le fond de tes abîmes,  
 Ô mer, nul ne connaît les richesses intimes,  
 Tant vous êtes jaloux de garder vos secrets !

Et cependant voilà des siècles innombrables  
 Que vous vous combattez sans pitié ni remords,  
 Tellement vous aimez le carnage et la mort,  
 Ô lutteurs éternels, ô frères implacables !

CHARLES BAUDELAIRE.



164. *From 'Dover Beach'*

THE sea is calm to night,  
 The tide is full, the moon lies fair  
 Upon the Straits,—on the French coast, the light  
 Gleams, and is gone; the cliffs of England stand,  
 Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay  
 Come to the window, sweet is the night air!  
 Only, from the long line of spray  
 Where the ebb meets the moon blanch'd sand,  
 Listen! you hear the grating roar  
 Of pebbles which the waves suck back, and fling,  
 At their return, up the high strand,  
 Begin, and cease, and then again begin,  
 With tremulous cadence slow, and bring  
 The eternal note of sadness in

MATTHEW ARNOLD

165. *From 'Sohrab and Rustum'*

BUT the majestic River floated on,  
 Out of the mist and hum of that low land,  
 Into the frosty starlight, and there mov'd,  
 Rejoicing, through the hush'd Chorasman waste,  
 Under the solitary moon he flow'd  
 Right for the Polar Star, past Orgunjè,  
 Brimming, and bright, and large, then sands begin  
 To hem his watery march, and dam his streams,  
 And split his currents, that for many a league  
 The shorn and parcell'd Oxus strains along  
 Through beds of sand and matted rushy isles—

Oxus, forgetting the bright speed he had  
In his high mountain cradle in Pamere,  
A foil'd circuitous wanderer :—till at last  
The long'd-for dash of waves is heard, and wide  
His luminous home of waters opens, bright  
And tranquil, from whose floor the new-bath'd stars  
Emerge, and shine upon the Aral Sea.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

166

*Qua cursum Ventus*

AS ships, becalmed at eve, that lay  
With canvas drooping, side by side,  
Two towers of sail at dawn of day  
Are scarce two leagues apart descried ,

When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,  
And all the darkling hours they plied,  
Nor dreamt that each the self-same seas  
By each was cleaving, side by side

E'en so—but why the tale reveal  
Of those, whom year by year unchanged,  
Brief absence joined anew to feel,  
Astounded, soul from soul estranged.

At dead of night their sails were filled,  
And onward each rejoicing steered—  
Ah, neither blame, for neither willed,  
Or wist, what first with dawn appeared !

To veer, how vain ! On, onward strain,  
Brave barks ! In light, in darkness too,  
Through winds and tides one compass guides—  
To that, and your own selves, be true.

But O blithe breeze ! and O great seas,  
 'Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,  
 On your wide plain they join again,  
 'Together lead them home at last

One port, methought, alike they sought  
 One purpose hold where'er they fare, —  
 O bounding breeze, O rushing seas !  
 At last, at last, unite them there !

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

TOUTE l'immensité en tumulte se ruait sur l'écueil  
 Douvres On entendait des voix sans nombre. Qui  
 donc crie ainsi ? L'antique épouvante panique était là Par  
 moments, cela avait l'air de parler, comme si quelqu'un  
 faisait un commandement Puis des clameurs, des clairons,  
 des trépidations étranges, et ce grand hurlement majestueux  
 que les marins nomment *appel de l'océan* Les spirales  
 indéfinies et fuyantes du vent sifflaient en tordant le flot, les  
 vagues, devenues disques sous ces tournoiemens, étaient  
 lancées contre les brisants comme des palets gigantesques  
 par des athlètes invisibles. L'énorme écume échevelait  
 toutes les roches Torrents en haut, baves en bas. Puis  
 les mugissemens redoublaient Aucune rumeur humaine  
 ou bestiale ne saurait donner l'idée des fracas mêlés à ces  
 dislocations de la mer La nuée canonnait, les grêlons  
 mitraillaient, la houle escaladait De certains points semi-  
 blaient immobiles, sur d'autres le vent faisait vingt toises  
 par seconde La mer à perte de vue était blanche, dix  
 lieues d'eau de savon emplissaient l'horizon Des portes de  
 feu s'ouvraient et se fermaient. Quelques nuages paraissaient  
 brûlés par les autres, et sur des tas de nuées rouges qui ressem-

blaient à des bruits, ils ressemblaient à des fumées. Des configurations flottantes se heurtaient et s'amalgamaient, se déformant les unes par les autres. Une eau incommensurable ruisselait. On entendait des feux de peloton dans le firmament. Il y avait au milieu du plafond d'ombre une espèce de vaste hotte renversée d'où tombaient pêle-mêle la trombe, la grêle, les nuées, les pourpres, les phosphores, la nuit, la lumière, les bruits, les foudres, tant ces penchements du gouffre sont formidables !

VICTOR HUGO.

168

*A Gale at Sea*

FEW people, comparatively, have ever seen the effect on the sea of a powerful gale continued without intermission for three or four days and nights, and to those who have not, I believe it must be unimaginable, not from the mere force or size of surge, but from the complete annihilation of the limit between sea and air. The water from its prolonged agitation is beaten, not into mere creaming foam, but into masses of accumulated yeast, which hang in ropes and wreaths from wave to wave, and, where one curls over to break, form a festoon like a drapery from its edge; these are taken up by the wind, not in dissipating dust, but bodily, in writhing, hanging, coiling masses, which make the air white and thick as with snow, only the flakes are a foot or two long each. The surges themselves are full of foam in their very bodies, underneath, making them white all through, as the water is under a great cataract, and their masses, being thus half water and half air, are torn to pieces by the wind whenever they rise, and carried away in roaring smoke, which chokes and strangles like actual water. Add to this, that when the

all has been exhausted of its moisture by long rain, the spray of the sea is caught by it as described above, and covers its surface not merely with the smoke of finely divided water, but with boiling mist, imagine also the low rain-clouds brought down to the very level of the sea, as I have often seen them, whirling and flying in rags and fragments from wave to wave, and finally, conceive the surges themselves in their utmost pitch of power, velocity, vastness, and madness, lifting themselves in precipices and peaks, furrowed with their whirl of ascent, through all this chaos, and you will understand that there is indeed no distinction left between the sea and air, that no object, nor horizon, nor any land-mark or natural evidence of position is left, that the heaven is all spray, and the ocean all cloud, and that you can see no farther in any direction than you could see through a cataract

JOHN RUSKIN.

169. *Turner's Picture 'The Slave Ship'*

**I**T is a sunset on the Atlantic, after prolonged storm, but the storm is partially lulled, and the torn and streaming rain-clouds are moving in scarlet lines to lose themselves in the hollow of the night. The whole surface of sea included in the picture is divided into two ridges of enormous swell, not high, nor local, but a low broad heaving of the whole ocean, like the lifting of its bosom by deep-drawn breath after the torture of the storm. Between these two ridges the fire of the sunset falls along the trough of the sea, dyeing it with an awful but glorious light, the intense and lurid splendour which burns like gold, and bathes like blood. Along this fiery path and valley, the

tossing waves by which the swell of the sea is restlessly divided, lift themselves in dark, indefinite, fantastic forms, each casting a faint and ghastly shadow behind it along the illumined foam. They do not rise everywhere, but three or four together in wild groups, fitfully and furiously, as the under strength of the swell compels or permits them, leaving between them treacherous spaces of level and whirling water, now lighted with green and lamp-like fire, now flashing back the gold of the declining sun, now fearfully dyed from above with the undistinguishable images of the burning clouds, which fall upon them in flakes of crimson and scarlet, and give to the reckless waves the added motion of their own fiery flying. Purple and blue, the lurid shadows of the hollow breakers are cast upon the mist of night, which gathers cold and low, advancing like the shadow of death upon the guilty<sup>1</sup> ship as it labours amidst the lightning of the sea, its thin masts written upon the sky in lines of blood, girded with condemnation in that fearful hue which signs the sky with horror, and mixes its flaming flood with the sunlight, and, cast far along the desolate heave of the sepulchral waves, incarnadines the multitudinous sea.

JOHN RUSKIN.

170 *From 'Les Travailleurs de la Mer'*

IL semblait que l'eau fût incendiée. Aussi loin que le regard pouvait s'étendre, dans l'écueil et hors de l'écueil, toute la mer flamboyait. Ce flamboiement n'était pas rouge, il n'avait rien de la grande flamme vivante des

<sup>1</sup> She is a slaver, throwing her slaves overboard. The near sea is encumbered with corpses.

cratères et des fournaises    Aucun pétilllement, aucune ardeur, aucune pourpre, aucun bruit. Des traînées bleuâtres imitaient sur la vague les plis de suaire. Une large lueur blême frissonnait sur l'eau    Ce n'était pas l'incendie, c'en était le spectre.

C'était quelque chose comme l'embrasement livide d'un dedans de sépulcre par une flamme de rêve.

Qu'on se figure des ténèbres allumées

La nuit, la vaste nuit trouble et diffuse, semblait être le combustible de ce feu glacé    C'était on ne sait quelle clarté faite d'aveuglement    L'ombre entraît comme élément dans cette lumière fantôme.

A cette lumière, les choses perdent leur réalité. Une pénétration spectrale les fait comme transparentes. Les roches ne sont plus que des linéaments. Les câbles des ancres paraissent des barres de fer chauffées à blanc    Les filets des pêcheurs semblent sous l'eau du feu tricoté    Une moitié de l'aviron est d'ébène, l'autre moitié, sous la lame, est d'argent. En retombant de la rame dans le flot, les gouttes d'eau étoilent la mer    Toute barque traîne derrière elle une comète    Les matelots mouillés et lumineux semblent des hommes qui brûlent. On plonge sa main dans le flot, on la retire gantée de flamme, cette flamme est morte, on ne la sent point    Votre bras est un tison allumé    Vous voyez des formes qui sont dans la mer rouler sous les vagues à vau-le-feu    L'écume étincelle    Les poissons sont des langues de feu et des tronçons d'éclair serpentant dans une profondeur pâle.

VICTOR HUGO.

171. *From 'Will o' the Mill'*

'AND what is the sea?' asked Will.

'The sea!' cried the miller 'Lord help us all, it is the greatest thing God made! That is where all the water in the world runs down into a great salt lake. There it lies, as flat as my hand and as innocent-like as a child; but they do say when the wind blows it gets up into water-mountains bigger than any of ours, and swallows down great ships bigger than our mill, and makes such a roaring that you can hear it miles away upon the land. There are great fish in it five times bigger than a bull, and one old serpent as long as our river and as old as all the world, with whiskers like a man, and a crown of silver on her head.'

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

172. *The White Whale*

LIKE noiseless nautilus shells, the light prows (of the whalemens' boats) sped through the sea, but only slowly they neared the foe. As they neared him, the ocean grew still more smooth, seemed drawing a carpet over its waves, seemed a noon-meadow, so serenely it spread. At length the breathless hunter came so nigh his seemingly unconscious prey, that his entire dazzling hump was distinctly visible, sliding along the sea as if an isolated thing, and continually set in a revolving ring of finest, fleecy, greenish foam. He saw the vast involved wrinkles of the slightly projecting head beyond. Before it, far out on the soft Turkish-rugged waters, went the glistening white shadow from his broad, milky forehead, a musical rippling



playfully accompanying the shade ; and behind, the blue waters interchangeably flowed over into the moving valley of his steady wake ; and on either hand bright bubbles arose and danced by his side. But these were broken again by the light toes of hundreds of gay fowl softly feathering the sea, alternate with their fitful flight, and like to some flagstaff rising from the painted hull of an argosy, the tall but shattered pole of a recent lance projected from the white whale's back : and at intervals one of the cloud of soft-toed fowls hovering, and to and fro skimming like a canopy over the fish, silently perched and rocked on this pole, the long tail feathers streaming like pennons.

A gentle joyousness—a mighty mildness of repose in swiftness, invested the gliding whale. Not the white bull Jupiter swimming away with ravished Europa clinging to his graceful horns, his lovely, leering eyes sideways intent upon the maid, with smooth bewitching fleetness, rippling straight for the nuptial bower in Crete, not Jove did surpass the glorified White Whale as he so divinely swam.

On each soft side—coincident with the parted swell, that but once laving him, then flowed so wide away—on each bright side, the whale shed off enticings. No wonder there had been some among the hunters who namelessly transported and allured by all this serenity, had ventured to assail it, and had fatally found that quietude but the vesture of tornadoes. Yet calm, enticing calm, oh, whale ! thou glidest on, to all who for the first time eye thee, no matter how many in that same way thou may'st have bejuggled and destroyed before.

And thus, through the serene tranquillities of the tropical sea, among waves whose hand-clappings were suspended by exceeding rapture, Moby Dick moved on,

still withholding from sight the full terrors of his submerged trunk, entirely hiding the wretched hideousness of his jaw. But soon the fore part of him slowly rose from the water, for an instant his whole marbleised body formed a high arch, like Virginia's Natural Bridge, and warningly waving his bannered flukes in the air, the grand god revealed himself, sounded, and went out of sight. Hoveringly halting, and dipping on the wing, the white sea-fowls longingly lingered over the agitated pool that he left.

HERMAN MELVILLE

173      *From 'The Merry Men'*

ON all this part of the coast, and especially near Aros, these great granite rocks that I have spoken of go down together in troops into the sea, like cattle on a summer's day. There they stand, for all the world like their neighbours ashore, only the salt water sobbing between them instead of the quiet earth, and clots of sea-pink blooming on their sides instead of heather, and the great sea-conger to wreath about the base of them instead of the poisonous viper of the land. On calm days you can go wandering between them in a boat for hours, echoes following you about the labyrinth, but when the sea is up, Heaven help the man that hears that caldron boiling.

Off the south-west end of Aros these blocks are very many, and much greater in size. Indeed, they must grow monstrously bigger out to sea, for there must be ten sea miles of open water sown with them as thick as a country place with houses, some standing thirty feet above the tides, some covered, but all perilous to ships, so that on a clear westerly blowing day, I have counted, from the top of

Aros, the great rollers breaking white and heavy over as many as six-and-forty buried reefs. But it is nearer in shore that the danger is worst, for the tide, here running like a mill-race, makes a long belt of broken water—a *Roost* we call it—at the tail of the land. I have often been out there in a dead calm at the slack of the tide; and a strange place it is, with the sea swirling and combing up and boiling like the caldrons of a linn, and now and again a little dancing mutter of sound as though the *Roost* were talking to itself. But when the tide begins to run again, and above all in heavy weather, there is no man could take a boat within half a mile of it, nor a ship afloat that could either steer or live in such a place. You can hear the roaring of it six miles away. At the seaward end there comes the strongest of the bubble, and it's here that those big breakers dance together—the dance of death, it may be called—that have got the name, in these parts, of the Merry Men. I have heard it said that they run fifty feet high, but that must be the green water only, for the spray runs twice as high as that. Whether they got the name from their movements, which are swift and antic, or from the shouting they make about the turn of the tide, so that all Aros shakes with it, is more than I can tell.

The night, though we were so little past midsummer, was as dark as January. Intervals of a groping twilight alternated with spells of utter blackness, and it was impossible to trace the reason of these changes in the flying horror of the sky. The wind blew the breath out of a man's nostrils, all heaven seemed to thunder overhead like one huge sail, and when there fell a momentary lull on Aros, we could hear the gusts dismally sweeping in the distance. Over all the lowlands of the Ross the wind

must have blown as fierce as on the open sea, and God only knows the uproar that was raging around the head of Ben Kyaw. Sheets of mingled spray and rain were driven in our faces. All round the isle of Aros, the surf, with an incessant, hammering thunder, beat upon the reefs and beaches. Now louder in one place, now lower in another, like the combinations of orchestral music, the constant mass of sound was hardly varied for a moment. And loud above all this hurly-burly I could hear the changeful voices of the Roost and the intermittent roaring of the Merry Men. At that hour there flashed into my mind the reason of the name that they were called. For the noise of them seemed almost mirthful, as it out-topped the other noises of the night; or if not mirthful, yet instinct with a portentous joviality. Nay, and it seemed even human. As when savage men have drunk away their reason, and, discarding speech, bawl together in their madness by the hour, so, to my ears, these deadly breakers shouted by Aros in the night

Never before had I seen the Merry Men thus violent. The fury, height, and transiency of their spoutings was a thing to be seen and not recounted. High over our heads on the cliff rose their white columns in the darkness, and the same instant, like phantoms, they were gone. And yet the spectacle was rather maddening in its levity than impressive by its force. Thought was beaten down by the confounding uproar, a gleeful vacancy possessed the brains of men, a state akin to madness, and I found myself at times following the dance of the Merry Men as it were a tune upon a jiggling instrument.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

174      *From 'Sebastian van Storck'*

THE sea which Sebastian so much loved, and with so great a satisfaction and sense of wellbeing in every hint of its nearness, is never far distant in Holland. Invading all places, stealing under one's feet, insinuating itself everywhere along an endless network of canals (by no means such formal channels as we understand by the name, but picturesque rivers, with sedgy banks and haunted by innumerable birds) its incidents present themselves oddly even in one's park or woodland walks; the ship in full sail appearing suddenly among the great trees or above the garden wall, where we had no suspicion of the presence of water. In the very conditions of life in such a country there was a standing force of pathos. The country itself shared the uncertainty of the individual human life, and there was pathos also in the constantly renewed, heavily-taxed labour, necessary to keep the native soil, fought for so unselfishly, there at all, with a warfare that must still be maintained when that other struggle with the Spaniard was over. But though Sebastian liked to breathe, so nearly, the sea and its influences, those were considerations he scarcely entertained. In his passion for *Schwindsucht*—we haven't the word—he found it pleasant to think of the resistless element which left one hardly a foot-space amidst the yielding sand, of the old beds of lost rivers, surviving now only as deeper channels in the sea; of the remains of a certain ancient town, which within men's memory had lost its few remaining inhabitants, and, with its already empty tombs, dissolved and disappeared in the flood. He would ponder Pliny's account of those

primeval forefathers, but without Pliny's contempt for them. A cloyed Roman might despise their humble existence, fixed by necessity from age to age, and with no desire of change, as, 'the ocean poured in its flood twice a day, making it uncertain whether the country was a part of the continent or of the sea.' But for his part Sebastian found something of poetry in all that, as he conceived what thoughts the old Hollander might have had at his fishing, with nets themselves woven of seaweed, waiting carefully for his drink on the heavy rains, and taking refuge, as the flood rose, on the sand-hills, in a little hut constructed but airily on tall stakes, conformable to the elevation of the highest tides, like a navigator, thought the learned writer, when the sea was risen, like a shipwrecked mariner when it was retired. For the fancy of Sebastian he lived with great breadths of calm light above and around him, influenced by, and, in a sense, living upon them, and surely might well complain, though to Pliny's so infinite surprise, on being made a Roman citizen.

WALTER PATER

175      *From 'The Sea Wall'*

IT was against a seaport fortress, profoundly walled, that some remembered winter storms lately turned their great artillery. It was a time of resounding nights, the sky was so clamorous and so close, up in the towers of the stronghold, that one seemed to be indeed admitted to the perturbed counsels of the winds. The gale came with an indescribable haste, hooting as it flew, it seemed to break itself upon the heights, yet passed unbroken out to sea, in the voice of the sea there were pauses, but none in that

of the urgent gale with its hoo-hoo-hoo all night, that clamoured down the calling of the waves. That lack of pauses was the strangest thing in the tempest, because the increase of sound seemed to imply a lull before. The lull was never perceptible, but the lift was always an alarm. The onslaught was instant, where would it stop? What was the secret extreme to which this hurry and force were tending? You asked less what thing was driving the flocks of the storm than what was calling them. And there were moments when the end seemed about to be attained.

This storm tossed the wave and the stones of the sea-wall up together. The next day it left the waters white with the thrilling whiteness of foam in sunshine. It was only the Channel, and in such narrow waters you do not see the distances, the wide levels of fleeting and floating foam, that lie light between long wave and long wave on a Mediterranean coast, regions of delicate and transitory brightness so far cut that all the waves, near and far, seem to be breaking at the same moment, one beyond the other, and league beyond league, into foam. But the Channel has its own strong, short curl that catches the rushing shingle up with the freshest of all noises and runs up with sudden curves, white upon the white sea-wall, under the random shadow of sea-gulls and the light of a shining cloud.

ALICE MEYNELL

176

*Sottomare*

A FAINT wind draws from the soon-faded sky,  
 The pines are filled with moaning overhead;  
 Beneath their murmuring dome the air is dead,  
 And no leaf stirs to sound its threnody.  
 Bound by the slumber of the woods we lie  
 In a green silence, our vain thoughts unsaid  
 And shadowy longing unaccomplished  
 Drift and pass forth with the slow clouds on high  
 So lies a seaman in the moveless deep  
 By some lost argosy of loaded ore,  
 Who guards a harvest he may never reap,  
 Sunk for all time on that untrodden floor,  
 With steadfast eyes upgazing to no shore,  
 Where the tides ponder and the eddies sleep.

GEOFFREY SCOTT.

177.

*Venetian Sunrise*

HOW often have I now outwatched the night  
 Alone in this grey chamber toward the sea  
 Turning its deep-arcaded balcony  
 Round yonder sharp acanthus-leaves the light  
 Comes stealing, red at first, then golden bright,  
 Till when the day-god in his strength and glee  
 Springs from the orient flood victoriously,  
 Each cusp is tipped and tongued with quivering white  
 The islands that were blots of purple bloom,  
 Now tremble in soft liquid luminous haze,  
 Uplifted from the sea-floor to the skies,  
 And dim discerned erewhile through roseate gloom,  
 A score of sails now stud the waterways,  
 Ruffling like swans afloat from paradise

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

†



*The Bond of the Sea*

THE sea-reach of the Thames stretched before us like the beginning of an interminable waterway. In the offing the sea and the sky were welded together without a joint, and in the luminous space the tanned sail of the barges drifting up with the tide seemed to stand still in red clusters of canvas sharply peaked, with gleams of varnished sprits. A haze rested on the low shores that ran out to sea in vanishing flatness. The air was dark above Gravesend, and farther back still seemed condensed over the biggest, and the greatest, town on earth.

The Director of Companies was our captain and our host. We four affectionately watched his back as he stood in the bows looking to seaward. On the whole river there was nothing that looked half so nautical. He resembled a pilot, which to a seaman is trustworthiness personified. It was difficult to realize his work was not out there in the luminous estuary, but behind him, within the brooding gloom.

Between us there was, as I have already said somewhere, the bond of the sea.

. . . We felt meditative, and fit for nothing but placid staring. The day was ending in a serenity of still and exquisite brilliance. The water shone pacifically, the sky, without a speck, was a benign immensity of unstained light, the very mist on the Essex marshes was like a gauzy and radiant fabric, hung from the wooded rises inland, and draping the low shore in diaphanous folds. Only the gloom to the west, brooding over the upper reaches, became more sombre every minute, as if angered by the approach of the sun.

And at last, in its curved and imperceptible fall, the sun sank low, and from glowing white changed to a dull red without rays and without heat, as if about to go out suddenly, stricken to death by the touch of that gloom brooding over a crowd of men

Forthwith a change came over the waters, and the serenity became less brilliant but more profound. The old river in its broad reach rested unruffled at the decline of day, after ages of good service done to the race that peopled its banks, spread out in the tranquil dignity of a waterway leading to the uttermost ends of the earth. We looked at the venerable stream not in the vivid flush of a short day that comes and departs for ever, but in the august light of abiding memories. And indeed nothing is easier for a man who has, as the phrase goes, 'followed the sea' with reverence and affection, than to evoke the great spirit of the past upon the lower reaches of the Thames. The tidal current runs to and fro in its unceasing service, crowded with memories of men and ships it had borne to the rest of home or to the battles of the sea. It had known and served all the men of whom the nation is proud, from Sir Francis Drake to Sir John Franklin, knights all, titled and untitled—the great knights-errant of the sea. It had borne all the ships whose names are like jewels flashing in the night of time, from the *Golden Hind* returning with her round flanks full of treasure, to be visited by the Queen's Highness and thus pass out of the gigantic tale, to the *Erebus* and *Terror*, bound on other conquests—and that never returned. It had known the ships and the men. They had sailed from Deptford, from Greenwich, from Erith—the adventurers and the settlers, kings' ships and the ships of men on 'Change, captains, admirals, the dark 'interlopers' of the Eastern trade, and the commissioned 'generals' of East

India fleets    Hunters for gold or pursuers of fame, they all had gone out on that stream, bearing the sword, and often the torch, messengers of the might within the land, bearers of a spark from the sacred fire    What greatness had not floated on the ebb of that river into the mystery of an unknown earth !    The dreams of men, the seed of commonwealths, the gems of empires

The sun set, the dusk fell on the stream, and lights began to appear along the shore. The Chapman lighthouse, a three-legged thing erect on a mud-flat, shone strongly. Lights of ships moved in the fairway—a great stir of lights going up and going down. And farther west on the upper reaches the place of the monstrous town was still marked ominously on the sky, a brooding gloom in sunshine, a lurid glare under the stars.

‘And this also,’ said Marlow suddenly, ‘has been one of the dark places of the earth’

JOSEPH CONRAD

### 179.      *The Small Sea World*

UP at the top of the seaward hill your first thought is one of some compassion for sailors, inasmuch as they see but little of their sea. A child on a mere Channel cliff looks upon spaces and sizes that they cannot see in the Pacific, on the ocean side of the world. Never in the solitude of the blue water, never between the Cape of Good Hope and Cape Horn, never between the Islands and the West, has the seaman seen anything but a little circle of sea. The Ancient Mariner, when he was alone, did but drift through a thousand narrow solitudes. The sailor has nothing but his mast, indeed. And but for his mast he would be isolated in as small a world as that of a traveller through the plains

ALICE MEYNELL.

180.      *From 'The Aran Islands'*

A WEEK of sweeping fogs has passed over and given me a strange sense of exile and desolation. I walk round the island nearly every day, yet I can see nothing anywhere but a mass of wet rock, a strip of surf, and then a tumult of waves

The slaty limestone has grown black with the water that is dripping on it, and wherever I turn there is the same grey obsession twining and wreathing itself among the narrow fields, and the same wail from the wind that shrieks and whistles in the loose rubble of the walls

It has cleared, and the sun is shining with a luminous warmth that makes the whole island glisten with the splendour of a gem, and fills the sea and sky with a radiance of blue light.

I have come out to lie on the rocks where I have the black edge of the north island in front of me, Galway Bay, too blue almost to look at, on my right, the Atlantic on my left, a perpendicular cliff under my ankles, and over me innumerable gulls that chase each other in a white cirrus of wings.

A nest of hooded crows is somewhere near me, and one of the old birds is trying to drive me away by letting itself fall like a stone every few moments, from about forty yards above me to within reach of my hand

Gannets are passing up and down above the sound, swooping at times after a mackerel, and further off I can see the whole fleet of hookers coming out from Kilronan for a night's fishing in the deep water to the west

As I lie here hour after hour, I seem to enter into the wild pastimes of the cliff, and to become a companion of the cormorants and crows.

Many of the birds display themselves before me with the vanity of barbarians, forming in strange evolutions as long as I am in sight, and returning to their ledge of rock when I am gone. Some are wonderfully expert, and cut graceful figures for an inconceivable time without a flap of their wings, growing so absorbed in their own dexterity that they often collide with one another in their flight, an incident always followed by a wild outburst of abuse. Their language is easier than Gaelic, and I seem to understand the greater part of their cries, though I am not able to answer. There is one plaintive note which they take up in the middle of their usual babble with extraordinary effect, and pass on from one to another along the cliff with a sort of an inarticulate wail, as if they remembered for an instant the horror of the mist.

On the low sheets of rock to the east I can see a number of red and grey figures hurrying about their work. The continual passing in this island between the misery of last night and the splendour of to-day, seems to create an affinity between the moods of these people and the moods of varying rapture and dismay that are frequent in artists, and in certain forms of alienation. Yet it is only in the intonation of a few sentences or some old fragment of melody that I catch the real spirit of the island, for in general the men sit together and talk with endless iteration of the tides and fish, and of the price of kelp in Connemara.

JOHN SYNGE.

181

*Laying up the Boat*

THERE arrives a day towards the end of October—or with luck we may tide over into November—when the wind in the mainsail suddenly takes a winter force, and we begin to talk of laying up the boat. Hitherto we have kept

a silent compact and ignored all change in the season. We have watched the blue afternoons shortening, fading through lilac into grey, and let pass their scarcely perceptible warnings. One afternoon a few kittiwakes appeared. A week later the swallows fell to stringing themselves like beads along the coastguard's telephone-wire on the hill. They vanished, and we pretended not to miss them. When our hands grew chill with steering we rubbed them by stealth or stuck them nonchalantly in our pockets. But this unmistakable winter gust breaks the spell. We take one look around the harbour, at the desolate buoys awash and tossing, we cast another seaward at the thick weather through which, in a week at latest, will come looming the earliest of the Baltic merchantmen, our November visitors—bluff vessels with red-painted channels, green deckhouses, white topstrakes, wooden davits overhanging astern, and the Danish flag fluttering aloft in the haze. Then we find speech, and with us, as with the swallows, the move into winter quarters is not long delayed when once it comes into discussion. We have dissembled too long, and know, as we go through the form of debating it, that our date must be the next spring-tides.

This ritual of laying up the boat is our way of bidding farewell to summer, and we go through it, when the day comes, in ceremonial silence. *Favete linguis!* The hour helps us, for the spring-tides at this season reach their height a little after night-fall, and it is on an already slackening flood that we cast off our moorings and head up the river with our backs to the waning sunset. Since we tow a dinghy astern and are ourselves towed by the silent yachtsman, you may call it a procession. She has been stripped, during the last two days, of all but the mainmast. Now we bring her alongside the town quay and beneath the shears—

the abhorred shears—which lift this too out of its step, dislocated with a creak as poignant as the cry of Polydorus. We lower it, lay it along the deck, and resume our way; past quay doors and windows where already the townsfolk are beginning to light their lamps, and so by the jetties where foreign crews rest with elbows on bulwarks and stare down upon us idly through the dusk. She is after all but a little cutter of six tons, and we might well apologize, like the Athenian, for so diminutive a corpse. But she is our own, and they never saw her with jack-yarder spread, or spinnaker or jib-topsail delicate as samite—those heavenly wings!—nor felt her gallant spirit straining to beat her own record before a tense northerly breeze. Yet even to them her form, in pure white with gilt fillet, might tell of no common obsequies. For in every good ship the miracle of Galatea is renewed; and the shipwright who sent this keel down the ways to her element surely beheld the birth of a goddess

She is ours now by purchase, but ours too by something better. Like a slave's her beautiful untaught body came to us, but it was we who gave wings to her, and with wings a soul, and a law to its grace, and discipline to its vital impulses. She is ours too by our gratitude, since the delicate machine

Has like a woman given up its joy,

and by memories of her helpfulness in such modest perils as we tempt, of her sweet companionship through long days empty of annoyance—land left behind with its striving crowds, its short views, its idols of the market-place, its sordid worries, the breast flung wide to the horizon, swept by wholesome salt airs, void perhaps, but so beatifically clean!—then it was that we learned her worth, drinking

in the knowledge without effort, lulled hour after hour by her whisperings which asked for no answer, by the pulse of her tiller soft against the palm Patter of reef-points, creak of cordage, hum of wind, hiss of brine—I think at times that she has found a more human language Who that has ever steered for hours together cannot report of a mysterious voice ‘breaking the silence of the seas’, as though a friend were standing and speaking astern? or has not turned his head to the confident inexplicable call? The fishermen fable of drowned sailors ‘hailing their names’ But the voice is of a single speaker, it bears no likeness to the hollow tones of the dead, it calls no name; it utters no particular word It merely speaks

SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH

182

### *The Pacific*

THERE is one knows not what sweet mystery about this sea, whose gently awful stirrings seem to speak of some hidden soul beneath, like those fabled undulations of the Ephesian sod over the buried evangelist, St John And meet it is, that over these sea-pastures, wide-rolling, watery prairies and Potters’ Fields of all four continents, the waves should rise and fall, and ebb and flow unceasingly, for here, millions of mixed shades and shadows, drowned dreams, somnambulisms, reveries, all that we call lives and souls, lie dreaming, dreaming, still, tossed like slumberers in their beds, the ever-rolling waves but made so by their restlessness.

To any meditative Maginn rover, this serene Pacific once beheld, must ever after be the set of his adoption



It rolls the midmost waters of the world, the Indian Ocean and Atlantic being but its arms. The same waves wash the moles of the new-built Californian towns, but yesterday planted by the recentest race of men, and have the faded but still gorgeous skirts of Asiatic lands, older than Abraham, while all between float milky-ways of coral isles, and low-lying, endless, unknown Archipelagoes and impenetrable Japans. Thus this mysterious, divine Pacific zones the world's whole bulk about, makes all coasts one bay to it, seems the tide-beating heart of earth. Lifted by those eternal swells, you needs must own the seductive god, bowing your head to Pan

HERMAN MELVILLE

183

*Youth and the Sea*

‘I NEED not tell you what it is to be knocking about in an open boat. I remember nights and days of calm when we pulled, we pulled, and the boat seemed to stand still, as if bewitched within the circle of the sea horizon. I remember the heat, the deluge of rain-squalls that kept us baling for dear life (but filled our water-cask), and I remember sixteen hours on end with a mouth dry as a cinder and a steering-oar over the stern to keep my first command head on to a breaking sea. I did not know how good a man I was till then. I remember the drawn faces, the dejected figures of my two men, and I remember my youth and the feeling that will never come back any more—the feeling that I could last for ever, outlast the sea, the earth, and all men, the deceitful feeling that lures us on to joys, to perils, to love, to vain effort—to death, the triumphant

conviction of strength, the heat of life in the handful of dust, the glow in the heart that with every year grows dim, grows cold, grows small, and expires—and expires, too soon, too soon—before life itself

‘And this is how I see the East I have seen its sacred places and have looked into its very soul, but now I see it always from a small boat, a high outline of mountains, blue and afar in the morning, like faint mist at noon, a jagged wall of purple at sunset. I have the feel of the oar in my hand, the vision of a scorching blue sea in my eyes. And I see a bay, a wide bay, smooth as glass and polished like ice, shimmering in the dark. A red light burns far off upon the gloom of the land, and the night is soft and warm. We drag at the oars with aching arms, and suddenly a puff of wind, a puff faint and tepid and laden with strange odours of blossoms, of aromatic wood, comes out of the still night—the first sigh of the East on my face. That I can never forget. It was impalpable and enslaving, like a charm, like a whispered promise of mysterious delight

‘We had been pulling this finishing spell for eleven hours Two pulled, and he whose turn it was to rest sat at the tiller We had made out the red light in that bay and steered for it, guessing it must mark some small coasting port. We passed two vessels, outlandish and high-sterned, sleeping at anchor, and, approaching the light, now very dim, ran the boat’s nose against the end of a jutting wharf We were blind with fatigue My men dropped the oars and fell off the thwarts as if dead I made fast to a pile. A current rippled softly. The scented obscurity of the shore was grouped into vast masses, a density of colossal clumps of vegetation, probably—mute and fantastic shapes And at their foot the semicircle of a beach gleamed faintly, like an illusion There was not a light,

not a stir, not a sound    The mysterious East faced me,  
perfumed like a flower, silent like death, dark like a grave

I see it now—the wide sweep of the bay, the glittering  
sands, the wealth of green infinite and varied, the sea blue  
like the sea of a dream, the crowd of attentive faces, the  
blaze of vivid colour—the water reflecting it all, the curve  
of the shore, the jetty, the high-sterned outlandish craft  
floating still, and the three boats with the tired men from  
the West sleeping, unconscious of the land and the people  
and of the violence of sunshine

The East looked at them without a sound

‘I have known its fascination since I have seen the  
mysterious shores, the still water, the lands of brown  
nations, where a stealthy Nemesis lies in wait, pursues,  
overtakes so many of the conquering race, who are proud  
of their wisdom, of their knowledge, of their strength  
But for me all the East is contained in that vision of my  
youth It is all in that moment when I opened my young  
eyes on it I came upon it from a tussle with the sea—  
and I was young—and I saw it looking at me And this  
is all that is left of it! Only a moment, a moment of  
strength, of romance, of glamour—of youth! A flick  
of sunshine upon a strange shore, the time to remember,  
the time for a sigh, and—good-bye!—Night—Good-  
bye    ,’

He drank

‘Ah! The good old time—the good old time Youth  
and the sea Glamour and the sea! The good, strong  
sea, the salt, bitter sea, that could whisper to you and roar  
at you and knock your breath out of you’

He drank again

‘By all that’s wonderful, it is the sea, I believe, the sea itself—or is it youth alone? Who can tell? But you here—you all had something out of life—money, love—whatever one gets on shore—and, tell me, wasn’t that the best time, that time when we were young at sea, young and had nothing, on the sea that gives nothing, except hard knocks—and sometimes a chance to feel your strength—that only—what you all regret?’

JOSEPH CONRAD

## PART III

### STORIES OF BEAUTY AND WONDER

in a season of calm weather  
Though inland far we be,  
Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea  
Which brought us hither,  
Can in a moment travel thither,  
And see the Children sport upon the shore,  
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore

WORDSWORTH.

184     *From 'Homeric Hymn to Neptune'*

NEPTUNE, the mighty Marine God, I sing,  
Earth's mover, & the fruitless Oceans king  
That Helicon, and th' Ægean Deepes dost hold  
O thou Earth-shaker, Thy Command, two-fold  
The Gods have sorted, making thee, of Horses  
The awfull Tamer, and of Navall Forces  
The sure Preserver. Haile (O Saturns Birth)  
Whose gracefull greene hayre, circkles all the Earth  
Beare a benigne minde, and thy helpfull hand,  
Lend All, submitted, to thy drad Command

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

185 *On first looking into Chapman's Homer*

MUCH have I travell'd in the realms of gold,  
 And many goodly states and kingdoms seen,  
 Round many western islands have I been  
 Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold  
 Oft of one wide expanse had I been told  
 That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne,  
 Yet did I never breathe its pure serene  
 Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold  
 Then felt I like some watcher of the skies  
 When a new planet swims into his ken,  
 Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes  
 He star'd at the Pacific—and all his men  
 Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—  
 Silent, upon a peak in Darien

JOHN KEATS

186 *The Odyssey*

AS one that for a weary space has lain  
 Lull'd by the song of Circe and her wine  
 In gardens near the pale of Proserpine,  
 Where that Æëan isle forgets the main,  
 And only the low lutes of love complain,  
 And only shadows of wan lovers pine—  
 As such an one were glad to know the brine  
 Salt on his lips, and the large air again,—  
 So gladly, from the songs of modern speech  
 Men turn, and see the stars, and feel the free  
 Shrill wind beyond the close of heavy flowers,  
 And through the music of the languid hours  
 They hear like Ocean on a western beach  
 The surge and thunder of the Odyssey

ANDREW LANG.

187 *Poseidon goeth to the Achaians*

**B**UT the mighty Earthshaker held no blind watch, who sat and marvelled on the war and strife, high on the topmost crest of wooded Samothrace, for thence all Ida was plain to see, and plain to see were the city of Priam, and the ships of the Achaians. Thither did he go from the sea and sate him down, and he had pity on the Achaians, that they were subdued to the Trojans, and strong was his anger against Zeus

Then forthwith he went down from the rugged hill, faring with swift steps, and the high hills trembled, and the woodland, beneath the immortal steps of Poseidon as he moved. Three strides he made, and with the fourth he reached his goal, even Aigae, and there was his famous palace in the deeps of the mere, his glistening golden mansions builded, imperishable for ever. Thither went he, and let harness to the car his bronze-hooved horses, swift of flight, clothed with their golden manes. He girt his own golden array about his body, and seized the well-wrought lash of gold, and mounted his chariot, and forth he drove across the waves. And the sea beasts frolicked beneath him, on all sides out of the deeps, for well they knew their lord, and with gladness the sea stood asunder, and swiftly they sped, and the axle of bronze was not wetted beneath, and the bounding steeds bare him on to the ships of the Achaians.

Now there is a spacious cave in the depths of the deep mere, between Tenedos and rugged Imbros, there did Poseidon, the Shaker of the earth, stay his horses, and loosed them out of the chariot, and cast before them ambrosial food to graze withal, and golden tethers he .

bound about their hooves, tethers neither to be broken nor loosed, that there the horses might continually await their lord's return And he went to the host of the Achæans

*Trans* by ANDREW LANG

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*The Wreck of Odysseus*

THEREWITH he spake to Hermes, his dear son 'Hermes, forasmuch as even in all else thou art our herald, tell unto the nymph of the braided tresses my unerring counsel, even the return of the patient Odysseus, how he is to come to his home, with no furtherance of gods or of mortal men. Nay, he shall sail on a well-bound raft, in sore distress, and on the twentieth day arrive at fertile Scheria, even at the land of the Phæacians, who are near of kin to the gods. And they shall give him all worship heartily as to a god, and send him on his way in a ship to his own dear country, with gifts of bronze and gold, and raiment in plenty, much store, such as never would Odysseus have won for himself out of Troy, yea, though he had returned unhurt with the share of the spoil that fell to him. On such wise is he fated to see his friends, and come to his high-roofed home and his own country'

So spake he, nor heedless was the messenger, the slayer of Argos Straightway he bound beneath his feet his lovely golden sandals, that wax not old, that bare him alike over the wet sea and over the limitless land, swift as the breath of the wind And he took the wand wherewith he lulls the eyes of whomso he will, while others again he even wakes from out of sleep With this rod in his hand flew the strong slayer of Argos Above Pieria he passed and leapt from the upper air into the deep Then he sped



along the wave like the cormorant, that chaseth the fishes through the perilous gulfs of the unharvested sea, and wetteth his thick plumage in the brine. Such like did Hermes ride upon the press of the waves. But when he had now reached that far-off isle, he went forth from the sea of violet blue to get him up into the land, till he came to a great cave, wherein dwelt the nymph of the braided tresses. and he found her within. And on the hearth there was a great fire burning, and from afar through the isle was smelt the fragrance of cleft cedar blazing, and of sandal wood. And the nymph within was singing with a sweet voice as she fared to and fro before the loom, and wove with a shuttle of gold. And round about the cave there was a wood blossoming, alder and poplar and sweet-smelling cypress. And therein roosted birds long of wing, owls and falcons and chattering sea-crows, which have their business in the waters. And lo, there about the hollow cave trailed a gadding garden vine, all rich with clusters. And fountains four set orderly were running with clear water, hard by one another, turned each to his own course. And all around soft meadows bloomed of violets and parsley, yea, even a deathless god who came thither might wonder at the sight and be glad at heart. There the messenger, the slayer of Argos, stood and wondered. Now when he had gazed at all with wonder, anon he went into the wide cave, nor did Calypso, that fair goddess, fail to know him, when she saw him face to face, for the gods use not to be strange one to another, the immortals, not though one have his habitation far away. But he found not Odysseus, the greathearted, within the cave, who sat weeping on the shore even as aforetime, straining his soul with tears and groans and griefs, and as he wept he looked wistfully over the unharvested deep. And

Calypso, that fair goddess, questioned Hermes, when she had made him sit on a bright shining seat

‘Wherefore, I pray thee, Hermes of the golden wand, hast thou come hither, worshipful and welcome, whereas of old thou wert not wont to visit me’ Tell me all thy thought, my heart is set on fulfilling it, if fulfil it I may, and if it hath been fulfilled in the counsel of fate But now follow me further, that I may set before thee the entertainment of strangers’

Therewith the goddess spicad a table with ambrosia and set it by him, and mixed the ruddy nectar. So the messenger, the slayer of Aigōs, did eat and drink Now after he had supped and comforted his soul with food, ~~at~~ the last he answered, and spake to her on this wise

‘Thou makest question of me on my coming, a goddess of a god, and I will tell thee my saying truly, at thy command ’Twas Zeus that bade me come hither, by no will of mine, nay, who of his free will would speed over such a wondrous space of brine, whereby is no city of mortals that do sacrifice to the gods, and offer choice hecatombs’ But surely it is in no wise possible for another god to go beyond or to make void the purpose of Zeus, lord of the aegis He saith that thou hast with thee a man most wretched beyond his fellows, beyond those men that round the burg of Priam for nine years fought, and in the tenth year sacked the city and departed homeward Yet on the way they sinned against Athene, and she raised upon them an evil blast and long waves of the sea Then all the rest of his good company was lost, but it came to pass that the wind bare and the wave brought him hither. And now Zeus biddeth thee send him hence with what speed thou mayest, for it is not ordained that he die away from his friends, but rather it is his fate to look on them even yet,

and to come to his high-roofed home and his own country.'

So spake he, and Calypso, that fair goddess, shuddered and uttered her voice, and spake unto him winged words 'Hard are ye gods and jealous exceeding, who ever grudge goddesses openly to mate with men, if any make a mortal her dear bed-fellow. Even so when rosy-fingered Dawn took Orion for her lover, ye gods that live at ease were jealous thereof, till chaste Artemis, of the golden throne, slew him in Ortygia with the visitation of her gentle shafts. So too when fair-tressed Demeter yielded to her love, and lay with Iasion in the thrice-ploughed fallow field, Zeus was not long without tidings thereof, and cast at him with his white bolt and slew him. So again ye gods now grudge that a mortal man should dwell with me. Him I saved as he went all alone bestriding the keel of a bark, for that Zeus had crushed and cleft his swift ship with a white bolt in the midst of the wine-dark deep. There all the rest of his good company was lost, but it came to pass that the wind bare and the wave brought him hither. And him have I loved and cherished, and I said that I would make him to know not death and age for ever. Yet forasmuch as it is in no wise possible for another god to go beyond, or make void the purpose of Zeus, lord of the aegis, let him away over the unharvested seas, if the summons and the bidding be of Zeus. But I will give him no despatch, not I, for I have no ships by me with oars, nor company to bear him on his way over the broad back of the sea. Yet will I be forward to put this in his mind, and will hide nought, that all unharmed he may come to his own country.'

Then the messenger, the slayer of Argos, answered her 'Yea, speed him now upon his path and have regard

unto the wrath of Zeus, lest haply he be angered and bear hard on thee hereafter.'

Therewith the great slayer of Argos departed, but the lady nymph went on her way to the great-hearted Odysseus, when she had heard the message of Zeus. And there she found him sitting on the shore, and his eyes were never dry of tears, and his sweet life was ebbing away as he mourned for his return; for the nymph no more found favour in his sight. Howsoever by night he would sleep by her, as needs he must, in the hollow caves, unwilling lover by a willing lady. And in the day-time he would sit on the rocks and on the beach, straining his soul with tears, and groans, and griefs, and through his tears he would look wistfully over the unharvested deep. So standing near him that fair goddess spake to him

'Hapless man, sorrow no more I pray thee in this isle, nor let thy good life waste away, for even now will I send thee hence with all my heart. Nay, arise and cut long beams, and fashion a wide raft with the axe, and lay deckings high thereupon, that it may bear thee over the misty deep. And I will place therein bread and water, and red wine to thy heart's desire, to keep hunger far away. And I will put raiment upon thee, and send a fair gale in thy wake, that so thou mayest come all unharmed to thine own country, if indeed it be the good pleasure of the gods who hold wide heaven, who are stronger than I am both to will and to do.'

So she spake, and the steadfast goodly Odysseus shuddered, and uttering his voice spake to her winged words: 'Herein, goddess, thou hast plainly some other thought, and in no wise my furtherance, for that thou biddest me to cross in a raft the great gulf of the sea so dread and difficult, which not even the swift gallant ships pass over rejoicing in the

breeze of Zeus. Nor would I go aboard a raft to displeasure thee, unless thou wilt deign, O goddess, to swear a great oath not to plan any hidden guile to mine own hurt '

So spake he, and Calypso, the fair goddess, smiled and caressed him with her hand, and spake and hailed him

' Knavish thou art, and no weakling in wit, thou that hast conceived and spoken such a word Let earth be now witness hereto, and the wide heaven above, and that falling water of the Styx, the greatest oath and the most terrible to the blessed gods, that I will not plan any hidden guile to thine own hurt Nay, but my thoughts are such, and such will be my counsel, as I would devise for myself, if so sore a need came over me For I too have a righteous mind, and my heart within me is not of iron, but pitiful even as thine.'

Therewith the fair goddess led the way quickly, and he followed hard in the steps of the goddess And they reached the hollow cave, the goddess and the man ; so he sat him down upon the chair whence Hermes had arisen, and the nymph placed by him all manner of food to eat and drink, such as is meat for men. As for her she sat over against divine Odysseus, and the handmaids placed by her ambrosia and nectar. So they put forth their hands upon the good cheer set before them But after they had taken their fill of meat and drink, Calypso, the fair goddess, spake first and said .

' Son of Laertes, of the seed of Zeus, Odysseus of many devices, so it is indeed thy wish to get thee home to thine own dear country even in this hour ? Good fortune go with thee even so ! Yet didst thou know in thine heart what a measure of suffering thou art ordained to fulfil, or ever thou reach thine own country, here, even here, thou

wouldst abide with me and keep this house, and wouldst never taste of death, though thou longest to see thy wife, for whom thou hast ever a desire day by day Not in sooth that I avow me to be less noble than she in form or fashion, for it is in no wise meet that mortal women should match them with immortals, in shape and comeliness'

And Odysseus of many counsels answered, and spake unto her 'Be not wroth with me hereat, goddess and queen Myself I know it well, how wise Penelope is meaner to look upon than thou, in comeliness and stature But she is mortal and thou knowest not age nor death Yct even so, I wish and long day by day to fare homeward and see the day of my returning Yea, and if some god shall wreck me in the wine-dark deep, even so I will endure, with a heart within me patient of affliction For already have I suffered full much, and much have I toiled in perils of waves and war, let this be added to the tale of those.'

So spake he, and the sun sank and darkness came on. Then they twain went into the chamber of the hollow rock, and had their delight of love, abiding each by other

As soon as early Dawn shone forth, the rosy-fingered, anon Odysseus put on him a mantle and doublet, and the nymph clad her in a great shining robe, light of woof and gracious, and about her waist she cast a fair golden girdle, and a veil withal upon her head Then she considered of the sending of Odysseus, the great-hearted She gave him a great axe, fitted to his grasp, an axe of bronze double-edged, and with a goodly handle of olive wood fastened well Next she gave him a polished adze, and she led the way to the border of the isle where tall trees grew, alder and poplar, and pine that reacheth unto heaven, seasoned long since and sere, that might lightly float for him Now

after she had shown him where the tall trees grew, Calypso, the fair goddess, departed homeward. And he set to cutting timber, and his work went on busily. Twenty trees in all he felled, and then trimmed them with the axe of bronze, and deftly smoothed them, and over them made straight the line. Meanwhile Calypso, the fair goddess, brought him augers, so he bored each piece and jointed them together, and then made all fast with trenails and dowels. Wide as is the floor of a broad ship of burden, which some man well skilled in carpentry may trace him out, of such beam did Odysseus fashion his broad raft. And thereat he wrought, and set up the deckings, fitting them to the close-set-uprights, and finished them off with long gunwales, and therein he set a mast, and a yard-arm fitted thereto, and moreover he made him a rudder to guide the craft. And he fenced it with wattled osier withies from stem to stern, to be a bulwark against the wave, and piled up wood to back them. Meanwhile Calypso, the fair goddess, brought him web of cloth to make him sails, and these too he fashioned very skilfully. And he made fast therein braces and halyards and sheets, and at last he pushed the raft with levers down to the fair salt sea.

It was the fourth day when he had accomplished all. And, lo, on the fifth, the fair Calypso sent him on his way from the island, when she had bathed him and clad him in fragrant attire. Moreover, the goddess placed on board the ship two skins, one of dark wine, and another, a great one, of water, and corn too in a wallet, and she set therein a store of dainties to his heart's desire, and sent forth a warm and gentle wind to blow. And goodly Odysseus rejoiced as he set his sails to the breeze. So he sate and cunningly guided the craft with the helm, nor did sleep fall upon his eyelids, as he viewed the Pleiads and

Bootes, that setteth late, and the Bear, which they likewise call the Wain, which turneth ever in one place, and keepeth watch upon Orion, and alone hath no part in the baths of Ocean. This star, Calypso, the fair goddess, bade him to keep ever on the left as he traversed the deep. Ten days and seven he sailed traversing the deep, and on the eighteenth day appeared the shadowy hills of the land of the Phaeacians, at the point where it lay nearest to him, and it showed like a shield in the misty deep.

Now the lord, the shaker of the earth, on his way from the Ethiopians espied him afar off from the mountains of the Solymi. Even thence he saw Odysseus as he sailed over the deep, and he was yet more angered in spirit, and shaking his head he communed with his own heart. 'Lo now, it must be that the gods at the last have changed their purpose concerning Odysseus, while I was away among the Ethiopians. And now he is nigh to the Phaeacian land, where it is ordained that he escape the great issues of the woe which hath come upon him. But, methinks, that even yet I will drive him far enough in the path of suffering.'

With that he gathered the clouds and troubled the waters of the deep, grasping his trident in his hands, and he roused all storms of all manner of winds, and shrouded in clouds the land and sea, and down sped night from heaven. The East Wind and the South Wind clashed, and the stormy West, and the North, that is born in the bright air, rolling onward a great wave. Then were the knees of Odysseus loosened and his heart melted, and heavily he spake to his own great spirit.

'Oh, wretched man that I am! what is to befall me at the last?' I fear that indeed the goddess spake all things truly, who said that I should fill up the measure of sorrow on the deep, or ever I came to mine own country, and lo,



all these things have an end In such wise doth Zeus crown the wide heaven with clouds, and hath troubled the deep, and the blasts rush on of all the winds, yea, now is utter doom assured me Thrice blessed those Danaans, yea, four times blessed, who perished on a time in wide Troy-land, doing a pleasure to the sons of Atreus ! Would to God that I too had died, and met my fate on that day when the press of Trojans cast their bronze-shod spears upon me, fighting for the body of the son of Peleus ! So should I have gotten my dues of burial, and the Achaeans would have spread my fame, but now it is my fate to be overtaken by a pitiful death'

Even as he spake, the great wave smote down upon him, driving on in terrible wise, that the raft reeled again And far therefrom he fell, and lost the helm from his hand, and the fierce blast of the jostling winds came and brake his mast in the midst, and sail and yaid-arm fell afar into the deep Long time the water kept him under, nor could he speedily rise from beneath the rush of the mighty wave for the garments hung heavy which fair Calypso gave him But late and at length he came up, and spat forth from his mouth the bitter salt water, which ran down in streams from his head Yet even so forgot he not his raft, for all his wretched plight, but made a spring after it in the waves, and clutched it to him, and sat in the midst thereof, avoiding the issues of death, and the great wave swept it hither and thither along the stream And as the North Wind in the harvest tide sweeps the thistle-down along the plain, and close the tufts cling each to other, even so the winds bare the raft hither and thither along the main Now the South would toss it to the North to carry, and now again the East would yield it to the West to chase

But the daughter of Cadmus marked him, Ino of the  
fur ankles, Leucothea who in time past was a maiden of  
mortal speech, but now in the depths of the salt sea she  
had gotten her share of worship from the gods. She took  
pity on Odysseus in his wandering and travail, and she  
rose, like a sea-gull on the wing, from the depth of the  
mers, and sat upon the well-bound raft and spake saying

‘Helpless one wherefore was Poseidon shaker of the  
earth, so wondrous wroth with thee, seeing that he soweth  
for thee the seeds of many evils’ Yet shall he not make  
a full end of thee for all his desire But do even as  
I tell thee, and methinks thou art not witless Cast off  
these garments and leave the raft to drift before the winds,  
but do thou swim with thine hands and strive to win a  
footing on the coast of the Phacacians, where it is decreed  
that thou escape Here, take this veil imperishable and  
wind it about thy breast, so is there no fear that thou  
suffer aught or perish But when thou hast laid hold of  
the mainland with thy hands, loose it from off thee and  
cast it into the wine-dark deep far from the land, and  
thyslf turn away’

With that the goddess gave the veil, and for her part  
dived back into the heaving deep, like a sea-gull and the  
dark wave closed over her But the steadfast goodly  
Odysseus pondered, and heavily he spake to his own brave  
spirit

‘Ah, woe is me! Can it be that some one of the  
immortals is weaving a new snare for me, that she bids me  
quit my raft? Nay verily, I will not yet obey, for I had  
sight of the shore yet a long way off, where she told me that  
I might escape. I am resolved what I will do,—and  
methinks on this wise it is best So long as the timbers  
abide in the dowels, so long will I endure steadfast in

affliction, but so soon as the wave hath shattered my raft asunder, I will swim, for meanwhile no better counsel may be'

While yet he pondered these things in his heart and soul, Poseidon, shaker of the earth, stirred against him a great wave, terrible and grievous, and vaulted from the crest, and therewith smote him. And as when a great tempestuous wind tosseth a heap of parched husks, and scatters them this way and that, even so did the wave scatter the long beams of the raft. But Odysseus bestrode a single beam, as one rideth on a courser, and stript him of the garments which fair Calypso gave him. And presently he wound the veil beneath his breast, and fell prone into the sea, outstretching his hands as one eager to swim. And the lord, the shaker of the earth, saw him and shook his head, and communed with his own soul. 'Even so, after all thy sufferings, go wandering over the deep, till thou shalt come among a people, the fosterlings of Zeus. Yet for all that I deem not that thou shalt think thyself too lightly afflicted.' Therewith he lashed his steeds of the flowing manes, and came to Aegae, where is his lordly home.

But Athene, daughter of Zeus, turned to new thoughts. Behold, she bound up the courses of the other winds, and charged them all to cease and be still, but she roused the swift North and brake the waves before him, that so Odysseus, of the seed of Zeus, might mingle with the Phaeacians, lovers of the oar, avoiding death and the fates.

So for two nights and two days he was wandering in the swell of the sea, and much his heart boded of death. But when at last the fair-tressed Dawn brought the full light of the third day, thereafter the breeze fell, and lo, there was a breathless calm, and with a quick glance ahead,

(he being upborne on a great wave,) he saw the land very near. And even as when most welcome to his children is the sight of a father's life, who lies in sickness and strong pains long wasting away, some angry god assailing, and to their delight the gods have loosed him from his trouble, so welcome to Odysseus showed land and wood, and he swam onward being eager to set foot on the strand. But when he was within earshot of the shore, and heard now the thunder of the sea against the reefs—for the great wave crashed against the dry land belching in terrible wise, and all was covered with foam of the sea,—for there were no harbours for ships nor shelters, but jutting headlands and reefs and cliffs, then at last the knees of Odysseus were loosened and his heart melted, and in heaviness he spake to his own brave spirit

‘Ah me!’ now that beyond all hope Zeus hath given me sight of land, and withal I have cloven my way through this gulf of the sea, here there is no place to land on from out of the grey water. For without are sharp ciags, and round them the wave roars surging, and sheer the smooth rock rises, and the sea is deep thereby, so that in no wise may I find firm foothold and escape my bane, for as I fain would go ashore, the great wave may haply snatch and dash me on the jagged rock—and a wretched endeavour that would be. But if I swim yet further along the coast to find, if I may, spits that take the waves aslant and havens of the sea, I fear lest the storm-winds catch me again and bear me over the teeming deep, making heavy moan, or else some god may even send forth against me a monster from out of the shore water, and many such pastureth the renowned Amphitrite. For I know how wroth against me hath been the great Shaker of the Earth’

Whilst yet he pondered these things in his heart and

mind, a great wave bore him to the rugged shore. There would he have been stript of his skin and all his bones been broken, but that the goddess, grey-eyed Athene, put a thought into his heart. He rushed in, and with both his hands clutched the rock, whereto he clung till the great wave went by. So he escaped that peril, but again with backward wash it leapt on him and smote him and cast him forth into the deep. And as when the cuttlefish is dragged forth from his chamber, the many pebbles clinging to his suckers, even so was the skin stript from his strong hand against the rocks, and the great wave closed over him. There of a truth would luckless Odysseus have perished beyond that which was ordained, had not grey-eyed Athene given him sure counsel. He rose from the line of the breakers that belch upon the shore, and swam outside, ever looking landwards, to find, if he might, spits that take the waves aslant, and havens of the sea. But when he came in his swimming over against the mouth of a fall-flowing river whereby the place seemed best in his eyes, smooth of rocks, and withal there was a covert from the wind, Odysseus felt the river running, and prayed to him in his heart.

‘Hear me, O king, whosoever thou art, unto thee am I come, as to one to whom prayer is made, while I flee the rebukes of Poseidon from the deep. Yea, reverend even to the deathless gods is that man who comes as a wanderer, even as I now have come to thy stream and to thy knees after much travail. Nay pity me, O king, for I avow myself thy suppliant.’

So spake he, and the god straightway stayed his stream and withheld his waves, and made the water smooth before him, and brought him safely to the mouths of the river. And his knees bowed and his stout hands fell, for his

heart was broken by the brine And his flesh was all swollen and a great stream of sea water gushed up through his mouth and nostrils So he lay without breath or speech, swooning, such terrible weariness came upon him But when now his breath returned and his spirit came to him again, he loosed from off him the veil of the goddess, and let it fall into the salt flowing river. And the great wave bare it back down the stream, and lightly Ino caught it in her hands Then Odysseus turned from the river, and fell back in the reeds, and kissed earth, the grain-giver, and heavily he spake unto his own brave spirit

‘ Ah, woe is me ’ what is to betide me ’ what shall happen unto me at the last ’ If I watch in the river bed all through the careful night, I fear that the bitter frost and fresh dew may overcome me, and I breathe forth my life for faintness, for the river breeze blows cold betimes in the morning. But if I climb the hill-side up to the shady wood, and there take rest in the thickets, though perchance the cold and weariness leave hold of me, and sweet sleep may come over me, I fear lest of wild beasts I become the spoil and prey ’

So as he thought thereon this seemed to him the better way. He went up to the wood, and found it nigh the water in a place of wide prospect. So he crept beneath twin bushes that grew from one stem, both olive trees, one of them wild olive Through these the force of the wet winds blew never, neither did the bright sun light on it with his rays, nor could the rain pierce through, so close were they twined either to other, and thereunder crept Odysseus, and anon he heaped together with his hands a broad couch, for of fallen leaves there was great plenty, enough to cover two or three men in winter time, however hard the weather And the steadfast goodly Odysseus beheld it

and rejoiced, and he laid him in the midst thereof and flung over him the fallen leaves. And as when a man hath hidden away a brand in the black embers at an upland farm, one that hath no neighbours nigh, and so saveth the seed of fire, that he may not have to seek a light other-where, even so did Odysseus cover him with the leaves And Athene shed sleep upon his eyes, that so it might soon release him from his weary travail, overshadowing his eyelids

Trans by S H BUTCHER and A LANG

189

*From the 'Odyssey'*

THIS said, the golden-thron'd *Aurora* rose,  
 She, her way went, and I did mine dispose  
 Vp to my ship, weigh'd Anchor, and away  
 When reuerend *Cu ce* helpt vs to conuaine  
 Our vessell safe, by making well inclind  
 A Sea mans true companion, a forewind;  
 With which she filld our sailes, when, fitting all  
 Our Armes close by vs, I did sadly fall  
 To graue relation, what concern'd in Fate  
 My friends to know, and told them that the state  
 Of our affaires successe, which *Circe* had  
 Presag'd to me alone, must yet be made  
 To one, nor onely two knowne, but to all  
 That since their lues and deaths were left to fall  
 In their elections, they might life elect,  
 And giue what would preserue it, fit effect  
 I first inform'd them, that we were to flie  
 The heauenly-singing *Sirens* harmony,

And flowre-adorned Medow. And that I  
 Had charge to heare their song; but fetterd fast  
 In bands, vnfaour'd, to th' erected Mast;  
 From whence, if I should pray, or vse command  
 To be enlarg'd, they should with much more band  
 Containe my struglings This I simply told  
 To each particular, nor would withhold  
 What most enioyn'd mine owne affections stay,  
 That theirs the rather might be taught t'obay.

In meane time, flew our ships; and straight we fetcht  
 The *Sirens* Ile, a spleenelesse wind, so stretcht  
 Her wings to waft vs, and so vrg'd our keele  
 But hauing reacht this Ile, we could not feele  
 The least gaspe of it it was stricken dead,  
 And all the Sea, in prostrate slumber spread  
 The *Sirens* diuell charm'd all. Vp then flew  
 My friends to worke, strooke saile, together drew,  
 And vnder hatches stowd them sat, and plied  
 The polisht oares, and did in curls diuide  
 The white-head waters My part then came on,  
 A mighty waxen Cake, I set vpon,  
 Chopt it in fragments, with my sword, and wrought  
 With strong hand, euery peece, till all werē soft  
 The great powre of the Sunne, in such a beame  
 As then flew burning from his Diademe,  
 To liquefaction helpt vs Orderlie,  
 I stopt their eares, and they, as faire did ply  
 My feete, and hands with cords, and to the Mast  
 With other halsers, made me soundly fast.

Then tooke they seate, and forth our passage strooke,  
 The fomie Sea, beneath their labour shooke

Rowd on, in reach of an erected voice,  
 The *Sirens* soone tooke note, without our noice,



Tun'd those sweete accents, that made charmes so strong;  
And these learn'd numbers, made the *Sirens* song.

*Come here, thou, worthy of a world of praise,  
That dost so high the Grecian glory raise,  
Vlysses' stay thy ship, and that song heare  
That none past euer, but it bent his eare.  
But left him rausht, and instructed more  
By vs, then any, euer heard before  
For we know all things whatsoever were  
In wide Troy labour'd - whatsoever there  
The Grecians and the Troians both sustain'd,  
By those high issues that the Gods ordain'd  
And whatsoever, all the earth can show  
T' informe a knowledge of desert, we know*

This they gaue accent in the sweetest straine  
That euer open'd an enamour'd vaine  
When my constrain'd heart needs would haue mine eare  
Yet more delighted, force way forth, and heare  
To which end I commanded, with all signe  
Sterne lookes could make (for not a ioynt of mine  
Had powre to stirre) my friends to rise, and giue  
My limbs free way They freely stru'd to driue  
Their ship still on When (farre from will to lose)  
*Eurylochus*, and *Perimedes* rose  
To wrap me surer, and opprest me more  
With many a halser, then had vse before  
When, rowing on, without the reach of sound;  
My friends vnstopt their eares, and me, vnbound,  
And, that Ile quite we quitted. But againe  
Fresh feares emploid vs. I beheld a maine  
Of mighty billows, and a smoke ascend  
A horrid murmure hearing Euery friend  
Astonisht sat. from euery hand, his oare

Fell quite forsaken , with the dismall Rore  
 Where all things there made Echoes, stone still stood  
 Our ship it selfe because the ghastly flood  
 Tooke all mens motions from her, in their owne .  
 I, through the ship went, labouring vp and downe  
 My friends recouerd spirits One by one  
 I gaue good words, and said That well were knowne  
 These ills to them before . I told them all ,  
 And that these could not proue more capitall  
 Then those the *Cyclop* blockt vs vp in , yet  
 My vertue, wit, and heauen-helpt Counsailes, set  
 Their freedomes open I could not beleue  
 But they rememberd it, and wisht them giue  
 My equall care. and meanes, now equall trust  
 The strength they had for stirring vp, they must  
 Rouze, and extend, to trie if *Ioue* had laid  
 His powres in theirs vp, and would adde his aid  
 To scape euen that death In particular then  
 I told our Pylot, that past other men  
 He, most must beare firme spirits since he swaid  
 The Continent, that all our spirits conuaid  
 In his whole guide of her He saw there boile  
 The fierie whirlpooles , that to all our spoile  
 Inclosde a Rocke without which, he must stere,  
 Or all our ruines stood concluded there

All heard me, and obaid , and little knew  
 That, shunning that Rocke, sixe of them should rue  
 The wracke, another hid For I conceal'd  
 The heauy wounds that neuer would be heal'd,  
 To be by *Scylla* opened , for their feare  
 Would then haue robd all, of all care to stere ,  
 Or stirre an oare, and made them hide beneath .  
 When they, and all, had died an idle death

But then, euen I forgot to shunne the harme  
*Circe* forewarnd, who wildd I should not arme,  
Nor shew my selfe to *Scylla*, lest in vaine  
I ventur'd life. Yet could I not containe  
But arm'd at all parts, and two lances tooke.  
Vp to the foredecke went, and thence did looke  
That Rockie *Scylla* would haue first appear'd,  
And taken my life, with the friends I feard

From thence yet, no place could afford her sight,  
Though through the darke rocke, mine eye threw her light,  
And ransackt all waies I then tooke a streight  
That gaue my selfe, and some few more receipt  
Twixt *Scylla*, and *Charybdis*, whence we saw  
How horridly *Charybdis* throat did draw  
The brackish sea vp, which, when all abroad  
She spit againe out. neuer Caldion sod  
With so much feruor, fed with all the store  
That could enrage it. All the Rocke did rore  
With troubl'd waters round about the tops  
Of all the steepe crags, flew the fomy drops.  
But, when her draught, the sea and earth dissunderd,  
The troubl'd bottoms turnd vp, and she thunderd,  
Farre vnder shore, the swart sands naked lay.  
Whose whole sterne sight, the startl'd blood did fray  
From all our faces And while we on her  
Our eyes bestowd thus, to our ruines feare;  
Sixe friends had *Scylla* snatcht out of our keele,  
In whom, most losse, did force and virtue feelee.  
When looking to my ship, and lending eye  
To see my friends estates, their heeles turnd hie,  
And hands cast vp, I might discerne; and heare  
Their calles to me for helpe, when now they were  
To try me in their last extremities

And as an Angler, medcine for surprise  
 Of litle fish, sits powring from the rocks,  
 From out the crookt horne, of a fold-bred Oxe,  
 And then with his long Angle, hoists them hie  
 Vp to the Aire; then sleightly hurles them by,  
 When, helplesse sprauling on the land they lie,  
 So easely *Scylla* to her Rocke had rapt  
 My wofull friends, and so vnhelpt, entrapt  
 Strugling they lay beneath her violent rape,  
 Who in their tortures, desperate of escape;  
 Shriekt as she tore, and vp, their hands to me  
 Still threw for sweete life I did neuer see  
 In all my sufferance ransacking the seas,  
 A spectacle so full of miseries

Thus hauing fled these rocks (these cruell dames  
*Scylla, Charybdis*) where the king of flames  
 Hath offerings burnd to him, our ship put in  
 The Iland, that from all the earth doth winne  
 The Epithete, *Faultlesse*. where the broad of head  
 And famous Oxen, for the Sunne are fed,  
 With many fat flocks of that high-gone God

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

190      *From the 'Divina Commedia'*

'IO son,' cantava, 'io son dolce sirena,  
 che i marinari in mezzo mar dismago  
 tanto son di piacere a sentir piena  
 Io volsi Ulisse del suo cammin vago  
 col canto mio, e qual meco si ausa  
 rado sen parte, sì tutto l'appago'

DANTE.

191

*Ulysses and the Syren**Syren*

COME worthy Greeke *Vlysses* come,  
 Possesse these shores with me,  
 The Windes and Seas are troublesome,  
 And here we may be free

Here may we sit, and view their toyle  
 That trauaile in the deepe,  
 And ioy the day in mirth the while,  
 And spend the night in sleepe.

*Vlysses.*

Faire Nymph, if fame or honour were  
 To be attain'd with ease,  
 Then would I come and rest with thee,  
 And leaue such toiles as these

But here it dwels, and here must I  
 With danger seeke it forth,  
 To spend the time luxuriously,  
 Becomes not men of worth

*Syren*

*Vlysses*, O be not deceiu'd  
 With that vnreall name,  
 Tis honour is a thing conceiu'd,  
 And rests on others fame

Begotten onely to molest,  
 Our peace and to beguile.  
 (The best thing of our life) our rest,  
 And gues vs vp to toyle.

*Ulysses*

Delicious Nymph, suppose there were  
Nor honour, nor report.  
Yet manlinesse would scorne to weare  
The time in idle sport,  
For toyle doth giue a better touch,  
To make vs feele our ioy,  
And ease findes tediousnes as much  
As labour yeelds annoy

*Syren*

Then pleasure likewise seemes the shore,  
Whereto tendes all your toyle,  
Which you forgo to make it more,  
And perish oft the while.  
Who may disport them diuersly,  
Find neuer tedious day,  
And ease may haue variety,  
As well as action may.

*Ulysses.*

But natures of the noblest frame  
These royles and dangers please,  
And they take comfort in the same,  
As much as you in ease,  
And with the thought of actions past,  
Are recreated still  
When pleasure leaues a touch at last,  
To show that it was ill

*Syren.*

That doth opinion onely cause,  
 That's out of custome bred,  
 Which makes vs many other lawes,  
 Then euer Nature did

No widdowes waile for our delights.  
 Our sports are without blood,  
 The world we see by warlike wights  
 Receiues more hurt then good

*Vlysses*

But yet the state of things require  
 These motions of vnrest  
 And these great Spirits of high desire  
 Seeme borne to turne them best.

To purge the mischiefes that increase,  
 And all good order mar,  
 For oft we see a wicked peace,  
 To be well chang'd for war

*Syren.*

Well, well *Vlysses* then I see,  
 I shall not haue thee here .  
 And therefore I will come to thee,  
 And take my fortune there,

I must be wonne that cannot win,  
 Yet lost were I not wonne,  
 For beauty hath created bin,  
 T' vndoo, or be vndone

SAMUEL DANIEL

192 *From 'Colin Clout's Come Home Again'*

SO to the sea we came, the sea<sup>?</sup> that is  
SA world of waters heaped vp on hie,  
Rolling like mountaines in wide wilderness,  
Horrible, hideous, roaring with hoarse crie.

And is the sea (quoth *Coridon*) so fearfull?

Fearful much more (quoth he) then hart can fear  
'Thousand wyld beasts with deep mouthes gaping direfull  
Therin stil wait poore passengers to teare.  
Who life doth loath, and longs death to behold,  
Before he die, alreadie dead with feare,  
And yet would lue with heart halfe stonie cold,  
Let him to sea, and he shall see it there  
And yet as ghastly dreadfull, as it seemes,  
Bold men presuming life for gaine to sell,  
Dare tempt that gulf, and in those wandring stremes  
Seek waies vnknowne, waies leading down to hell  
For as we stood there waiting on the strond,  
Behold an huge great vessell to vs came,  
Dauncing vpon the waters back to lond,  
As if it scornd the daunger of the same,  
Yet was it but a wooden frame and fraile,  
Glewed together with some subtil matter,  
Yet had it armes and wings, and head and taile,  
And life to moue it selfe vpon the water  
Strange thing, how bold and swift the monster was,  
That neither car'd for wynd, nor haile, nor raine,  
Nor swelling waues, but thorough them did passe  
So proudly, that she made them roare againe  
The same aboard vs gently did receaue,  
And without harme vs farre away did beare,



So farre that land our mother vs did leaue,  
And nought but sea and heauen to vs appeare.  
Then hartlesse quite and full of inward feare,  
That shepheard I besought to me to tell,  
Vnder what skie, or in what world we were,  
In which I saw no liuing people dwell  
Who me recomforting all that he might,  
Told me that that same was the Regiment  
Of a great shepheardesse, that *Cynthia* hight,  
His liege his Ladie, and his lifes Regent  
If then (quoth I) a shepheardesse she bee,  
Where be the flockes and heards, which she doth keep?  
And where may I the hills and pastures see,  
On which she vseth for to feed her sheepe?  
These be the hills (quoth he) the surges hie.  
On which faire *Cynthia* her heards doth feed  
Her heards be thousand fishes with their frie,  
Which in the bosome of the billowes breed  
Of them the shepheard which hath charge in chief,  
Is *Triton* blowing loud his wreathed horne  
At sound whereof, they all for their relief  
Wend too and fro at euening and at morne.  
And *Proteus* eke with him does driue his heard  
Of stinking Seales and Porcpisces together,  
With hoary head and deawy dropping beard,  
Compelling them which way he list, and whether.  
And I among the rest of many least,  
Haue in the Ocean charge to me assignd  
Where I will lue or die at her behest,  
And serue and honour her with faithfull mind  
Besides an hundred Nymphs all heauenly borne,  
And of immortall race, doo still attend  
To wash faire *Cynthias* sheep, when they be shorne,

And fold them vp, when they haue made an end.  
Those be the shepheards which my *Cynthia* serue,  
At sea, beside a thousand moe at land  
For land and sea my *Cynthia* doth deserue  
To haue in her commandement at hand  
Thereat I wondred much, till wondring more  
And more, at length we land far off descryde  
Which sight much gladed me, for much afore  
I feard, least land we neuer should haue eyde  
Thereto our ship her course directly bent,  
As if the way she perfectly had knowne  
We *Lunday* passe; by that same name is ment  
An Island, which the first to west was showne  
From thence another world of land we kend,  
Floting amid the sea in ieopardie,  
And round about with mightie white rocks hemd,  
Against the seas encroching crueltie  
Those same the shepheard told me, were the fields  
In which dame *Cynthia* her landheards fed,  
Faire goodly fields, then which *Armulla* yields  
None fairer, nor more fruitfull to be red.  
The first to which we nigh approched, was  
An high headland thrust far into the sea,  
Like to an horne, whereof the name it has,  
Yet seemed to be a goodly pleasant lea  
There did a loftie mount at first vs greet,  
Which did a stately heape of stones vpreare,  
That seemd amid the surges for to fleet,  
Much greater then that frame, which vs did beare  
There did our ship her fruitfull wombe vnlade,  
And put vs all ashore on *Cynthias* land.

EDMUND SPENSER.

193      *From 'Hero and Leander'*

ON *Hellespont* guiltie of True-loues blood,  
 In view and opposit two citties stood,  
 Seaborderers, disioin'd by *Neptunes* might.  
 The one *Abydos*, the other *Sestos* hight  
 At *Sestos*, *Hero* dwelt, *Hero* the faire,  
 Whom young *Apollo* courted for her haire,  
 And offred as a dower his burning throne,  
 Where she should sit for men to gaze vpon.  
 Some say, for her the fairest *Cupid* pyn'd,  
 And looking in her face, was strooken blind.  
 But this is true, so like was one the other,  
 As he imagin'd *Hero* was his mother  
 And oftentimes into her bosome flew,  
 About her naked necke his bare armes threw,  
 And laid his childish head vpon her brest,  
 And with still panting rockt, there tooke his rest .  
 Amorous *Leander*, beautifull and yoong,  
 (Whose tragedie diuine *Musæus* soong)  
 Dwelt at *Abidus* since him dwelt there none,  
 For whom succeeding times make greater mone  
 His dangling tresses that were neuer shorne,  
 Had they beene cut, and vnto *Colchos* borne,  
 Would haue allur'd the vent'rous youth of *Greece*  
 To hazard more than for the golden Fleece.  
 Faire *Cynthia* wisht his armes might be her spheare,  
 Greefe makes her pale, because she mooues not there  
 His bodie was as straight as *Circes* wand,  
*Ioue* might haue sipt out *Nectar* from his hand  
 Euen as delicious meat is to the tast,

So was his necke in touching, and surpast  
The white of *Pelops* shoulder      let it suffice,  
That my slacke muse sings of *Leanders* eies,  
Those orient cheekes and lippes, exceeding his  
That leapt into the water for a kis  
Of his owne shadow, and despising many,  
Died ere he could enjoy the loue of any

The men of wealthie *Sestos*, euerie yeare,  
(For his sake whom their goddesse held so deare,  
Rose-cheekt *Adonis*) kept a solemne feast.  
Thither resorted many a wandring guest,  
To meet their loues, such as had none at all,  
Came louers home from this great festiuall  
For euerie street like to a Firmament  
Glistered with breathing stars, who where they went,  
Frighted the melancholie earth, which deem'd  
Eternall heauen to burne, for so it seem'd,  
As if another *Phaeton* had got  
The guidance of the sunnes rich chariot.  
But far aboue the loueliest *Hero* shin'd,  
And stole away th'inchaunted gazers mind,  
For like Sea-nymphs inueigling harmony,  
So was her beautie to the standers by  
Not that night-wandring pale and watrie starre  
(When yawning dragons draw her thirling<sup>1</sup> carre  
From *Latmus* mount vp to the glomie skie,  
Where crown'd with blazing light and maiestie,  
She proudly sits) more ouer-rules the flood,  
Than she the hearts of those that neere her stood  
On this feast day, O cursed day and hower,  
Went *Hero* thorow *Sestos*, from her tower  
To *Venus* temple, where vnhappye,

<sup>1</sup> whirling

As after chaunc'd, they did each other spye.  
 So faire a church as this, had *Venus* none,  
 The wals were of discoloured *Iasper* stone,  
 Wherein was *Proteus* carued, and o'rehead,  
 A luelie vine of greene sea agget spread,  
 Where by one hand, light headed *Bacchus* hoong,  
 And with the other, wine from grapes out wroong  
 Of Christall shining faire the pauement was,  
 The towne of *Sestos* cal'd it *Venus* glasse. .  
 For know, that vnderneath this radiant floure  
 Was *Danaes* statue in a brazen tower, . . .  
 Loue kindling fire, to burne such townes as *Troy*,  
*Syluanus* weeping for the louely boy  
 That now is turn'd into a *Cypres* tree,  
 Vnder whose shade the Wood-gods loue to bee.  
 And in the midst a siluer altar stood,  
 There *Hero* sacrificing turtles blood,  
 Vaild to the ground, vailing her eie-lids close,  
 And modestly they opened as she rose :  
 Thence flew Loues arrow with the golden head,  
 And thus *Leander* was enamoured  
 Stone still he stood, and euermore he gazed,  
 Till with the fire that from his count'nance blazed,  
 Relenting *Heroes* gentle heart was strooke,  
*Such force and vertue hath an amorous looke*

It lies not in our power to loue, or hate,  
 For will in vs is ouer-rul'd by fate  
 When two are stript long ere the course begin,  
 We wish that one should lose, the other win,  
 And one especiallie doe we affect  
 Of two gold Ingots like in each respect  
 The reason no man knowes, let it suffice,  
 What we behold is censur'd by our eyes.

Where both deliberat, the loue is slight,  
Who euer lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight ?

Thus hauing swallow'd *Cupids* golden hooke,  
The more she striv'd, the deeper was she strooke  
Yet euilly faining anger, stroue she still,  
And would be thought to graunt against her will.  
So hauing paus'd a while, at last shee said  
Who taught thee Rhethoricke to deceiue a maid ?  
Aye me, such words as these should I abhor,  
And yet I like them for the Orator

With that *Leander* stoopt, to haue imbrac'd her,  
But from his spreading armes away she cast her,  
And thus bespake him Gentle youth forbear  
To touch the sacred garments which I weare  
Vpon a rocke, and vnderneath a hill,  
Far from the towne (where all is whist and still,  
Saue that the sea playing on yellow sand,  
Sends foorth a ratling murmure to the land,  
Whose sound allures the golden *Morpheus*  
In silence of the night to visite vs.)  
My turret stands, and there God knowes I play  
With *Venus* swannes and sparrowes all the day .  
Come thither As she spake this, her toong tript,  
For vnawares (*Come thither*) from her slipt,  
And sodainly her former colour chang'd,  
And here and there her eies through anger rang'd  
And like a planet, moouing seuerall waies,  
At one selfe instant, she poore soule assaies,  
Louing, not to loue at all, and euerie part  
Stroue to resist the motions of her hart

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

194.

*Doris and Galatea*

THE Sea Nymphes late did play them on the shore,  
 And smyl'd to see such sport was newe begunne  
 A strife in love, the like not heard before,  
 Two nymphs contend, which had the conquest wonne,  
*Doris* the fayre, with *Galate* did chyd  
 She lyk't her choyce, and to hei taunts replyd.

*Doris.*

Thy love (fayre Nymph) that courts thee on this plaine,  
 As shepheards say, and all the world can tell,  
 Is that foule rude Sicilian Cyclop-swayne  
 A shame (sweet Nymph) that he with thee should mell

*Galatea*

Smyle not (fayre *Doris*) though he foule doe seeme,  
 Let passe thy words that savour of disgrace,  
 He's worth my love, and so I him esteeme  
 Renownd by birth, and come of Neptune's race,  
 Neptune that doth the glassye Ocean tame,  
 Neptune, by birth from mighty Iove which came.

*Doris*

I graunt an honour to be Neptune's chyld,  
 A grace to be so neere with Iove allyde  
 But yet (sweete Nymph) with this be not beguyld,  
 Where natures graces are by lookes descryde  
 So foule, so rough, so ugglye like a Clowne,  
 And worse then this, a Monster with one eye.  
 Foule is not gracèd, though it weare a Crowne,  
 But fayre is Bewtie, none can that denye.

*Galatea.*

Nor is he foule, or shapelesse as you say,  
 Or worse, for that he clownish seem's to be,  
 Rough, Satyr-like, the better he will play,  
 And manly lookes the fitter are for me.  
 His frowning smyles are gracèd by his beard,  
 His eye-light Sunne-like, shrovded is in one  
 This me contents, and others makes afeard,  
 He sees ynough, and therefore wanteth none

*Doris.*

Nay then I see (sweet Nymph) thou art in love,  
 And loving, doates , and doating, doest commend  
 Foule to be fayre ; this oft doe lovers proove,  
 I wish him fayrer, or thy love an end

*Galatea*

*Doris*, I love not, yet I hardly beare,  
 Disgracefull tearms, which you have spoke in scorne.  
 You are not lov'd and that's the cause I feare .  
 For why, my love, of Iove, him selfe was borne  
 Feeding his sheepe of late, amidst this plaine,  
 When as we Nymphes did sport vs on this shore,  
 He skorn'd you all, my love for to obtaine ,  
 That greev'd your hearts . I knew as much before  
 Nay smyle not Nymphes, the trueth I onely tell,  
 For fewe can brooke, that others should excell.

*Doris.*

Shoud I envie that blinde did you that spite ?  
 Or that your shape doeth please so foule a groome ?  
 The shepheard thought of milke, you look'd so white,  
 The clowne did erre, and foolish was his doome ,



Your looke was pale, and so his stomach fild,  
But farre from faire. where white doth want his red.

*Galatea.*

Though pale my looke, yet he my love did crave,  
And lovelie you, unlyk'd, unlov'd I view  
It's better farre one base, thin none to have,  
Your faire is foule, to whome there's none will sew  
My love doth tune his love unto his harpe.  
His shape is rude, but yet his witt is sharpe.

*Doris.*

Leave off (sweet Nymph) to grace a woorthlesse clown.  
He itch'd with love, and then did sing or say.  
The noise was such, as all the Nymphes did frowne,  
And well suspected, that some Asse did bray.  
The woods did chide, to hear his ughe sound,  
The prating Eccho scorn'd for to repeat,  
This grislie voice did feare the hollow ground  
Whilst artlesse fingers did his harpstrings beat.  
Two Bear-whelps in his armes this monster bore.  
With these new puppies did this wanton play,  
Their skinnies was rough, but yet your loves was more  
He fouler was, and farre more fierce than they.  
I cannot chuse (sweet Nymph) to thinke, but smyle,  
That some of us, thou feaist, will thee beguyle

*Galatea*

Scorne not my love, untill it can be knowne,  
That you have one that's better of your owne

*Doris*

I have no love, nor if I had, would boast,  
Yet wo'd have bene, by such as well might speed.

But him to love, the shame of all the coast,  
So ughe foule, as yet I have no need  
Now thus we learne, what foolish love can doe,  
To thinke him faire, that 's foule and ughe too  
To heare this talke, I sate behind an oake,  
And mark'd their wordes, and pend them as they spoke.

GILES FLETCHER

195

*Idyll**The Fishermen*

TWO ancient fishers once lay side by side  
On piled-up sea-wrack in their wattled hut,  
Its leafy wall their curtain    Near them lay  
The weapons of their trade, basket and rod,  
Hooks, weed-encumbered nets, and cords and oars,  
And, propped on rollers, an infirm old boat  
Their pillow was a scanty mat, eked out  
With caps and garments • such the ways and means,  
Such the whole treasury of the fishermen  
They knew no luxuries    owned nor door nor dog,  
Their craft their all, their mistress Poverty  
Their only neighbour Ocean, who for aye  
Round their lorn hut came floating lazily.

Ere the moon's chariot was in mid-career,  
The fishers girt them for their custom'd toil,  
And banished slumber from unwilling eyes,  
And roused their dreamy intellects with speech ---

*Asphalion*

'They say that soon flit summer-nights away,  
Because all lingering is the summer day

Friend, it is false, for dream on dream have I  
Dreamed, and the dawn still reddens not the sky.  
How? am I wandering? or does night pass slow?

*His Comrade*

'Asphalion, scout not the sweet summer so.  
'Tis not that wilful seasons have gone wrong,  
But care maim's slumber, and the nights seem long'

*Asphalion.*

'Didst thou e'er study dreams? For visions fair  
I saw last night; and fairly thou should'st share  
The wealth I dream of, as the fish I catch  
Now, for sheer sense, I reckon few thy match,  
And, for a vision, he whose motherwit  
Is his sole tutor best interprets it  
And now we've time the matter to discuss.  
For who could labour, lying here (like us)  
Pillowed on leaves and neighboured by the deep,  
Or sleeping amid thorns no easy sleep?  
In rich men's halls the lamps are burning yet,  
But fish come alway to the rich man's net'

*Comrade*

'To me the vision of the night relate,  
Speak, and reveal the riddle to thy mate.'

*Asphalion*

'Last evening, as I plied my watery trade,  
(Not on an o'erfull stomach—we had made  
Betimes a meagre meal, as you can vouch,)  
I fell asleep, and lo! I seemed to crouch  
Among the boulders, and for fish to wait,  
Still dangling, rod in hand, my vagrant bait.

A fat fellow caught it (e'en in sleep I'm bound  
To dream of fishing, as of crusts the hound )  
Fast clung he to the hooks , his blood outwelled ,  
Bent with his struggling was the rod I held  
I tugged and tugged my efforts made me ache .  
"How, with a line thus slight, this monster take ' " ~  
Then gently, just to warn him he was caught,  
I twitched him once , then slacked and then made taut  
My line, for now he offered not to run ;  
A glance soon showed me all my task was done.  
'Twas a gold fish, pure metal every inch  
That I had captured I began to flinch  
"What if this beauty be the sea-king's joy,  
Or azure Amphitritè's treasured toy ' " ~  
With care I disengaged him—not to rip  
With hasty hook the gilding from his lip  
And with a tow-line landed him, and swore  
Never to set my foot on ocean more,  
But with my gold live royally ashore  
So I awoke and, comrade, lend me now  
Thy wits, for I am troubled for my vow ' ~

*Comrade*

'Ne'er quake you're pledged to nothing, for no prize  
You gained or gazed on Dreams are nought but lies  
Yet may this dream bear fruit , if, wide-awake  
And not in dreams, you'll fish the neighbouring lake  
Fish that are meat you'll there mayhap behold,  
Not die of famine, amid dreams of gold ' ~

THEOCRITUS *Trans by* C. S CALVERLEY.

196 *Odysseus and his Companions reach the  
Land of the Lotos-eaters*

THEN on our course we sail, distressed in heart,  
Glad of our lives, yet grieving for the dead,  
Natheless we list not from that shore depart,  
Ere thrice with cries we hailed each fallen head  
Of those whose blood the fierce Ciconians shed  
In the wide plain Ere yet we ceased to weep,  
Zeus on our fleet the rage of Boreas dread  
Launched, and with black clouds veiled the earth and deep,  
While the dark Night came rushing from heaven's stormy  
steep

Headlong the ships were driven with tattered sails  
These having furled we drave our keels ashore,  
Fearing destruction from the raving gales.  
Two nights and days we eating our heart's core  
Lay till the third light beauteous Dawn upbore,  
Then we the masts plant, and the white sails spread,  
And sitting lean to the laborious oar.  
Wind and good pilotage the brave barks sped,  
Soon had I scatheless seen my native earth ahead,

But me the current and fell Boreas whirled,  
Doubling Malea's cape, and far astray  
Beyond the rude cliffs of Cythera hurled  
So for nine days along the watery way,  
Teeming with monsters, me the winds affray  
And with destruction ever seem to whelm.  
But, on the afternoon of the tenth day,  
We reached, borne downward with an easy helm,  
Land of the flowery food, the Lotus-eating realm

Anon we step forth on the dear mainland,  
And draw fresh water from the springs, and there,  
Seated at ease along the silent strand,  
Not far from the swift ships our meal prepare  
Soon having tasted of the welcome fare,  
I with the herald brave companions twain  
Sent to explore what manner of men they were,  
Who, on the green earth couched beside the main,  
Seemed ever with sweet food their lips to entertain

Who, when they came on the delightful place  
Where those sat feeding by the barren wave,  
There mingled with the Lotus-eating race,  
Who nought of ruin for our comrades brave  
Dreamed in their minds, but of the Lotus gave,  
And whoso tasted of their flowery meat  
Cared not with tidings to return, but clave  
Fast to that tribe, for ever fain to eat,  
Reckless of home-return, the tender Lotus sweet

These sorely weeping by main strength we bore  
Back to the hollow ships with all our speed,  
And thrust them bound with cords upon the floor,  
Under the benches then the rest I lead  
On board and bid them to the work give heed,  
Lest others, eating of the Lotus, yearn  
Always to linger in that land, and feed,  
Careless for ever of the home-return,  
Then, bending to their oars, the foamy deep they spurn.

*Trans by WORSLEY.*

197      *From 'The Lotos-Eaters'*

THEY sat them down upon the yellow sand,  
Between the sun and moon upon the shore ;  
And sweet it was to dream of Fatherland,  
Of child, and wife, and slave , but evermore  
Most weary seem'd the sea, weary the oar,  
Weary the wandering fields of barren foam  
Then some one said, ' We will return no more ' ,  
And all at once they sang, ' Our island home  
Is far beyond the wave , we will no longer roam '

## CHORIC SONG

## I

There is sweet music here that softer falls  
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,  
Or night-dews on still-waters between walls  
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass ,  
Music that gentler on the spirit lies,  
Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes ,  
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies  
Here are cool mosses deep,  
And thro' the moss the ivies creep,  
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,  
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.

## II

Why are we weigh'd upon with heaviness,  
And utterly consumed with sharp distress,  
While all things else have rest from weariness ?  
All things have rest why should we toil alone,  
We only toil, who are the first of things,

And make perpetual moan,  
Still from one sorrow to another thrown .  
Nor ever fold our wings,  
And cease from wanderings,  
Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy balm ,  
Nor hearken what the inner spirit sings,  
' There is no joy but calm ' '  
Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of things ?

## III

Lo ' in the middle of the wood  
The folded leaf is woo'd from out the bud  
With winds upon the branch, and there  
Grows green and broad, and takes no care,  
Sun steep'd at noon, and in the moon  
Nightly dew-fed , and turning yellow  
Falls, and floats adown the air.  
Lo ' sweeten'd with the summer light,  
The full-juiced apple, waxing over-mellow,  
Drops in a silent autumn night  
All its allotted length of days,  
The flower ripens in its place,  
Ripens and fades, and falls, and hath no toil,  
Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil.

## IV.

Hateful is the dark-blue sky,  
Vaulted o'er the dark-blue sea  
Death is the end of life , ah, why  
Should life all labour be ?  
Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,  
And in a little while our lips are dumb  
Let us alone. What is it that will last ?  
All things are taken from us, and become



Portions and parcels of the dreadful Past.  
Let us alone    What pleasure can we have  
To war with evil? Is there any peace  
In ever climbing up the climbing wave?  
All things have rest, and ripen toward the grave  
In silence, ripen, fall and cease  
Give us long rest or death, dark death, or dreamful ease.

## V

How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,  
With half-shut eyes ever to seem  
Falling asleep in a half-dream!  
To dream and dream, like yonder amber light,  
Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on the height,  
To hear each other's whisper'd speech,  
Eating the Lotos day by day,  
To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,  
And tender curving lines of creamy spray,  
To lend our hearts and spirits wholly  
To the influence of mild-minded melancholy,  
To muse and brood and live again in memory,  
With those old faces of our infancy  
Heap'd over with a mound of grass,  
Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass!

## VI

Dear is the memory of our wedded lives,  
And dear the last embraces of our wives  
And their warm tears but all hath suffer'd change  
For surely now our household hearths are cold.  
Our sons inherit us our looks are strange  
And we should come like ghosts to trouble joy.  
Or else the island princes over-bold  
Have eat our substance, and the minstrel sings

Before them of the ten-years' war in Troy,  
And our great deeds, as half-forgotten things.  
Is there confusion in the little isle ?  
Let what is broken so remain  
The Gods are hard to reconcile  
'Tis hard to settle order once again  
There *is* confusion worse than death,  
Trouble on trouble, pain on pain,  
Long labour unto aged breath,  
Sore task to hearts worn out by many wars  
And eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot-stars

## VII

But, propt on beds of amaranth and moly,  
How sweet (while warm airs lull us, blowing lowly)  
With half-dropt eyelid still,  
Beneath a heaven dark and holy,  
To watch the long bright river drawing slowly  
His waters from the purple hill—  
To hear the dewy echoes calling  
From cave to cave thro' the thick-twined vine—  
To watch the emerald-colour'd water falling  
Thro' many a wov'n acanthus-wreath divine !  
Only to hear and see the far-off sparkling brine,  
Only to hear were sweet, stretch'd out beneath the pine.

## VIII

The Lotos blooms below the barren peak .  
The Lotos blows by every winding creek .  
All day the wind breathes low with mellow tone  
Thro' every hollow cave and alley lone  
Round and round the spicy downs the yellow Lotos-dust  
is blown

We have had enough of action, and of motion we,  
Roll'd to starboard, roll'd to larboard, when the surge was  
seething free,

Where the wallowing monster spouted his foam-fountains  
in the sea

Let us swear an oath, and keep it with an equal mind,  
In the hollow Lotos-land to live and lie reclined  
On the hills like Gods together, careless of mankind  
For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are hurl'd  
Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are lightly  
curl'd

Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming world  
Where they smile in secret, looking over wasted lands,  
Blight and famine, plague and earthquake, roaring deeps  
and fiery sands,

Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and sinking ships, and  
praying hands

But they smile, they find a music centred in a doleful song  
Steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient tale of wrong,  
Like a tale of little meaning tho' the words are strong,  
Chanted from an ill-used race of men that cleave the soil,  
Sow the seed, and reap the harvest with enduring toil,  
Storing yearly little dues of wheat, and wine and oil,  
Till they perish and they suffer—some, 'tis whisper'd—  
down in hell

Suffer endless anguish, others in Elysian valleys dwell,  
Resting weary limbs at last on beds of asphodel.

Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil, the shore  
Than labour in the deep mid-ocean, wind and wave and  
oar,

Oh rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander more.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

198.

*From 'Ulysses'*

THERE lies the port, the vessel puffs her sail :  
There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,  
Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought with me—  
That ever with a frolic welcome took  
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed  
Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old,  
Old age hath yet his honour and his toil ;  
Death closes all but something ere the end,  
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,  
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods  
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks  
The long day wanes . the slow moon climbs the deep  
Moans round with many voices Come, my friends,  
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.  
Push off, and sitting well in order smite  
The sounding furrows, for my purpose holds  
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths  
Of all the western stars, until I die  
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down  
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,  
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew  
Tho' much is taken, much abides, and tho'  
We are not now that strength which in old days  
Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are,  
One equal temper of heroic hearts,  
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will  
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

199. *Death of Hippolytus**Henchman*

'TWAS by the bank of beating sea we stood,  
We thralls, and decked the steeds, and combed  
each mane,

Weeping, for word had come that ne'er again  
The foot of our Hippolytus should roam  
This land, but waste in exile by thy doom.

So stood we till he came, and in his tone  
No music now save sorrow's, like our own,  
And in his train a concourse without end  
Of many a chase-fellow and many a friend  
At last he brushed his sobs away, and spake  
'Why this fond loitering?' I would not break  
My Father's law.—Ho, there! My coursers four  
And chariot, quick! This land is mine no more'

Thereat, be sure, each man of us made speed  
Swifter than speech we brought them up, each steed  
Well dight and shining, at our Prince's side.  
He grasped the reins upon the rail: one stride  
And there he stood, a perfect charioteer,  
Each foot in its own station set Then clear  
His voice rose, and his arms to heaven were spread  
'O Zeus, if I be false, strike thou me dead!  
But, dead or living, let my Father see  
One day, how falsely he hath hated me!'

Even as he spake, he lifted up the goad  
And smote, and the steeds sprang. And down the road  
We henchmen followed, hard beside the rein,  
Each hand, to speed him, toward the Argive plain  
And Epidaurus

So we made our way  
Up toward the desert region, where the bay  
Curls to a promontory near the verge  
Of our Trozên, facing the southward surge  
Of Saron's gulf Just there an angry sound,  
Slow-swelling, like God's thunder underground,  
Broke on us, and we trembled. And the steeds  
Pricked their ears skyward, and threw back their heads.  
And wonder came on all men, and affright,  
Whence rose that awful voice. And swift our sight  
Turned seaward, down the salt and roaring sand.

And there, above the horizon, seemed to stand  
A wave unearthly, crested in the sky,  
Till Skiron's Cape first vanished from mine eye,  
Then sank the Isthmus hidden, then the rock  
Of Epidaurus. Then it broke, one shock  
And roar of gasping sea and spray flung far,  
And shoreward swept, where stood the Prince's car

Three lines of wave together raced, and, full  
In the white crest of them, a wild Sea-Bull  
Flung to the shore, a fell and marvellous Thing  
The whole land held his voice, and answering  
Roared in each echo And all we, gazing there,  
Gazed seeing not, 'twas more than eyes could bear

Then straight upon the team wild terror fell  
Howbeit, the Prince, cool-eyed and knowing well  
Each changing mood a horse has, gripped the reins  
Hard in both hands, then as an oarsman strains  
Up from his bench, so strained he on the thong,  
Back in the chariot swinging But the young  
Wild steeds bit hard the curb, and fled afar,  
Nor rein nor guiding hand nor morticed car  
Stayed them at all For when he veered them round,

And aimed their flying feet to grassy ground,  
 In front uprose that Thing, and turned again  
 The four great coursers, terror-mad But when  
 Their blind rage drove them toward the rocky places,  
 Silent, and ever nearer to the traces,  
 It followed, rockward, till one wheel-edge grazed.

The chariot tript and flew, and all was mazed  
 In turmoil. Up went wheel-box with a din,  
 Where the rock jagged, and nave and axle-pin.  
 And there—the long reins round him—there was he  
 Dragging, entangled irretrievably.  
 A dear head battering at the chariot side,  
 Sharp rocks, and ripped flesh, and a voice that cried .  
 ‘Stay, stay, O ye who fattened at my stalls,  
 Dash me not into nothing !—O thou false  
 Curse of my Father !—Help ! Help, whoso can,  
 An innocent, innocent and stainless man !’

Many there were that laboured then, I wot,  
 To bear him succour, but could reach him not,  
 Till—who knows how ?—at last the tangled rein  
 Unclasped him, and he fell, some little vein  
 Of life still pulsing in him.

All beside,

The steeds, the hornèd Horror of the Tide,  
 Had vanished—who knows where ?—in that wild land.

O King, I am a bondsman of thine hand,  
 Yet love nor fear nor duty me shall win  
 To say thine innocent son hath died in sin.  
 All women born may hang themselves, for me,  
 And swing their dying words from every tree  
 On Ida ! For I know that he was true !

EURIPIDES. *Trans. by* GILBERT MURRAY.

200

*From 'The Georgics'*

'NIGH Carpathus in Neptune's boisterous realm  
There dwells a certain seer, Proteus by name,  
Who bears the azure livery of the sea,  
And speeds his chariot o'er the mighty main,  
Caparisoned with monsters of the deep,  
Half-fish, half-steed—lo ! even now he seeks  
Emathian harbours, and his fatherland,  
Pallene—and to him we sister Nymphs,  
And ancient Nereus too, do reverence .  
For to this wondrous seer all things are known,  
What is—what has been—and what lagging time  
Has yet to bring. So did his master will,  
Great Neptune, whose uncouth and monstrous flocks  
Of ocean-calves he shepherds in the sea.

. . .

There is a mighty cave,  
Cleft by the waters in the mountain-side,  
Where many a wave is driven by the winds,  
And flows far inland, breaking on the bay,  
Safe refuge for storm-beaten mariners,  
Here, shrouded by a wall of massy rock,  
Proteus was wont to bide, and here the Nymph,  
Within a nook that turned its back on day,  
Stationed the Youth, whilst all aloof she stood,  
Weaving a hiding-place of dusky mist

Now does the ravening dog-star glow aloft  
With rays that parch the folk of thirsty Ind  
Now half its fiery course the sun has sped ,



The grasses wither , and the rivers gape,  
 Their sultry channels scorched to beds of mire.  
 When Proteus, journeying homeward from the deep.  
 Sought, as his wont, the shelter of the cave ;  
 While round about him leaped a dripping brood.  
 Born of the sea, and scattered briny showers  
 With frolic bounds then laid them down to sleep,  
 Calves of the ocean, up and down the shore  
 So Proteus (like some herdsman of the hills  
 Warding the folds, what time the evening star  
 Calls home the grazing steers, what time the wolves  
 Hark to the bleating lambs with hungry maws)  
 Sits on a rock and numbers o'er his herd

VIRGIL. *Trans* by LORD BURGHCLERE

AND now the looked-for day was come with simple light  
 and sweet,  
 And Phaeton's horses shining bright the ninth dawn in did  
 bear  
 Fame and the name Acestes had the neighbouring people  
 stir  
 To fill the shore with joyful throng, Æneas' folk to see  
 But some were dight amid the games their strife-fellows  
 to be  
 There first before the eyes of men the gifts to come they lay  
 Amid the course , as hallowed bowls, and garlands of green  
 bay,  
 And palms, the prize of victory, weapons, and raiment rolled  
 In purple and a talent's weight of silver and of gold ,

Then blast of horn from midst the mound the great games  
halloweth in .

Four ships from all the fleet picked out will first the race  
begin

With heavy oars , well matched are they for speed and  
rowers' tale

Hereof did Mnestheus' eager oars drive on the speedy Whale,  
Mnestheus to be of Italy, whence cometh Memmius' name  
The huge Chimæra's mountain mass was Gyas set to tame ,  
There on that city of a ship threesome its rowing plies  
The Dardan youth , the banks of oars in threefold order  
rise

Sergestus next, the name whereof the Sergian house yet bears,  
Is ferried by the Centaur great last in blue Scylla steers  
Cloanthus, whence the name of thee, Cluentius, man of  
Rome

Far mid the sea a rock there is, facing the shore-line's foam,  
Which, beat by overtoppling waves, is drowned and hidden  
oft,

What time the stormy North-west hides the stars in heaven  
aloft .

But otherwhiles it lies in peace when nought the sea doth  
move,

And riseth up a meadow fair that sunning sea-gulls love.  
There a green goal Æneas raised, dight of a leafy oak,  
To be a sign of turning back to that sea-faring folk,  
That fetching compass round the same their long course they  
might turn.

So then by lot they take their place there on the deck they  
burn

The captains, goodly from afar in gold and purple show  
The other lads with poplar-leaf have garlanded the brow,

And with the oil poured over them their naked shoulders  
shine.

They man the thwarts, with hearts a-stretch they hearken  
for the sign,

With arms a-stretch upon the oars; hard tugs the pulse  
of fear

About their bounding hearts, hard strains the lust of glory  
dear.

But when the clear horn gives the sound, forthwith from  
where they lie

They leap away, the seamen's shouts smite up against  
the sky,

The upturned waters froth about as home the arms are  
borne

So timely they the furrows cut, and all the sea upturned  
Is cloven by the sweep of oars and bows' three-headed  
push

—Nay, nought so swift in twi-yoke race forth from the  
barriers rush

The scattered headlong chariots on to wear the space of  
plain,

Nor eager so the charioteers shake waves along the rein

Above the hurrying yoke, as hung over the lash they go

—Then with the shouts and praise of men, and hope cast  
to and fro,

Rings all the grove, the cliff-walled shore rolleth great  
voice around,

And beating 'gainst the mountain-side the shattering shouts  
rebound

Before the others Gyas flies, and first the waves doth skim  
Betwixt the throng and roar, but hard Cloanthus presseth  
him,

Who, better manned, is held aback by sluggish weight of  
pine

'Twixt Whale and Centaur after these the edge of strife is  
fine,

And hard they struggle each with each to win the foremost  
place.

Now the Whale hath it, beaten now is foregone in the race  
By the huge Centaur, head and head now follow on the  
two,

As the long keel of either one the salt sea furrows through.

But now they drew anigh the holm, the goal close on them  
gave,

When Gyas first and conquering there amid the whirl  
of wave

Unto the helmsman of his ship, Menœtes, cries command  
'And why so far unto the right?' turn thither to this hand!  
Hug thou the shore, let the blades graze the very rocks  
a-lee.

Let others hold the deep!

No less unto the wavy sea  
Menœtes, fearing hidden rocks, still turns away the bow  
Gyas would shout him back again. 'Menœtes, whither now?'  
Steer for the rocks!

And therewithal, as back his eyes he cast,  
He sees Cloanthus hard at heel and gaining on him fast,  
Who grazing on this hand and that the rocks and Gyas'  
ship,

Now suddenly by leeward course a-head of all doth slip,  
And leaving clear the goal behind hath open water's gain  
Then unto Gyas' very bones deep burns the wrathful pain,  
Nor did his cheeks lack tears indeed forgetting honour's  
trust,

Forgetting all his fellows' weal, Menœtes doth he thrust  
Headlong from off the lofty deck into the sea adown,  
And takes the tiller, helmsman now and steering-master  
grown ;

He cheers his men, and toward the shore the rudder  
wresteth round

Menœtes, heavy, hardly won up from the ocean's ground,  
(For he was old, and floods enow fulfilled his dripping gear,)  
Made for the holm and sat him down upon the dry rock  
there

The Teucrians laughed to see him fall, and laughed to see  
him swim,

And laugh to see him spue the brine back from the heart  
of him

Now Mnestheus' and Sergestus' hope began anew to spring.  
That they might out-go Gyas yet amid his tarrying  
Of whom Sergestus draws ahead and nears the rocky holm ,  
But not by all his keel indeed the other did o'ercome.  
But by the half, the eager Whale amidships held her place,  
Where Mnestheus midst the men themselves now to and  
fro doth pace,

Egging them on 'Now, now !' he cries, 'up, up, on  
oar-heft high !

Fellows of Hector, whom I chose when Troy last threw  
the die !

Now put ye forth your ancient heart, put forth the might of  
yore,

Wherewith amid Getulian sand, Ionian sea ye bore ,  
The heart and might ye had amidst Malea's following  
wave !

I, Mnestheus, seek not victory now, nor foremost place to  
save

—Yet, O my heart ! but let them win to whom thou givest  
the crown,  
O Neptune !—but the shameful last ! O townsmen, beat it  
down.

And ban such horror !

Hard on oars they lie mid utter throes,  
And quivereth all the brazen ship beneath their mighty  
blows,

The sea's floor slippeth under them , the ceaseless pantings  
shake

Their limbs and parchèd mouths, and still the sweat-streams  
never slake

But very chance those strivers gave the prize they struggled  
for,

Since now Sergestus, hot at heart, while to the stony shore  
He clingeth innerward, is come into the treacherous strait,  
And hapless driveth on the rocks thrust forth for such a  
fate

The cliffs are shaken and the oars against the flinty spikes  
Snap crashing, and the prow thrust up yet hangeth where  
it strikes

Up start the seafarers, and raise great hubbub tarrying ,  
Then sprits all unshod and poles sharp-ended forth they  
bring

To beat her off, and gather oars a-floating in the wash.

But Mnestheus, whetted by his luck, joyful, with hurrying  
dash

Of timely-beating oars, speeds forth, and praying breezes on,  
O'er waters' slope adown the sea's all open way doth run  
—E'en as a pigeon in a cave stirred suddenly from rest,  
Who in the shady pumice-rock hath house and happy  
nest,

Scared 'neath the roof she beateth forth with mighty flap of  
wings,  
And flieth, borne adown the fields, till in soft air she swings,  
And floateth on the flowing way, nor scarce a wing doth  
move  
—So Mnesticus, so the Whale herself, the latter waters  
clove,  
So with the way erst made on her she flew on swift and soft;  
And first Sergestus doth she leave stayed on the rock  
aloft,  
Striving in shallows' tanglement, calling for help in vain,  
And learning with his broken oars a little way to gain  
Then Gyas and Chimæra's bulk he holdeth hard in chase,  
Who, from her lack of helmsman lost, must presently give  
place  
And now at very end of all Cloanthus is the last  
With whom to deal his most he strives, and presseth on  
him fast.  
Then verily shout thrusts on shout, and all with all good-  
will  
Cry on the chase, their echoing noise the very lift doth fill.  
These, thinking shame of letting fall their hardly-gotten  
gain  
Of glory's meed, to buy the praise with very life are  
fain,  
Those, fed on good-hap, all things may, because they deem  
they may  
The twain, perchance, head laid to head, had won the prize  
that day,  
But if Cloanthus both his palms had stretched to seaward  
there,  
And called upon the Gods to aid and poured forth eager  
prayer

‘O Gods, whose lordship is the sea, whose waters I run  
o’er,

Now glad will I, your debtor bound, by altars on the shore  
Bring forth for you a snow-white bull, and cast amid the  
brine

His inner meat, and pour abroad a flowing of fair wine ’

He spake, and all the Nereids’ choir hearkened the words  
he said

Down ’neath the waves, and Phorcus’ folk, and Panopea the  
maid,

Yea, and the sire Portunus thrust the keel with mighty hand  
Upon its way, and arrow-swift it flew on toward the land,  
Swift as the South, and there at rest in haven deep it lies.

But now Anchises’ seed, all men being summoned in due  
wise,

Proclaims Cloanthus victor there by loud-voiced herald’s  
shout,

And with green garland of the bay he does his brows about.

VIRGIL. *Trans. by WILLIAM MORRIS.*

202. *From ‘The Golden Apples’*

IT once befell that in a quiet bay  
A ship of Tyre was swinging nigh the shore,  
Her folk for sailing handling rope and oar.

Fresh was the summer morn, a soft wind stole  
Down from the sheep-browsed slopes the cliffs that crowned,  
And ruffled lightly the long gleaming roll



Of the peaceful sea, and bore along the sound  
Of shepherd-folk and sheep and questing hound,  
For in the first dip of the hillside there  
Lay bosomed 'mid its trees a homestead fair

Amid regrets for last night, when the moon,  
Risen on the soft dusk, shone on maidens' feet  
Brushing the gold-heart lilies to the tune  
Of pipes complaining, o'er the grass down-beat  
That mixed with dewy flowers its odours sweet,  
The shipmen laboured, till the sail unfurled  
Swung round the prow to meet another world.

The fourth day, about sunrise, from the mast  
The watch cried out he saw Phœnician land,  
Whereat the Strong Man on the elder cast  
A look askance, and he straight took his stand  
A-nigh the prow, and gazed beneath his hand  
Upon the low sun and the scarce-seen shore,  
Till cloud-flecks rose, and gathered and drew o'er

The morn grown cold, then small rain 'gan to fall,  
And all the wind dropped dead, and hearts of men  
Sank, and their bark seemed helpless now and small,  
Then suddenly the wind 'gan moan again;  
Sails flapped, and ropes beat wild about, and then  
Down came the great east wind, and the ship ran  
Straining, heeled o'er, through seas all changed and wan

Westward, scarce knowing night from day, they drave  
Through sea and sky grown one, the Strong Man  
wrought  
With mighty hands, and seemed a god to save,

But on the prow, heeding all weather nought,  
The elder stood, nor any prop he sought,  
But swayed to the ship's wallowing, as on wings  
He there were set above the wrack of things.

And westward still they drave, and if they saw  
Land upon either side, as on they sped,  
'Twas but as faces in a dream may draw  
Anigh, and fade, and leave nought in their stead,  
And in the shipmen's hearts grew heavy dread  
To sick despair, they deemed they should drive on  
Till the world's edge and empty space were won.

But 'neath the Strong Man's eyes e'en as they might  
They toiled on still; and he sang to the wind,  
And spread his arms to meet the waters white,  
As o'er the deck they tumbled, making blind  
The brine-drenched shipmen, nor with eye unkind  
He gazed up at the lightning, nor would frown  
When o'er the wet waste Jove's bolt rattled down.

And they, who at the last had come to think  
Their guests were very gods, with all their fear  
Feared nought belike that their good ship would sink  
Amid the storm, but rather looked to hear  
The last moan of the wind that them should bear  
Into the windless stream of ocean grey,  
Where they should float till dead was every day.

Yet their fear mocked them, for the storm 'gan die  
About the tenth day, though unto the west  
They drave on still, soon fair and quietly  
The morn would break; and though amid their rest  
Nought but long evil wandering seemed the best

That they might hope for , still, despite their dread,  
Sweet was the quiet sea and goodlihead

Of the bright sun at last come back again ,  
And as the days passed, less and less fear grew,  
If without cause, till faded all their pain ;  
And they 'gan turn unto their guests anew,  
Yet durst ask nought of what that evil drew  
Upon their heads , or of returning speak.  
Happy they felt, but listless, spent, and weak.

. . . . .

' And at the dawn he came into a bay  
Where the sea, ebb'd far down, left wastes of sand,  
Walled from the green earth by great cliffs and grey ,  
Then he looked up, and wondering there did stand,  
For strange things lay in slumber on the strand ,  
Strange counterparts of what the firm earth hath  
Lay scattered all about his weary path .

' Sea-lions and sea-horses and sea-kine,  
Sea-boars, sea-men, strange-skinned, of wondrous hair ;  
And in their midst a man who seemed divine  
For changeless eld, and round him women fair,  
Clad in the sea-webs glassy green and clear,  
With gems on head and girdle, limb and breast,  
Such as earth knoweth not among her best

' A moment at the fair and wondrous sight  
He stared, then, since the heart in him was good,  
He went about with careful steps and light  
Till o'er the sleeping sea-god now he stood ;  
And if the white-foot maids had stirred his blood  
As he passed by, no other thoughts had place  
Within his heart when he beheld that face.

\*

‘ For Nereus now he knew, who knows all things ,  
 And to himself he said, ‘ If I prevail,  
 Better than by some god-wrought eagle-wings  
 Shall I be holpen , ’ then he cried out ‘ Hail,  
 O Nereus ! lord of shifting hill and dale !  
 Arse and wrestle ; I am Hercules !  
 Not soon now shalt thou meet the ridgy seas ’

‘ And mightily he cast himself on him ,  
 And Nereus cried out shrilly , and straightway  
 That sleeping crowd, fair maid with half-hid limb,  
 Strange man and green-haired beast, made no delay,  
 But glided down into the billows grey,  
 And, by the lovely sea embraced, were gone,  
 While they two wrestled on the sea strand lone ’

WILLIAM MORRIS

203

*The Bark of Clanranald*

(BIRLINN CHLANN-RAONUILL)

*The Blessing of the Ship*

MAY God bless the bark of Clan-Ranald,  
 The first day she floats on the brine !  
 Himself and his strong men to man her,  
 The heroes whom none can outshine !  
 May the Holy Trinity’s blessing  
 Rule the hurricane breath of the air,  
 And swept be the rough wild waters,  
 To draw us to haven fair.

Father, Creator of Ocean,  
 Of each wind that blows on the deep,  
 Bless our slim bark and our gallants,  
 Herself and her crew safe keep  
 And Thou, O Son, bless our anchor,  
 Our sails, shrouds, and helm do thou bless,  
 Each tackle that hangs from our masts,  
 And guide us to port in peace.  
 Our mast-hoops and yards do thou bless,  
 Our masts and our ropes one and all,  
 Our stays and our haulyards preserve,  
 And let no mischance befall  
 The Holy Ghost be at the helm,  
 And show the right track to go,  
 He knoweth each port 'neath the sun,  
 On His care ourselves we throw

ALEXANDER NICOLSON.

204. *The Manning of the Birlinn*

*The Sailing*

THE sun had opened golden yellow,  
 From his case,  
 Though still the sky wore dark and drumly  
 A scarr'd and frowning face  
 Then troubled, tawny, dense, dun-bellied,  
 Scowling and sea-blue,  
 Every dye that's in the tartan  
 O'er it grew  
 Far away to the wild westward  
 Grim it lowered,  
 Where rain-charged clouds on thick squalls wandering  
 Loomed and towered.

Up they raised the speckled sails through  
    Cloud-like light,  
And stretched them on the mighty halyards,  
    Tense and tight.  
High on the mast so tall and stately—  
    Dark-red in hue—  
They set them firmly, set them surely,  
    Set them true.  
Round the iron pegs the ropes ran,  
    Each its right ring through;  
Thus having ranged the tackle rarely,  
    Well and carefully,  
Every man sat waiting bravely,  
    Where he ought to be  
For now the airy windows opened,  
    And from spots of bluish grey  
Let loose the keen and crabbed wild winds—  
    A fierce band were they—  
'Twas then his dark cloak the ocean  
    Round him drew  
Dusky, livid, ruffling, whirling,  
    Round at first it flew,  
Till up he swell'd to mountains, or to glens,  
    Dishevelled, rough, sank down—  
While the kicking, tossing waters  
    All in hills had grown.  
Its blue depth opened in huge maws,  
    Wild and devouring,  
Down which, clasped in deadly struggles,  
    Fierce strong waves were pouring  
It took a man to look the storm-winds  
    Right in the face—  
As they lit up the sparkling spray on every surge-hill

In their fiery race  
The waves before us, shrilly yelling,  
    Raised their high heads hoar,  
While those behind, with moaning trumpets,  
    Gave a bellowing roar.  
When we rose up aloft, majestic,  
    On the heaving swell,  
Need was to pull in our canvas  
    Smart and well  
When she sank down with one huge swallow  
    In the hollow glen,  
Every sail she bore aloft  
    Was given her then  
The drizzling surges high and roaring  
    Rush'd on us louting,  
Long ere they were near us come,  
    We heard their shouting —  
They roll'd sweeping up the little waves  
    Scourging them bare,  
Till all became one threatening swell,  
    Our steersman's care.  
When down we fell from off the billows'  
    Towering shaggy edge,  
Our keel was well-nigh hurled against  
    The shells and sedge,  
The whole sea was lashing, dashing,  
    All through other  
It kept the seals and mightiest monsters  
    In a pother!  
The fury and the surging of the water,  
    And our good ship's swift way  
Spatter'd their white brains on each billow,  
    Livid and grey

With piteous wailing and complaining  
    All the storm-tossed horde,  
Shouted out ' We'ie now your subjects ,  
    Drag us on the board.'  
And the small fish of the ocean  
    Turn'd over their white breast—  
Dead, innumerable, with the raging  
    Of the furious sea's unrest.  
The stones and shells of the deep channel  
    Were in motion ,  
Swept from out their lowly bed  
    By the tumult of the ocean ,  
Till the sea, like a great mess of pottage,  
    Troubled, muddy grew  
With the blood of many mangled creatures,  
    Dirty red in hue—  
When the horn'd and clawy wild beasts,  
    Short-footed, splay,  
With great wailing gumless mouths  
    Huge and wide open lay.  
But the whole deep was full of spectres,  
    Loose and sprawling  
With the claws and with the tails of monsters,  
    Pawing, squalling  
It was frightful even to hear them  
    Screech so loudly ,  
The sound might move full fifty heroes  
    Stepping proudly.  
Our whole crew grew dull of hearing  
    In the tempest's scowl,  
So sharp the quavering cries of demons  
    And the wild beasts' howl.  
With the oaken planks the weltering waves were wrestling



In their noisy splashing,  
While the sharp beak of our swift ship  
On the sea-pigs came dashing  
The wind kept still renewing all its wildness  
In the far West,  
Till with every kind of strain and trouble  
We were sore distress'd  
We were blinded with the water  
Showering o'er us ever,  
And the awful night like thunder,  
And the lightning ceasing never  
The bright fireballs in our tackling  
Flamed and smoked,  
With the smell of burning brimstone  
We were well-nigh choked.  
All the elements above, below,  
Against us wrought,  
Earth and wind and fire and water,  
With us fought  
But when the evil one defied the sea  
To make us yield,  
At last, with one bright smile of pity,  
Peace with us she seal'd  
Yet not before our yards were injured,  
And our sails were rent,  
Our poops were strained, our oars were weaken'd,  
All our masts were bent  
Not a stay but we had started,  
Our tackling all was wet and splashy,  
Nails and couplings, twisted, broken.  
Feeshie, fashie,  
All the thwarts and all the gunwale  
Everywhere confess'd,

And all above and all below,  
    How sore they had been press'd  
Not a bracket, not a rib,  
    But the storm had loosed ,  
Fore and aft from stem to stern,  
    All had got confused  
Not a tiller but was split,  
    And the helm was wounded ,  
Every board its own complaint  
    Sadly sounded  
Every trennel, every fastening  
    Had been giving way ,  
Not a board remain'd as firm  
    As at the break of day  
Not a bolt in her but started,  
    Not a rope the wind that bore,  
Not a part of the whole vessel  
    But was weaker than before.  
The sea spoke to us its peace prattle  
    At the cross of Islay's Kyle,  
And the rough wind, bitter boaster !  
    Was restrained for one good while  
The tempest rose from off us into places  
    Lofty in the upper air,  
And after all its noisy barking  
    Ruffled round us fau  
Then we gave thanks to the High King,  
    Who rein'd the wind's rude breath,  
And saved our good Clan Ranald  
    From a bad and brutal death.  
Then we furl'd up the fine and speckled sails  
    Of linen wide,  
And we took down the smooth red dainty masts,

And laid them by the side—  
 On our long and slender polish'd oars  
 Together leaning—  
 They were all made of the fir cut by Mac Barais  
 In Eilean Fionain—  
 We went with our smooth, dashing rowing,  
 And steady shock,  
 Till we reach'd the good port round the point  
 Of Fergus' Rock.  
 There casting anchor peacefully  
 We calmly rode,  
 We got meat and drink in plenty,  
 And there we abode.

*From the Gaelic. Trans by ALEXANDER MACDONALD.*

205.

*The Daemon Lover*

How a woman of Aberdeen, the wife of a ship-carpenter, was carried away by the spirit of a dead lover

'O WHERE have ye been, my dearest dear,  
 These seven long years and more?'  
 'I am come to seek my former vows,  
 That ye promised me before'

'Away with your former vows,' she says,  
 'Or else ye will breed strife,  
 Away with your former vows,' she says,  
 'For I am become a wife.

‘ I am married to a ship-carpenter,  
A ship-carpenter he’s bound,  
I would not he knew my mind this night,  
For twice five hundred pound ’

(*Stanza lost*)

She has put her foot on good ship-board,  
And on ship-board she’s gone,  
And the veil that hung over her face  
Was all with gold begone.

She had not sailed a league, a league,  
A league but barely two,  
Till she did mind on the husband she left,  
And her wee young son also

‘ O, hold your tongue, my dearest dear,  
Let all your follies abee,  
I’ll show where the white lilies grow,  
On the banks of Italie ’

She had not sailed a league, a league,  
A league but barely three,  
Till grim, grim grew his countenance,  
And gurly grew the sea

‘ O, hold your tongue, my dearest dear,  
Let all your follies abee,  
I’ll show where the white lilies grow,  
In the bottom of the sea ! ’

He’s taken her by the milk-white hand,  
And he’s thrown her in the main,  
And full five-and-twenty hundred ships  
Sank all on the coast of Spain

206.

*Sir Patrick Spens*

THE king sits in Dunfermline town  
Drinking the blude-red wine :  
' O whare will I get a skeely skipper  
To sail this new ship o' mine ' '

O up and spak an eldern knight,  
Sat at the king's right knee  
' Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor  
That ever sailed the sea '

Our king has written a braid letter  
And sealed it wi' his hand,  
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,  
Was walking on the strand

' To Noroway, to Noroway,  
To Noroway o'er the faem ,  
The King's daughter o' Noroway,  
'Tis thou maun bring her hame '

The first word that Sir Patrick read,  
So loud, loud laughèd he ,  
The neist word that Sir Patrick read,  
The tear blinded hrs e'e

' O wha is this has done this deed,  
And tauld the king o' me,  
To send us out at this time o' year  
To sail upon the sea '

' Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet,  
Our ship must sail the faem ,  
The king's daughter o' Noroway,  
'Tis we must fetch her hame '

They hoysed their sails on Monenday morn  
Wi' a' the speed they may,  
They hae landed in Noroway  
Upon a Wodensday

They hadna been a week, a week,  
In Noroway, but twae,  
When that the lords o' Noroway  
Began aloud to say

'Ye Scottishmen spend a' our King's goud  
And a' our Queenis fee'  
'Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud,  
Fu' loud I hear ye lie'

'For I brought as mickle white monie  
As gane my men and me,  
And I brought a half-fou of gude red goud,  
Out o'er the sea wi' me

'Make ready, make ready—my merry men a'  
Our gude ship sails the morn'  
'Now, ever alake, my master dear,  
I fear a deadly storm'

'I saw the new moon, late yestreen,  
Wi' the auld moon in her arm,  
And if we gang to sea, master,  
I fear we'll come to harm'

They hadna sailed a league, a league,  
A league but barely three,  
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,  
And gurlly grew the sea

The ankers brak, and the topmasts lap,  
It was sic a deadly storm,  
And the waves cam o'er the broken ship  
Till a' her sides were torn.

'O where will I get a gude sailor  
To take my helm in hand,  
Till I get up to the tall topmast  
To see if I can spy land?'

'O here am I, a sailor gude,  
To take the helm in hand,  
Till you go up to the tall topmast;  
But I fear you'll ne'er spy land'

He hadna gane a step, a step,  
A step but barely ane,  
When a bout flew out of our goodly ship,  
And the salt sea it came in.

'Gae, fetch a web o' the silken claith,  
Anther o' the twine,  
And wap them into our ship's side,  
And let nae the sea come in'

They fetched a web o' the silken claith,  
Another o' the twine,  
And they wapped them round that gude ship's side,  
But still the sea cam in.

O laith, laith were our gude Scots lords  
To weet their cork-heeled shoon,  
But lang ere a' the play was played  
They wat their hats aboon.

And mony was the feather bed,  
That flattered on the faem,  
And mony was the gude lord's son,  
That never mair cam hame.

O lang, lang may the ladies sit  
Wi' their fans into their hand,  
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens  
Come sailing to the strand !

And lang, lang may the maidens sit  
Wi' their gowd kames in their hair,  
A' waiting for their ain dear loves !  
For them they'll see nae mair.

Half owre half owre to Aberdour,  
It's fifty fathoms deep,  
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,  
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

207

*The Lass of Lochroyan*

' O WHA will shoe my bonny foot ?  
And wha will glove my hand ?  
And wha will lace my middle jump,  
Wi' a lang, lang linen band ?

' O who will kame my yellow hair,  
With a haw bayberry kame ?  
And wha will be my babe's father,  
Till Gregory come hame ? '



‘Thy father, he will shoe thy foot,  
Thy brother will glove thy hand,  
Thy mother will bind thy middle jump  
Wi’ a lang, lang linen band’

‘Thy sister will kame thy yellow hair,  
Wi’ a haw bayberry kame,  
The Almighty will be thy babe’s father,  
Till Gregory come hame.’—

‘And wha will build a bonny ship,  
And set it on the sea’  
For I will go to seek my love,  
My ain love Gregory.’

Up then spak her father dear,  
A wafu’ man was he,  
‘And I will build a bonny ship,  
And set her on the sea.

‘And I will build a bonny ship,  
And set her on the sea,  
And ye shall go and seek your love,  
Your ain love Gregory.’

Then he’s gart build a bonny ship,  
An’ set it on the sea,  
With four-and-twenty mariners  
To bear her company

O he’s gart build a bonny ship,  
To sail on the salt sea;  
The mast was o’ the beaten gold,  
The sails o’ cramoisie.

The sides were o' the gude stout aik,  
The deck o' mountain pine,  
The anchor o' the silver shene,  
The ropes o' silken twine.

She hadna sailed but twenty leagues,  
But twenty leagues and three,  
When she met wi' a rank reiver,  
And a' his companie

'Now are ye Queen of Heaven high,  
Come to pardon a' our sin?  
Or are ye Mary Magdalane,  
Was born at Bethlehem?'—

'I'm no' the Queen of Heaven high,  
Come to pardon ye your sin,  
Nor am I Mary Magdalane,  
Was born in Bethlehem

But I'm the lass of Lochroyan,  
That's sailing on the sea,  
To see if I can find my love,  
My ain love Gregory.'—

'O, see na ye yon bonny bower  
It's a' covered owre wi' tin,  
When thou hast sail'd it round about,  
Lord Gregory is within'

And when she saw the stately tower,  
Shining both clear and bright,  
Which stood aboon the jawing wave,  
Built on a rock of height,

Says, 'Row the boat, my mariners,  
And bring me to the land,  
For yonder I see my love's castle,  
Close by the salt sea strand'

- She sailed it round, and sailed it round,  
And loud and loud cried she,  
'Now break, now break your fairy charms,  
And set my true-love free.'

She's ta'en her young son in her arms,  
And to the door she's gane,  
And long she knock'd, and sair she called,  
But answer got she nane

'O! open, open, Gregory!  
O! open if ye be within,  
For here's the lass of Lochroyan,  
Come far fra kith and kin

'O open the door, Lord Gregory!  
O open and let me in!  
The wind blows loud and cauld, Gregory,  
The rain drops fra my clün

'The shoe is frozen to my foot,  
The glove unto my hand,  
The wet drops fra my yellow hair,  
Na longer daw I stand'

O up then spake his ill mither,  
—An ill death may she die!  
'Ye're no the lass of Lochroyan,  
She's far out-owre the sea.

‘Awa’, awa’, ye ill woman,  
Ye’re no’ come here for gude,  
Ye’re but some witch or wil’ warlock,  
Or mermaid o’ the flood’—

‘I am neither witch nor wil’ warlock,  
Nor mermaid o’ the sea,  
But I am Annie of Lochroyan,  
O open the door to me!’

‘Gin ye be Annie of Lochroyan,  
As I trow thou binna she,  
Now tell me of some love-tokens  
That pass’d ’tween thee and me’

‘O dinna ye mind, love Gregory,  
As we sat at the wine,  
We changed the rings frae our fingers  
And I can shew thee thine

‘O yours was gude and gude enough,  
But ay the best was mine,  
For yours was o’ the gude red gowd,  
But mine o’ the diamond fine.

‘Yours was o’ the gude red gowd,  
Mine o’ the diamond fine,  
Mine was o’ the purest troth,  
But thine was false within.’—

‘If ye be the lass of Lochroyan,  
As I kenna thou be,  
Tell me some mair o’ the love-tokens  
Pass’d between thee and me’—

‘ And dinna ye mind, love Gregory,  
As we sat on the hill,  
Thou twin’d me o’ my maidenheid,  
Right sair against my will ’

Now open the door, love Gregory,  
Open the door ! I pray,  
For thy young son is in my arms,  
And will be dead ere day ’—

‘ Ye lie, ye lie, ye ill woman,  
So loud I hear ye lie,  
For Annie of the Lochroyan  
Is far out-owre the sea ’

Fair Annie turned her round about  
‘ Well, sin’e that it be sae,  
May ne’er woman that has borne a son  
Hae a heart s’ fu’ a woe

‘ Tak down, tak down that mast o’ gowd,  
Set up a mast of tree,  
It disna become a forsaken lady  
To sail sae royallie ’

When the cock had crawn, and the day did dawn,  
And the sun began to peep,  
Up then raise Lord Gregory,  
And sair, sair deep he weep

‘ O I hae dreamed a dream, mither,  
I wish it may bring good !  
That the bonny lass of Lochroyan  
At my bower window stood.

‘ O I hae dreamed a dream, mither,  
The thought o’t gars me greet !  
That fair Annie of Lochroyan  
Lay dead at my bed feet ’—

‘ Gin it be for Annie of Lochroyan  
That you mak a’ this mane,  
She stood last night at your bower-door,  
But I hae sent her hame ’—

‘ O wae betide ye, ill woman,  
An ill death may ye die,  
That wadna open the door yoursell,  
Nor yet wad waken me.’

O he’s gane down to yon shore-side,  
As fast as he could dree,  
And there he saw fair Annie’s bark  
A-rowing owre the sea.

‘ O Annie, Annie,’ loud he cried,  
‘ O Annie, O Annie, bide ! ’  
But ay the mair he cried ‘ Anuic’,  
The braider grew the tide

‘ O Annie, Annie, dear Annie,  
Dear Annie, speak to me ! ’  
But ay the louder he ’gan cāll,  
The louder roared the sea.

The wind blew loud, the waves rose hie,  
And dashed the boat on shore,  
Fair Annie’s corpse was in the faem,  
The babe rose never more.

Lord Gregory tore his gowden locks  
And made a wafu' moan,  
Fair Annie's corpse lay at his feet,  
His bonny son was gone.

O cherry, cherry was her cheek,  
And gowden was her hair,  
And coral, coral was her lips,  
Nane might with her compare

Then first he kissed her pale, pale cheek,  
And syne he kissed her chin,  
And syne he kissed her wane, wane lips,  
There was na breath within

'O wae betide my ill mither,  
An ill death may she die'  
She turned my true-love frae my door,  
Who cam so far to me

'O wae betide my ill mither,  
An ill death may she die,  
She has not been the deid of one,  
But she's been the deid of three.'

Then he's ta'en out a little dart,  
Hung low down by his gore,  
He thrust it through and through his heart  
And words spak never more

208

*The Lawlands o' Holland*

‘**T**HE love that I hae chosen,  
 I’ll therewith be content,  
 The saut sea sall be frozen  
 Before that I repent  
 Repent it sall I never  
 Until the day I dee,  
 But the Lawlands o’ Holland  
 Hae twinn’d<sup>1</sup> my love and me

‘My love he built a bonny ship,  
 And set her to the main,  
 Wi’ twenty-four brave mariners  
 To sail her out and hame.  
 But the weary wind began to rise,  
 The sea began to rout,  
 And my love and his bonny ship  
 Turned withershins about.

‘There sall nae mantle cross my back,  
 No kaim gae in my hair,  
 Neither sall coal nor candle-light  
 Shine in my bower mair,  
 Nor sall I choose anither love,  
 Until the day I dee,  
 Sin’ the Lawlands o’ Holland,  
 Hae twinn’d my love and me’

‘Noo haud your tongue, my daughter dear,  
 Be still, and bide content,  
 There’s ither lads in Galloway,  
 Ye needna sair lament’

<sup>1</sup> twinn’d] separated



‘ O there is nane in Galloway,  
 There ’s nane at a’ for me  
 I never lo’ed a lad but ane,  
 And he ’s drown’d in the sea ’

THERE was a rich lord, and he lived in Forfar,  
 He had a fair lady, and one only dochter.

O she was fair, O dear, she was bonnie !  
 A ship’s captain courted her to be his honey

There cam a ship’s captain out owre the sea sailing,  
 He courted this young thing till he got her wi’ bairn.

‘ Ye’ll steal your father’s gowd, and your mother’s money,  
 And I’ll mak ye a lady in Ireland bonnie ’

She ’s stown her father’s gowd, and hei mother’s money,  
 But she was never a lady in Ireland bonnie

‘ There’s fey fowk in our ship, she winna sail for me,  
 There’s fey folk in our ship, she winna sail for me ’

They’ve casten black bullets twice six and forty,  
 And ae the black bullet fell on bonnie Annie

‘ Ye’ll tak me in your arms twa, lo, lift me cannie,  
 Throw me out owre board, your ain dear Annie ’

He has tane her in his arms twa, lo, lifted her cannie,  
 He has laid her on a bed of down, his ain dear Annie

‘ What can a woman do, love, I’ll do for ye’,  
 ‘ Muckle can a woman do, ye canna do for me ’

‘Lay about, steer about, lay our ship cannie,  
Do all ye can to save my dear Annie.’

‘I’ve laid about, steerd about, laid about cannie,  
But all I can do, she winna sail for me.’

‘Ye’ll tak her in your arms twa, lo, lift her cannie,  
And throw her out owre board, your ain dear Annie.’

He has tane her in his arms twa, lo, lifted her cannie,  
He has thrown her out owre board, his ain dear Annie.

As the ship sailed, bonnie Annie she swam,  
And she was at Ireland as soon as them

He made his love a coffin of the gowd sae yellow,  
And buried his bonnie love down in a sea valley.

210 *Brown Robyn’s Confession*

**I**T fell upon a Wodensday  
Brown Robyn’s men went to sea,  
But they saw neither moon nor sun  
Nor starlight with their e’e

‘We’ll cast kevels<sup>1</sup> us amang,  
See wha the man may be :’  
The kevel fell on Brown Robyn,  
The master man was hee

‘It is nae wonder,’ said Brown Robyn,  
‘Altho’ I dinna thrive,  
(For I murthed my auld father’ says he,  
‘I would he were yet alive!’)

<sup>1</sup> lots

‘ But tie me to a plank o’ wood,  
 And throw me in the sea ,  
 And if I sink, ye may bid me sink,  
 If I swim, just let me be ’

They’ve tied him to a plank o’ wood,  
 And thrown him in the sea ;  
 He didna sink, tho’ they bade him sink,  
 He swim’d, and they lat him be

He hadna been into the sea  
 An hour but barely three,  
 Till by and came our Blessed Ladie,  
 Her dear young son her wi’

‘ Will ye gang to your men again ?  
 Or will ye gang wi’ me ?  
 Will ye gang to the high heavens  
 Wi’ my dear son and me ? ’

‘ I winna gang to my men again,  
 For they wou’d be fear’d at me ,  
 But I wou’d gang to the high heavens  
 With thy dear son and thee ’

‘ It’s for nae honour ye did, Brown Robyn,  
 It’s for nae gude ye did to me ,  
 But it’s a’ for your fair confession  
 You’ve made upon the sea ’

**T**HERE dwells a lady in Denmark,  
 Lady Hillers lyle men her ca’ ,  
 And she’s gar’d bigg a new castell,  
 That shines o’er Denmark a’

Her daughter was stown awa frae her,  
She sought for her wide-where,  
But the mair she sought, the less she fand,  
That works her mickle care

And she's gar'd bigg a new ship,  
Wi' vanes o' flaming gold,  
Wi' mony a knight and mariner,  
Sae stark in stour, bestowed.

She's followed her sons down to the strand  
And seen them sailing free,  
And wull and waif for eight lang years  
They sailed upon the sea

And eight years wull and waif, they sailed,  
O' months that seemed sae lang,  
Syne they sail'd afore a high castell,  
And to the land can gang

And the young daughter Svanè lyle,  
In the bower that was the best,  
Says, 'where frae come you foreign swains  
Wi' us this night to guest?'

Then up and spak her youngest brither  
Sae wisely ay spak he,  
'We are a widow's three poor sons,  
Lang wilder'd on the sea

'In Denmark were we born and bred,  
Lady Hillers was our mither,  
Our sister frae us was stown awa,  
We find na where nor whither.'

‘ In Denmark were ye born and bred ’  
Was Lady Hillers your mither ’  
I can nae longer hold frae thee,  
Thou art my youngest brither.

‘ And hear ye this, my bonny boy,  
Why came ye o’er the faem ’  
Thy bonny neckbone will be cut  
When my gudeman comes hame ’

She’s set him in the weirst nook  
She in the house can meet  
- She’s bidden him for the high God’s sake  
Neither to laugh nor greet.

When Rosmer hame from Zeeland came,  
He took on to ban ,  
‘ I smell fu’ weel, by my right hand,  
That here is a Christian man ’

‘ There cam a bird,’ quo’ the Svanè lyle,  
‘ Wi’ a man’s bone in his mouth ,  
He coost it in, and I cast it out,  
As fast as e’er I couth.’

But wihly can she Rosmer win ,  
She claps him tenderly,  
‘ It’s here is come my sister’s son ,  
Gin I lose him, I’ll dee

‘ It’s here is come my sister’s son,  
Frac baith our father’s land ,  
And I ha’e pledged him faith and troth,  
That ye will not him ban ’

' And is he come, thy sister's son,  
Frae thy father's land to thee '  
Then I will swear my highest aith  
He's dree nae scaith frae me '

'Twas then the high King Rosmer,  
He ca'd on pages twae  
' Ye bid Queen Svanè's sister's son  
To the chamber afore me gae '

When proud Queen Svanè's brither stood  
By the high King Rosmer's hand,  
A strong quake quook in his blood,  
Sae as he scarce coud stand

And Rosmer took the young wee lad  
Upo' his lairdly knee,  
He clappit him sae luifsomely,  
He turned baith blue and blee

And up and spak Queen Svanè lyle,  
' Sir Rosmer, ye're to learn,  
' That your ten fingers arena sma,  
To clap sae wee a bairn '

## PART SECOND

He has stayed there till, the fifteenth year,  
He green'd for hame and land,  
With ' Help me now, dear Svanè lyle,  
To be set on the white sand '

It was proud Lady Svanè lyle,  
Afore Rosmer doth stand.  
' This lad sae lang i' the sea has been,  
He greens for hame and land '

‘ If the lad sae lang in the sea has been,  
And greens for hame and land,  
Then I’ll gie him a kist o’ gold  
Sae fitting till his hand ’

‘ And will ye gie him a kist o’ gold,  
Sae fitting till his hand ’  
Then hear ye, my noble heart’s dear,  
Ye bear them baith to land ’

Then wrought proud Lady Svanè lyle,  
What Rosmer little wist,  
For she’s ta’en out the gold sae red.  
And laid herself in the kist

He’s ta’en the man upon his back,  
The kist in his mouth took he,  
And he has gane the lang way up  
Frae the bottom o’ the sea.

‘ Now I ha’e borne thee to the land;  
Thou seest baith sun and moon,  
Thank Lady Svanè for the grace,  
I beg thee as a boon ’

And Rosmer sprang i’ the salt sea out,  
‘ And jauped it up i’ the sky,  
But when he cam to his castell hame  
Nae Svanè lyle could he spy

When he cam till the castell in  
His dearest awa was gane,  
He stampit strang as he were thrang  
‘ Drew sparks frae the flint stane.

But blithe was the Lady Hillers' house,  
 Wi' welcome joy and glee,  
 Hame to their friends her bairns were come,  
 That had been lang in the sea

112. *The Merman or Marstig's Daughter*

NOW rede me, dear mither, a sonsy<sup>1</sup> rede<sup>2</sup>,  
 A sonsy rede swythe<sup>3</sup> rede to me,  
 How Marstig's daughter I may fa',  
 My love and lenman gay to be

She's made him a steed o' the clear water,  
 A saddle and bridle o' sand made she,  
 She's shap'd him into a knight sae fair,  
 Syne<sup>4</sup> into Mary's kirk-yard rade he

He's tied his steed to the kirk-stile,  
 Syne wrang-gaites<sup>5</sup> round the kirk gaod he,  
 When the Mer-Man entered the kirk-door,  
 Away the sma' images turned their e'e.

The priest afore the altar stood  
 'O what for a gude knight may this be?'  
 'He may leugh till hersell, and said,  
 'God gif that gude knight were for me!'

The Mer-man he stept o'er ae deas<sup>6</sup>,  
 And he has steppit over three  
 'O maiden, pledge me faith and troth!  
 O Marstig's daughter, gang wi' me!'

<sup>1</sup> pleasant      <sup>2</sup> tale      <sup>3</sup> swiftly      <sup>4</sup> Then  
                  <sup>5</sup> against the sun      <sup>6</sup> a peck



And she raught out her lily hand,  
 And pledged it to the knight sae free  
 'Hae, there's my faith and troth, sir knight,  
 And willingly I'll gang wi' thee'

Out frae the kirk gaed the bridal train,  
 And on they danced wi' fearless glee  
 And down they danced unto the strand,  
 Till twasome now alane they be.  
 'O Marstig's daughter, haud my steed,  
 And the bonniest ship I'll bigg<sup>1</sup> for thee'

And whan they came to the white sand,  
 To shore the sma' boats turning came,  
 And whan they came to the deep water,  
 The maiden sank in the saut sea faem  
 The shriek she shrieked amang the waves  
 Was heard far up upo' the land  
 'I rede gude ladies, ane and a',  
 They dance wi' nea sic unca<sup>2</sup> man'

*The Mermaid*

**T**O yon fause stream that, by the sea,  
 Hides mony an elf and plum,  
 And rives wi' fearful din the stanes,  
 A witless knight did come  
 The day shines clear Far in he's gane,  
 Whar shells are silver bright,  
 Fishes war loupin' a' aroun'  
 An' spaiklin' to the light

<sup>1</sup> build<sup>2</sup> uncanny, strange

When, as he laved, sounds came sae sweet  
Frae ilka rock ajee  
The brief was out, 'twas him it doomed  
The mermaid's face to see

Frae 'neath a rock sune, sune she rose,  
An' stately on she swam,  
Stopped i' the midst, and becked and sang  
For him to stretch his han'.

Gowden glist the yellow links  
That roun' her neck she'd twine,  
Her een war o' the skyie blue,  
Her lips did mock the wine

The smile upon her bonnie cheek  
Was sweeter than the bee,  
Her voice excell'd the birdie's sang  
Upon the birchen tree

Sae couthie, couthie did she look,  
And meikle had she fleech'd,  
Out shot his hand—alas! alas!  
Fast in the swul he screeched

The mermaid leuch'd, her brief was dane,  
The kelpie's blast was blawin'  
Fu' low she dived, ne'er cam' again,  
For deep, deep was the fawin'

Aboon the stream his wraith was seen  
Warlocks tirl'd lang at gloamin'  
That e'en was coarse, the blast blew hoarse  
Ere lang the waves war foamin'

(Ritornello *Su la fiur de l'aqua—su la fiur del mar*)

**O** MARINAR de la marina,  
 o cantè-me d'ìna cansun.  
 — Muntè, bela, sù la mia barca,  
 la cansun mi la canterò —  
 Quand la bela l'è stáita an barca,  
 bel marinar s'bùita a cantè.  
 L'àn navigà pi d'sincsent mia,  
 sempre cantand cula cansun.  
 Quand la cansun l'è stà fùrnia,  
 la bela a cà n'in vol turnè.  
 — Sei già luntan pi d'sincsent mia,  
 sei già luntan da vostra cà  
 — Coza durà la mama mia,  
 che n'a sto tant a riturnè ?  
 — Pensè pa pi a la vostra mama,  
 o pensè, bela, al marinar —  
 S'a n'in ven la meza noiteja,  
 n'in ven l'ura d'andè dūrmi  
 — O despojè-ve, o descaussè-ve,  
 cugei-ve sì cu'l marinar  
 — I m'sun sulà-me tanto sciassa,  
 che 'l gital poss pi dessulè.  
 O marinar de la marina,  
 o prestè-me la vostra spà,  
 Prestè, galant, la vostra speja,  
 che 'l me gital possa tajè —  
 Quand la bela l'à avù la speja,  
 an mes al cor a s'l'è piantà

<sup>1</sup> Translation in Notes

— O maledeta sia la speja,  
     e cula man ch'a i l'à prestà!  
 Ma s'i l'ái nen bazà-la viva,  
     a l'è morta la voi bazè —  
 A l'à pià-la j'er sue man bianche,  
     ant el mar a 'l l'à campè

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*Lo Mariner*<sup>1</sup>

**A**LA bora de la mar  
 — n' hi ha una donzella  
 Que 'n brodava un mocador  
 — qu' es per la reyna

Quan ne fou á mig brodat  
 — li faltá seda,  
 Veu veni' un bergantí y diu  
 — ' , Oh de la vela !

' Mariner, bon mariner  
 — , que 'n portéu seda ?'  
 ' De quin color la voléu  
 — blanca ó bermella ?'

' Bermelleta la vull jo  
 — que es millor seda '  
 ' Entráu dintre de la nau  
 — triaréu d' ella '

Quan es dintre de la nau  
 — la nau pren vela  
 Mariné 's posa á cantar  
 — cansons novellas

<sup>1</sup> Translation in Notes

Ab lo cant del mariner  
— s' es dormideta ;  
Ab lo soroll de la mar  
— ella 's desperta

Quan ella s' ha despertat  
— ja no 'n véu terra ,  
La nau es en alta mar,  
— pèl mar navega

' Mariner, bon mariner  
— portáume á terra  
Que á mi 'ls ayres de la mar  
— me 'n donan pena '

' Aixó sí que no 'u faré  
— qu'heu de sei meua '  
' De tres germanas que som  
— so la mes bella

' L' una es casada ab un duch  
— l'altra es princesa  
Y jo pobreta de mi  
— so marinera.

' L'una du faldillas d'or  
— l'altra de seda,  
Y jo pobreta de mi  
— 'n duch de estamenay '

' No n' es d'estamenya, no,  
— que n'es de seda,  
No sou marinera, no,  
— que 'n seréu reyna,

‘Que jo sò lo fill del rey  
— de l’Inglaterra,  
Y set anys que vaig pèl mar  
— per vos donzella.’

## 216 *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*

IN SEVEN PARTS

### ARGUMENT

How a Ship having passed the Line was driven by storms to the cold Country towards the South Pole, and how from thence she made her course to the tropical Latitude of the Great Pacific Ocean, and of the strange things that befell, and in what manner the Ancyent Marinere came back to his own Country

### PART I

**I**T is an ancient Mariner,  
And he stoppeth one of three  
‘By thy long grey beard and glittering eye,  
Now wherefore stopp’st thou me?’

An ancient  
Mariner  
meeteth three  
Gallants  
bidden to a  
wedding feast,  
and detaineth  
one

The Bridegroom’s doors are opened wide,  
And I am next of kin,  
The guests are met, the feast is set  
May’st hear the merry din’

He holds him with his skinny hand,  
‘There was a ship,’ quoth he  
‘Hold off! unhand me, grey-beard loon!’  
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye—  
The Wedding-Guest stood still,  
And listens like a three years’ child  
The Mariner hath his will

The Wedding  
Guest is spell-  
bound by the  
eye of the old  
seafaring man,  
and constrained  
to hear his tale

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone  
 He cannot choose but hear,  
 And thus spake on that ancient man,  
 The bright-eyed Mariner.

‘The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared.  
 Merrily did we drop  
 Below the kirk, below the hill,  
 Below the lighthouse top.

The Mariner  
 tells how the  
 ship sailed  
 southward with  
 a good wind  
 and fair  
 weather, till  
 it reached the  
 line

The Sun came up upon the left,  
 Out of the sea came he !  
 And he shone bright, and on the right  
 Went down into the sea

Higher and higher every day,  
 Till over the mast at noon—  
 The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,  
 For he heard the loud bassoon

The Wedding-  
 Guest heareth  
 the bridal  
 music, but the  
 Mariner con-  
 tinueth his tale

The bride hath paced into the hall,  
 Red as a rose is she,  
 Nodding their heads before her goes  
 The merry minstrelsy

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,  
 Yet he cannot choose but hear,  
 And thus spake on that ancient man,  
 The bright-eyed Mariner

The ship driven  
 by a storm to  
 ward the south  
 pole

‘And now the STORM-BLAST came, and he  
 Was tyrannous and strong .  
 He struck with his o’ertaking wings,  
 And chased us south along

With sloping masts and dipping prow,  
 As who pursued with yell and blow  
 Still treads the shadow of his foe,  
 And forward bends his head,  
 The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,  
 And southward aye we fled

And now there came both mist and snow,  
 And it grew wondrous cold  
 And ice, mast-high, came floating by,  
 As green as emerald

And through the drifts the snowy clifts  
 Did send a dismal sheen  
 Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—  
 The ice was all between

The land of ice  
 and of fearful  
 sounds where  
 no living thing  
 was to be seen

The ice was here, the ice was there,  
 The ice was all around  
 It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,  
 Like noises in a swound !

At length did cross an Albatross,  
 Thorough the fog it came ,  
 As if it had been a Christian soul,  
 We hailed it in God's name

Till a great  
 sea-bird, called  
 the Albatross,  
 came through  
 the snow fog,  
 and was re-  
 ceived with  
 great joy and  
 hospitality

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,  
 And round and round it flew  
 The ice did split with a thunder-fit ;  
 The helmsman steered us through !

And a good south wind sprung up behind ,  
 The Albatross did follow,  
 And every day, for food or play,  
 Came to the mariner's hollo !

And lo ! the  
 Albatross  
 proveth a bird  
 of good omen,  
 and followeth  
 the ship as it  
 returned north-  
 ward through fog  
 and floating ice



In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,  
 It perched for vespers nine,  
 Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,  
 Glimmered the white Moon-shine'

The ancient  
 Mariner in-  
 hospitably  
 killeth the pious  
 bird of good  
 omen

' God save thee, ancient Mariner !  
 From the fiends, that plague thee thus !—  
 Why look'st thou so ?'—With my cross-bow  
 I shot the ALBATROSS.

## PART II

The Sun now rose upon the right ·  
 Out of the sea came he,  
 Still hid in mist, and on the left  
 Went down into the sea

And the good south wind still blew behind,  
 But no sweet bird did follow,  
 Nor any day for food or play  
 Came to the mariners' hollo !

His shipmates  
 cry out against  
 the ancient  
 Mariner, for  
 killing the bird  
 of good luck

And I had done a hellish thing,  
 And it would work 'em woe .  
 For all averred, I had killed the bird  
 That made the breeze to blow.  
 Ah wretch ! said they, the bird to slay,  
 That made the breeze to blow !

Put when the  
 fog cleared off,  
 they justify the  
 same, and thus  
 make them  
 selves accom-  
 plices in the  
 crime

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,  
 The glorious Sun uprist  
 Then all averied, I had killed the bird  
 That brought the fog and mist  
 'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,  
 That bring the fog and mist

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,  
The furrow followed free,  
We were the first that ever burst  
Into that silent sea

The fair breeze  
continues, the  
ship enters the  
Pacific Ocean,  
and sails north  
ward, even till  
it reaches the  
Line

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,  
'Twas sad as sad could be,  
As we did speak only to break  
The silence of the sea !

The ship hath  
been suddenly  
becalmed

All in a hot and copper sky,  
The bloody Sun, at noon,  
Right up above the mast did stand,  
No bigger than the Moon.

Day after day, day after day,  
We stuck, nor breath nor motion ;  
As idle as a painted ship  
Upon a painted ocean

Water, water, every where,  
And all the boards did shrink,  
Water, water, every where,  
Nor any drop to drink

And the Alba  
tross begins to  
be avenged

The very deep did rot O Christ !  
That ever this should be !  
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs  
Upon the slimy sea

About, about, in reel and rout  
The death-fires danced at night,  
The water, like a witch's oils,  
Burnt green, and blue and white.

A Spirit had followed them,  
one of the in-  
visible inhabi-  
tants of this  
planet, neither  
departed souls  
nor angels, con-

cerning whom the learned Jew, Josephus, and the Platonic Constantinopolitan, Michael Psellus, may be consulted. They are very numerous, and there is no climate or element without one or more

And some in dreams assuréd were  
Of the Spirit that plagued us so,  
Nine fathom deep he had followed us  
From the land of mist and snow

And every tongue, through utter drought,  
Was withered at the root,  
We could not speak, no more than if  
We had been choked with soot

The shipmates,  
in their sore  
distress, would  
fain throw the  
whole guilt on  
the ancient  
Mariner in  
sign whereof  
they hang the  
dead sea bird  
round his neck

Ah ! well a-day ! what evil looks  
Had I from old and young !  
Instead of the cross, the Albatross  
About my neck was hung

### PART III

The ancient  
Mariner be-  
holdeth a sign  
in the element  
afar off

There passed a weary time. Each throat  
Was parched, and glazed each eye.  
A weary time ! a weary time !  
How glazed each weary eye,  
When looking westward, I beheld  
A something in the sky

At first it seemed a little speck,  
And then it seemed a mist,  
It moved and moved, and took at last  
A certain shape, I wist

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist !  
And still it neared and neared  
As if it dodged a water-sprite,  
It plunged and tacked and veered

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,  
We could nor laugh nor wail,  
Through utter drought all dumb we stood !  
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,  
And cried, A sail ! a sail !

At its nearer  
approach, it  
seemeth him  
to be a ship,  
and at a dear  
ransom he  
freeth his  
speech from  
the bonds of  
thirst

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,  
Agape they heard me call.  
Gramercy ! they for joy did grin,  
And all at once their breath drew in,  
As they were drinking all

A flash of joy,

See ! see ! (I cried) she tacks no more !  
Hither to work us weal,  
Without a breeze, without a tide,  
She steadies with upright keel !

And horror  
follows For  
can it be a  
ship that comes  
onward without  
wind or tide?

The western wave was all a-flame  
The day was well nigh done !  
Almost upon the western wave  
Rested the broad bright Sun,  
When that strange shape drove suddenly  
Betwixt us and the Sun

And straight the Sun was flecked with bars,  
(Heaven's Mother send us grace !)  
As if through a dungeon-grate he peered  
With broad and burning face

It seemeth him  
but the skeleton  
of a ship

Alas ! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)  
How fast she nears and nears !  
Are those *her* sails that glance in the Sun,  
Like restless gossameres ?

And its ribs  
are seen as  
bars on the  
face of the  
setting Sun

The Spectre-  
Woman and her  
Death mate,  
and no other  
on board the  
skeleton ship

Are those *her* ribs through which the Sun  
Did peer, as through a grate ?  
And is that Woman all her crew ?  
Is that a DEATH ? and are there two ?  
Is DEATH that woman's mate ?

Little vessel,  
like crew !

*Her* lips were red, *her* looks were free,  
Her locks were yellow as gold  
Her skin was as white as leprosy,  
The Night-mare LIFE-IN-DEATH was she,  
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

Death and  
Life in Death  
have diced for  
the ship's crew,  
and she (the  
latter) winneth  
the ancient  
Mariner

The naked hulk alongside came,  
And the twain were casting dice,  
'The game is done ! I've won ! I've won !'  
Quoth she, and whistles thrice

No twilight  
within the  
courts of the  
Sun

The Sun's rim dips, the stars rush out  
At one stride comes the dark,  
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,  
Off shot the spectre-bark

At the rising  
of the Moon,

We listened and looked sideways up !  
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,  
My life-blood seemed to sip !  
The stars were dim, and thick the night,  
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white,  
From the sails the dew did drip—  
Till clomb above the eastern bar  
The hornéd Moon, with one bright star  
Within the nether tip

One after  
another,

One after one, by the star-dogged Moon,  
Too quick for groan or sigh,  
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,  
And cursed me with his eye,

Four times fifty living men,  
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan)  
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,  
They dropped down one by one

His shipmates  
drop down  
dead

The souls did from their bodies fly,—  
They fled to bliss or woe !  
And every soul, it passed me by,  
Like the whizz of my cross-bow !

But Life in  
Death begins  
her work on  
the ancient  
Mariner

#### PART IV

'I fear thee, ancient Mariner !  
I fear thy skinny hand !  
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,  
As is the ribbed sea-sand

The Wedding-  
Guest feareth  
that a Spirit  
is talking to  
him ,

I fear thee and thy glittering eye,  
And thy skinny hand, so brown.'—  
Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest !  
This body dropt not down.

But the  
ancient Mariner  
assureth him  
of his bodily  
life, and pro-  
ceedeth to re-  
late his horrible  
penance

Alone, alone, all, all alone,  
Alone on a wide wide sea !  
And never a saint took pity on  
My soul in agony

He despiseth  
the creatures of  
the calm,

The many men, so beautiful !  
And they all dead did lie •  
And a thousand thousand slimy things  
Lived on, and so did I

And envieth  
that *they*  
should live,  
and so many  
lie dead.

I looked upon the rotting sea,  
And drew my eyes away,  
I looked upon the rotting deck,  
And there the dead men lay.

I looked to heaven, and tried to pray ,  
 But or ever a prayer had gusht,  
 A wicked whisper came, and made  
 My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,  
 ,And the balls like pulses beat ,  
 For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky  
 Lay like a load on my weary eye,  
 And the dead were at my feet

But the curse  
 liveth for him  
 in the eye of the  
 dead men

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,  
 Nor rot nor reek did they  
 The look with which they looked on me  
 Had never passed away

An orphan's curse would drag to hell  
 A spirit from on high ,  
 But oh ! more horrible than that  
 Is the curse in a dead man's eye !  
 Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,  
 And yet I could not die.

In his loneli-  
 ness and  
 fixedness he  
 yearneth  
 towards the  
 journeying  
 Moon, and the  
 stars that still  
 sojourn, yet still  
 move onward  
 and every where  
 the blue sky  
 belongs to them,  
 and is their  
 appointed rest,  
 and their native  
 country and their  
 own natural  
 homes, which they enter unannounced, as lords that are certainly expected and  
 yet there is a silent joy at their arrival.

The moving Moon went up the sky,  
 And no where did abide .  
 Softly she was going up,  
 And a star or two beside—  
 Her beams bemoaned the sultry main,  
 Like April hoar-frost spread ,  
 But where the ship's huge shadow lay,  
 The charmed water burnt alway  
 A still and awful red

Beyond the shadow of the ship,  
 I watched the water-snakes  
 They moved in tracks of shining white,  
 And when they reared the elfish light  
 Feil off in hoary flakes.

By the light  
 of the Moon  
 he beholdeth  
 God's crea-  
 tures of the  
 great calm

Within the shadow of the ship  
 I watched their rich attire  
 Blue, glossy green and velvet black,  
 They coiled and swam, and every track  
 Was a flash of golden fire.

O happy living things! no tongue  
 Their beauty might declare  
 A spring of love gushed from my heart,  
 And I blessed them unaware  
 Sure my kind saint took pity on me,  
 And I blessed them unaware

Their beauty  
 and their  
 happiness

He blesseth  
 them in his  
 heart.

The self-same moment I could pray,  
 And from my neck so free  
 The Albatross fell off, and sank  
 Like lead into the sea

The spell  
 begins to  
 break.

## PART V

Oh sleep! it is a gentle thing,  
 Beloved from pole to pole!  
 To Mary Queen the praise be given!  
 She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,  
 That slid into my soul

The silly buckets on the deck,  
 That had so long remained,  
 I dreamt that they were filled with dew,  
 And when I awoke, it rained

By grace of  
 the holy  
 Mother, the  
 ancient  
 Mariner is  
 refreshed  
 with rain



My lips were wet, my throat was cold,  
 My garments all were dank ;  
 Sure I had drunken in my dreams,  
 And still my body drank

I moved, and could not feel my limbs  
 I was so light—almost  
 I thought that I had died in sleep  
 And was a blessed ghost

He heareth  
 sounds and  
 seeth strange  
 sights and  
 commotions  
 in the sky and  
 the element

And soon I heard a roaring wind  
 It did not come anear ,  
 But with its sound it shook the sails,  
 That were so thin and sere.

The upper air burst into life !  
 And a hundred fire-flags sheen,  
 To and fro they were hurried about !  
 And to and fro, and in and out,  
 The wan stars danced between

And the coming wind did roar more loud,  
 And the sails did sigh like sedge ,  
 And the rain poured down from one black cloud ;  
 The Moon was at its edge

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still  
 The Moon was at its side •  
 Like waters shot from some high crag,  
 The lightning fell with never a jag,  
 A river steep and wide

The bodies of  
 the ship's crew  
 are inspired,  
 and the ship  
 moves on ,

The loud wind never reached the ship,  
 Yet now the ship moved on !  
 Beneath the lightning and the Moon  
 The dead men gave a groan.

They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,  
 Nor spake, nor moved their eyes,  
 It had been strange, even in a dream,  
 To have seen those dead men rise

The helmsman steered, the ship moved on,  
 Yet never a breeze up-blew,  
 The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,  
 Where they were wont to do,  
 They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—  
 We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son  
 Stood by me, knee to knee  
 The body and I pulled at one rope,  
 But he said nought to me

'I fear thee, ancient Mariner!'

Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest!

'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,  
 Which to their corses came again,  
 But a troop of spirits blest.

For when it dawned—they dropped their arms,  
 And clustered round the mast,  
 Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,  
 And from their bodies passed

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,  
 Then darted to the Sun,  
 Slowly the sounds came back again,  
 Now mixed, now one by one

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky  
 I heard the sky-lark sing,  
 Sometimes all little birds that are,  
 How they seemed to fill the sea and air  
 With their sweet jaunting!

But not by  
 the souls of  
 the men, nor  
 by dæmons of  
 earth or middle  
 air, but by a  
 blessed troop  
 of angelic  
 spirits, sent  
 down by the  
 invocation of  
 the guardian  
 saint

And now 'twas like all instruments,  
 Now like a lonely flute ,  
 And now it is an angel's song,  
 That makes the heavens be mute

It ceased , yet still the sails made on  
 A pleasant noise till noon,  
 A noise like of a hidden brook  
 In the leafy month of June,  
 That to the sleeping woods all night  
 Singeth a quiet tune

Till noon we quietly sailed on,  
 Yet never a breeze did breathe  
 Slowly and smoothly went the ship,  
 Moved onward from beneath

The lonesome  
 Spirit from the  
 south-pole  
 carries on the  
 ship as far as  
 the Line, in  
 obedience to  
 the angelic  
 troop, but still  
 requireth  
 vengeance

Under the keel nine fathom deep,  
 From the land of mist and snow,  
 The spirit slid and it was he  
 That made the ship to go  
 The sails at noon left off their tune,  
 And the ship stood still also.

The Sun, right up above the mast,  
 Had fixed her to the ocean  
 But in a minute she 'gan stir,  
 With a short uneasy motion—  
 Backwards and forwards half her length  
 With a short uneasy motion

Then like a pawing horse let go,  
 She made a sudden bound .  
 It flung the blood into my head,  
 And I fell down in a swoond

How long in that same fit I lay,  
 I have not to declare,  
 But ere my living life returned,  
 I heard and in my soul discerned  
 Two voices in the air

'Is it he?' quoth one, 'Is this the man?'  
 By him who died on cross,  
 With his cruel bow he laid full low  
 The harmless Albatross

The spirit who bideth by himself  
 In the land of mist and snow,  
 He loved the bird that loved the man  
 Who shot him with his bow.'

'The other was a softer voice,  
 As soft as honey-dew  
 Quoth he, 'The man hath penance done,  
 And penance more will do'

The Polar  
 Spirit's fellow-  
 demons, the  
 invisible inhabi-  
 tants of the  
 element, take  
 part in his  
 wrong, and  
 two of them  
 relate, one to  
 the other, that  
 penance long  
 and heavy for  
 the ancient  
 Mariner hath  
 been recorded  
 to the Polar  
 Spirit, who  
 returneth  
 southward

## PART VI

### *First Voice*

'But tell me, tell me! speak again,  
 Thy soft response renewing—  
 What makes that ship drive on so fast?  
 What is the ocean doing?'

### *Second Voice*

'Still as a slave before his lord,  
 The ocean hath no blast,  
 His great bright eye most silently  
 Up to the Moon is cast—

If he may know which way to go ;  
 For she guides him smooth or grim  
 See, brother, see ! how graciously  
 She looketh down on him '

*First Voice*

The Mariner  
 hath been cast  
 into a trance ,  
 for the angelic  
 power causeth  
 the vessel to  
 drive northward  
 faster than  
 human life  
 could endure

' But why drives on that ship so fast,  
 Without or wave or wind ? '

*Second Voice .*

' The air is cut away before,  
 And closes from behind

Fly, brother, fly ! more high, more high !  
 Or we shall be belated :  
 For slow and slow that ship will go,  
 When the Mariner's trance is abated '

The super-  
 natural motion  
 is retarded ,  
 the Mariner  
 awakes, and  
 his penance  
 begins anew

I woke, and we were sailing on  
 As in a gentle weather .  
 'Twas night, calm night, the moon was high ,  
 The dead men stood together

All stood together on the deck,  
 For a charnel-dungeon fitter .  
 All fixed on me their stony eyes,  
 That in the Moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they died,  
 Had never passed away .

I could not draw my eyes from theirs,  
 Nor turn them up to pray

The curse is  
 finally expiated

And now this spell was snapt once more  
 I viewed the ocean green,  
 And looked far forth, yet little saw  
 Of what had else been seen—

Like one, that on a lonesome road  
 Doth walk in fear and dread,  
 And having once turned round walks on,  
 And turns no more his head,  
 Because he knows, a frightful fiend  
 Doth close behind him tread

But soon there breathed a wind on me,  
 Nor sound nor motion made  
 Its path was not upon the sea,  
 In ripple or in shade

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek  
 Like a meadow-gale of spring—  
 It mingled strangely with my fears,  
 Yet it felt like a welcoming

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,  
 Yet she sailed softly too  
 Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—  
 On me alone it blew

Oh ' dream of joy ' is this indeed  
 The light-house top I see '  
 Is this the hill ' is this the kirk '  
 Is this mine own countree '

And the ancient  
 Mariner be  
 holdeth his  
 native country

We drifted o'er the harbour-bar,  
 And I with sobs did pray—  
 O let me be awake, my God '  
 Or let me sleep alway.

The harbour-bay was clear as glass,  
 So smoothly it was strewn!  
 And on the bay the moonlight lay,  
 And the shadow of the Moon

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,  
 That stands above the rock  
 The moonlight steeped in silentness  
 The steady weathercock

And the bay was white with silent light,  
 Till rising from the same,  
 Full many shapes, that shadows were,  
 In crimson colours came

The angelic  
 spirits leave the  
 dead bodies,

And appear in  
 their own forms  
 of light.

A little distance from the prow  
 Those crimson shadows were  
 I turned my eyes upon the deck—  
 Oh, Christ! what saw I there!

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,  
 And, by the holy rood!  
 A man all light, a seraph-man,  
 On every corse there stood

This seraph-band, each waved his hand.  
 It was a heavenly sight!  
 They stood as signals to the land,  
 Each one a lovely light,

This seraph-band, each waved his hand,  
 No voice did they impart—  
 No voice, but oh! the silence sank  
 Like music on my heart

But soon I heard the dash of oars,  
 I heard the Pilot's cheer,  
 My head was turned perforce away,  
 And I saw a boat appear

The Pilot and the Pilot's boy.  
I heard them coming fast.  
Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy  
The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third—I heard his voice.  
It is the Hermit good!  
He singeth loud his godly hymns  
That he makes in the wood  
He'll shrieve my soul, he'll wash away  
The Albatross's blood

# PART VII

This Hermit good lives in that wood  
Which slopes down to the sea.  
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!  
He loves to talk with mariners  
That come from a far countree

The Hermit  
of the Wood

He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—  
He hath a cushion plump  
It is the moss that wholly hides  
The rotted old oak-stump

The skiff-boat neared I heard them talk,  
'Why, this is strange, I trow!  
Where are those lights so many and fair,  
That signal made but now?'

'Strange, by my faith!' the Hermit said—  
'And they answered not our cheer!  
The planks looked warped! and see those sails,  
How thin they are and sere!  
I never saw aught like to them,  
Unless perchance it were

Approacheth  
the ship with  
wonder



'Brown skeletons of leaves that lag  
My forest-brook along,  
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,  
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,  
That eats the she-wolf's young'

'Dear Lord' it hath a fiendish look—  
(The Pilot made reply)  
I am a-feared'—'Push on, push on!'  
Said the Hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,  
But I nor spake nor stirred;  
The boat came close beneath the ship,  
And straight a sound was heard.

The ship sud-  
denly sinketh

Under the water it rumbled on,  
Still louder and more dread.  
It reached the ship, it split the bay,  
The ship went down like lead.

The ancient  
Mariner is  
saved in the  
Pilot's boat.

Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound  
Which sky and ocean smote,  
Like one that hath been seven days drowned  
My body lay afloat;  
But swift as dreams, myself I found  
Within the Pilot's boat

Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,  
The boat spun round and round,  
And all was still, save that the hill  
Was telling of the sound

I moved my lips—the Pilot shrieked  
And fell down in a fit,  
The holy Hermit raised his eyes,  
And prayed where he did sit

I took the oars . the Pilot's boy,  
Who now doth crazy go,  
Laughed loud and long, and all the while  
His eyes went to and fro  
'Ha! ha!' quoth he, 'full plain I see,  
The Devil knows how to row'

And now, all in my own countree,  
I stood on the firm land'  
The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,  
And scarcely he could stand

'O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!'  
The Hermit crossed his brow  
'Say quick,' quoth he, 'I bid thee say—  
What manner of man art thou?'

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched  
With a woful agony,  
Which forced me to begin my tale,  
And then it left me free.

Since then, at an uncertain hour,  
That agony returns  
And till my ghastly tale is told,  
This heart within me burns

I pass, like night, from land to land,  
I have strange power of speech,  
That moment that his face I see,  
I know the man that must hear me  
To him my tale I teach

What loud uproar bursts from that door!  
The wedding-guests are there  
But in the garden-bower the bride  
And bride-maids singing are

The ancient  
Mariner  
earnestly en-  
treateth the  
Hermit to  
shrieve him,  
and the pen-  
ance of life  
falls on him

And ever  
and anon  
throughout  
his future life  
in agony  
constraineth  
him to travel  
from land to  
land,

And hark the little vesper bell,  
Which biddeth me to prayer '—

O Wedding-Guest ' this soul hath been  
Alone on a wide wide sea.  
So lonely 'twas, that God himself  
Scaice seeméd there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,  
'Tis sweeter far to me,  
To walk together to the kirk  
With a goodly company '—

To walk together to the kirk,  
And all together pray,  
While each to his great Father bends,  
Old men, and babes, and loving friends  
And youths and maidens gay '—

And to teach,  
by his own  
example,  
love and  
reverence to  
all things  
that God  
made and  
loveth

Farewell, farewell ' but this I tell  
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest '  
• He prayeth well, who loveth well  
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best  
All things both great and small,  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,  
Whose beard with age is hoar,  
Is gone . and now the Wedding-Guest  
Turned from the bridegroom's door

He went like one that hath been stunned,  
 And is of sense forlorn .  
 A sadder and a wiser man,  
 He rose the morrow morn

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

217 *Endymion hears the Merman's tale*

HE saw far in the concave green of the sea  
 An old man sitting calm and peacefully  
 Upon a weeded rock this old man sat,  
 And his white hair was awful, and a mat  
 Of weeds were cold beneath his cold thin feet ;  
 And, ample as the largest winding-sheet,  
 A cloak of blue wrapp'd up his aged bones,  
 O'erwrought with symbols by the deepest groans  
 Of ambitious magic every ocean-form  
 Was woven in with blank distinctness, storm,  
 And calm, and whispering, and hideous roar,  
 Quicksand, and whirlpool, and deserted shore,  
 Were emblem'd in the woof ; with every shape  
 That skims, or dives, or sleeps, 'twixt cape and cape  
 'The gulphing whale was like a dot in the spell,  
 Yet look upon it, and 'twould size and swell  
 To its huge self, and the minutest fish  
 Would pass the very hardest gazer's wish,  
 And show his little eye's anatomy  
 Then there was pictur'd the regality  
 Of Neptune ; and the sea nymphs round his state,  
 In beauteous vassalage, look up and wait.  
 Beside this old man lay a pearly wand,  
 And in his lap a book, the which he conn'd

So stedfastly, that the new denizen  
 Had time to keep him in amazed ken,  
 To mark these shadowings, and stand in awe

*(The old man speaks)*

Now shall I lay my head  
 In peace upon my watery pillow now  
 Sleep will come smoothly to my weary brow.  
 O Jove ! I shall be young again, be young !  
 O shell-borne Neptune, I am pierc'd and stung  
 With new-born life ! What shall I do ? Where go,  
 When I have cast this serpent-skin of woe ?—  
 I'll swim to the syrens, and one moment listen  
 Their melodies, and see their long hair glisten,  
 Anon upon that giant's arm I'll be,  
 That writhes about the roots of Sicily  
 To northern seas I'll in a twinkling sail,  
 And mount upon the snortings of a whale  
 To some black cloud, thence down I'll madly sweep  
 On forkèd lightning, to the deepest deep,  
 Where through some sucking pool I will be hurl'd  
 With rapture to the other side of the world !

JOHN KEATS

A<sup>T</sup> length upon the lone Chorasman shore  
 He paused, a wide and melancholy waste  
 Of putrid marshes    A strong impulse urged  
 His steps to the sea-shore.    A swan was there,

Beside a sluggish stream among the reeds.  
It rose as he approached, and with strong wings  
Scaling the upward sky, bent its bright course  
High over the immeasurable main.  
His eyes pursued its flight.—‘Thou hast a home,  
Beautiful bird; thou voyagest to thine home,  
Where thy sweet mate will twine her downy neck  
With thine, and welcome thy return with eyes  
Bright in the lustre of their own fond joy.  
And what am I that I should linger here,  
With voice far sweeter than thy dying notes,  
Spirit more vast than thine, frame more attuned  
To beauty, wasting these surpassing powers  
In the deaf air, to the blind earth, and heaven  
That echoes not my thoughts?’ A gloomy smile  
Of desperate hope wrinkled his quivering lips  
For sleep, he knew, kept most relentlessly  
Its precious charge and silent death exposed,  
Faithless perhaps as sleep, a shadowy lure,  
With doubtful smile mocking its own strange chains

Startled by his own thoughts he looked around  
There was no fair fiend near him, not a sight  
Or sound of awe but in his own deep mind  
A little shallop floating near the shore  
Caught the impatient wandering of his gaze.  
It had been long abandoned, for its sides  
Gaped wide with many a rift, and its frail joints  
Swayed with the undulations of the tide.  
A restless impulse urged him to embark  
And meet lone Death on the drear ocean’s waste,  
For well he knew that mighty Shadow loves  
The slimy caverns of the populous deep.

The day was fair and sunny, sea and sky  
Drank its inspiring radiance, and the wind  
Swept strongly from the shore, blackening the waves  
Following his eager soul, the wanderer  
Leaped in the boat, he spread his cloak aloft  
On the bare mast, and took his lonely seat,  
And felt the boat speed o'er the tranquil sea  
Like a torn cloud before the hurricane.

As one that in a silver vision floats  
Obedient to the sweep of odorous winds  
Upon resplendent clouds, so rapidly  
Along the dark and ruffled waters fled  
The straining boat.—A whirlwind swept it on,  
With fierce gusts and precipitating force,  
Through the white ridges of the chafed sea.  
The waves arose Higher and higher still  
Their fierce necks writhed beneath the tempest's scourge  
Like serpents struggling in a vulture's grasp.  
Calm and rejoicing in the fearful war  
Of wave ruining on wave, and blast on blast  
Descending, and black flood on whirlpool driven  
With dark obliterating course, he sate  
As if their genii were the ministers  
Appointed to conduct him to the light  
Of those beloved eyes, the Poet sate  
Holding the steady helm Evening came on,  
The beams of sunset hung their rainbow hues  
High 'mid the shifting domes of sheeted spray  
That canopied his path o'er the waste deep,  
Twilight, ascending slowly from the east,  
Entwined in duskier wreaths her braided locks  
O'er the fair front and radiant eyes of day ;

Night followed, clad with stars    On every side  
More horribly the multitudinous streams  
Of Ocean's mountainous waste to mutual war  
Rushed in dark tumult thundering, as to mock  
The calm and spangled sky    The little boat  
Still fled before the storm, still fled, like foam  
Down the steep cataract of a wintry river,  
Now pausing on the edge of the riven wave,  
Now leaving far behind the bursting mass  
That fell, convulsing ocean    safely fled—  
As if that frail and wasted human form  
Had been an elemental god

At midnight  
'The moon arose    and lo! the ethereal cliffs  
Of Caucasus, whose icy summits shone  
Among the stars like sunlight, and around  
Whose caverned base the whirlpools and the waves  
Bursting and eddying irresistibly  
Rage and resound for ever.—Who shall save?—  
The boat fled on,—the boiling torrent drove,—  
The crags closed round with black and jagged arms,  
The shattered mountain overhung the sea,  
And faster still, beyond all human speed,  
Suspended on the sweep of the smooth wave,  
The little boat was driven    A cavern there  
Yawned, and amid its slant and winding depths  
Ingulfed the rushing sea    The boat fled on  
With unrelaxing speed — 'Vision and Love!'  
The Poet cried aloud, 'I have beheld  
The path of thy departure.    Sleep and death  
Shall not divide us long!'

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY



219

*The Forsaken Mermaid*

COME, dear children, let us away ,  
Down and away below !

Now my brothers call from the bay,  
Now the great winds shoreward blow,  
Now the salt tides seaward flow ,  
Now the wild white horses play,  
Champ and chafe and toss in the spray  
Children dear, let us away  
This way, this way.

Call her once before you go

Call once yet

In a voice that she will know

‘ Margaret ! Margaret ! ’

Children’s voices should be dear

(Call once more) to a mother’s ear

Children’s voices, wild with pain

Surely she will come again

Call her once and come away ,

This way, this way !

‘ Mother dear, we cannot stay !

The wild white horses foam and fret ’

Margaret ! Margaret !

Come, dear children, come away down.

Call no more

One last look at the white-wall’d town,

And the little grey church on the windy shore

Then come down

She will not come though you call all day ,

Come away, come away.

Children dear, was it yesterday  
We heard the sweet bells over the bay ?  
In the caverns where we lay,  
Through the surf and through the swell,  
The far-off sound of a silver bell ?  
Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,  
Where the winds are all asleep ;  
Where the spent lights quiver and gleam ;  
Where the salt weed sways in the stream ,  
Where the sea-beasts ranged all round  
Feed in the ooze of their pasture-ground ,  
Where the sea snakes coil and twine,  
Dry their mail and bask in the brine ,  
Where great whales come sailing by,  
Sail and sail, with unshut eye,  
Round the world for ever and aye ?  
When did music come this way ?  
Children dear, was it yesterday ?

Children dear, was it yesterday  
(Call yet once) that she went away ?  
Once she sate with you and me,  
On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea,  
And the youngest sate on her knee  
She comb'd its bright hair, and she tended it well,  
When down swung the sound of a far-off bell  
She sigh'd, she look'd up through the clear green sea  
She said . ' I must go, for my kinsfolk pray  
In the little grey church on the shore to-day  
'Twill be Easter-time in the world—ah me !  
And I lose my poor soul, Merman ! here with thee.'  
I said ' Go up, dear heart, through the waves !  
Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea-caves ! '

She smiled, she went up through the surf in the bay.  
Children dear, was it yesterday ?

Children dear, were we long alone ?

‘ The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan !  
Long prayers,’ I said, ‘ in the world they say  
Come,’ I said, and we rose through the surf in the bay.  
We went up the beach, by the sandy down  
Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the white-wall’d town.  
Through the narrow paved streets, where all was still,  
To the little grey church on the windy hill  
From the church came a murmur of folk at their prayers,  
But we stood without in the cold blowing airs.  
We climb’d on the graves, on the stones, worn with rains,  
And we gazed up the aisle through the small leaded panes.  
She sate by the pillar, we saw her clear,  
‘ Margaret, hie ! come quick, we are here  
Dear heart,’ I said, ‘ we are long alone.  
The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan.’  
But ah, she gave me never a look,  
For her eyes were seal’d to the holy book !  
Loud prays the priest, shut stands the door  
Come away, children, call no more !  
Come away, come down, call no more !

Down, down, down !

Down to the depths of the sea !

She sits at her wheel in the humming town,  
Singing most joyfully

Hark, what she sings ‘ O joy, O joy,  
For the humming street, and the child with its toy  
For the priest, and the bell, and the holy well.  
For the wheel where I spun,  
And the blessed light of the sun ! ’

And so she sings her fill,  
Singing most joyfully,  
Till the shuttle drops from her hand,  
And the whizzing wheel stands still  
She steals to the window and looks at the sand ,  
And over the sand at the sea ,  
And her eyes are set in a stare ,  
And anon there breaks a sigh,  
And anon there drops a tear,  
From a sorrow-clouded eye,  
And a heart sorrow-laden,  
A long. long sigh ,  
For the cold strange eyes of a little Mermaid  
And the gleam of her golden hair

Come away, away children  
Come, children, come down  
The hoarse wind blows colder ,  
Lights shine in the town  
She will start from her slumber  
When gusts shake the door ,  
She will hear the winds howling,  
Will hear the waves roar  
We shall see, while above us  
The waves roar and whirl,  
A ceiling of amber,  
A pavement of pearl  
Singing, ' Here came a mortal,  
But faithless was she '  
And alone dwell for ever  
The kings of the sea '

But, children, at midnight,  
When soft the winds blow,

When clear falls the moonlight ,  
 When spring-tides are low ,  
 When sweet airs come seaward  
 From heaths starr'd with broom ,  
 And high rocks throw mildly  
 On the blanch'd sands a gloom  
 Up the still, glistening beaches,  
 Up the creeks we will hie ,  
 Over banks of bright seaweed  
 The ebb-tide leaves dry.  
 We will gaze, from the sand-hills,  
 At the white, sleeping town ,  
 At the church on the hill-side—  
 And then come back down  
 Singing 'There dwells a loved one,  
 But cruel is she  
 She left lonely for ever  
 The kings of the sea '

MATTHEW ARNOLD

*The Neckan*

**I**N summer, on the headlands,  
 The Baltic Sea along,  
 Sits Neckan with his harp of gold,  
 And sings his plaintive song

Green rolls beneath the headlands,  
 Green rolls the Baltic Sea  
 And there, below the Neckan's feet,  
 His wife and children be.

He sings not of the ocean,  
Its shells and roses pale  
Of earth, of earth the Neckan sings,  
He hath no other tale.

He sits upon the headlands,  
And sings a mournful stave  
Of all he saw and felt on earth  
Far from the green sea wave

Sings how, a knight, he wander'd  
By castle, field, and town.—  
But earthly knights have harder hearts  
Than the Sea Children own

Sings of his earthly bridal—  
Priests, knights, and ladies gay  
'And who art thou,' the priest began,  
'Sir Knight, who wedd'st to-day?'—

'I am no knight,' he answered,  
'From the sea waves I come'—  
The knights drew sword, the ladies scream'd,  
The surpliced priest stood dumb

He sings how from the chapel  
He vanish'd with his bride,  
And bore her down to the sea halls,  
Beneath the salt sea tide

He sings how she sits weeping  
'Mid shells that round her lie,  
'False Neckan shares my bed,' she weeps,  
'No Christian mate have I'—

He sings how through the billows  
He rose to earth again,  
And sought a priest to sign the cross,  
That Neckan Heaven might gain.

He sings how, on an evening,  
Beneath the birch trees cool,  
He sate and play'd his harp of gold,  
Beside the river pool

Beside the pool sate Neckan—  
Tears fill'd his cold blue eye  
On his white mule, across the bridge,  
A cassocked priest rode by

'Why sitt'st thou there, O Neckan,  
And play'st thy harp of gold ?  
Sooner shall this my staff bear leaves,  
Than thou shalt Heaven behold'—

The cassock'd priest rode onwards,  
And vanished with his mule,  
But Neckan in the twilight grey  
Wept by the river-pool

He wept 'The earth hath kindness,  
The sea, the starry poles,  
Earth, sea, and sky, and God above—  
But, ah, not human souls !'

In summer, on the headlands,  
The Baltic Sea along,  
Sits Neckan with his harp of gold,  
And sings this plaintive song

MATTHEW ARNOLD

221

*The Rock of Cloud*

FROM Youghal, where gulls take harbour,  
Youghal, the strand of yews,  
We stood away, off Brandon,  
Three nights out on the cruise

And thick cloud came over the deep  
The third day out from land  
That none could see his shipmate's face  
Nor the helm in his own hand

Now bitterer than the mild sea-mist  
Hath ship no enemy,  
But we heard a chanting through the mist  
On the cold face of the sea  
That night, and lay upon our oars  
Amazed that this should be

Hark! was it a hoarse phantom troll'd  
Or was it man?—But one  
We knew had such a sea-rough voice,  
The Clock-gate keeper's son

We thronged up close into the bow  
And hailed with might and main,  
'*What hell-spawn, or what spirit, thou?*'  
And the hoarse voice came again,



Rang as of one so evil-starred  
That he hath done with grief,  
A voice of dread, and harsh and hard  
As the bell swung from a reef

‘I am a man But were I none !  
Row hither ! ye may hear  
Yet shall not save nor bring me home  
Seek ye ten thousand year !’

‘*Keep a stout hope !*’ ‘I keep no hope !’  
‘*Man alive .*’ ‘Spare your speech—’  
‘*We are upon thee !*’ ‘Nay, no rope  
Over the gap shall reach’

‘*Who art thou ?*’ ‘I was helmsman once  
On many a ship of mark  
Through many a pitchy night I steer’d ,  
But there came a night too dark

‘In the middle watch we struck—we sank  
I reached this rock of wings  
Whereby from every boulder’s flank  
The brown sea-ribbon swings.

‘Here, while the sole eye of the Sun  
Did scorch my body bare,  
A great Sea-spirit rose, and shone  
In the water thrill’d with hair

‘She lay back on the green abyss,  
Beautiful, her spread arms  
Soothed to a poise—a sob—of bliss  
Huge thunders and alarms

' Her breasts as pearl were dull and pure,  
Her body's chastened light  
Swam like a cloud, her eyes unsure  
From the great depths were bright.

' There was no thing of bitterness  
In aught that she could say,  
She call'd my soul, as down a coast  
The Moon calls bay beyond bay,  
And they rise—back o' the uttermost—  
Away, and yet away —

' "I chose thee from the sinking crews,  
I bore thee up alive,  
Now durst thou follow me, and choose  
Under the world to dive'

' "Come! we will catch, when stars are out,  
The black wave's spitting crest,  
And still, when the Bull of Dawn shall spout  
Be washing on abreast!

' "Swim with me now and I'll waft thee  
Who hast known no happy hour  
Through coral gulfs, over the lip  
Of islands like a flower,  
And fresh thee in the drench of youth  
Beyond an April's power

' "Spring we up sun-lasht waterfalls  
Cauldron'd in giant vallies—  
To hang high as the rainbow hangs  
Or bask among sea-lilies'

“ My headland temples keen with light  
 Such as men know not here  
 Shall make thy senses infinite—  
 Shall let thy heart be clear.

“ Or thee a flame under the seas  
 Quivering with rays I'll hide,  
 Deathless and boundless and at ease  
 In any shape to glide.

“ All waters that on earth have well'd  
 At last to me repair,—  
 All mountains starred with cities melt  
 Into my dreamy air !

“ Shall I all women be to thee  
 As thou to me all men ?  
 Thou shalt have all the souls in me  
 To gaze with ! Haste thee, then,

“ Set on thy peak under the brink  
 I'll show thee storms above,  
 The sands of kingdoms —they shall sink  
 While thou dost teach me love,  
 On beaches white as the young Moons  
 I'll sit and fathom love ! ”

“

And we cried, ‘ *By God, ’twas hard for thee  
 At that song not to go  
 And let thy heart take heed no more  
 When the Spirit called thee so !*

' Ah ' 'twas not any word she sang  
But what she did not say,  
Suck'd griefs out of the colour'd world  
And time out of the day '

' *What saidst thou then ?* ' ' From over sea  
I felt a sighing burn  
That made this wrathful rock to me  
More delicate than fern ,

And when as moth-wings I could hear  
Them heave that stand in line  
By the mud-banks of Blackwater,  
The many-voicèd pine,

' Great laughter seized me naked here  
That I clung against the ground  
Shaking in utter folly, while  
Myself was like a wound

' And I cried out sore, sore at the heart  
For her that sleeps at home,  
" Brightness, I will not know thine art,  
Nor to thy country come ' "

' Straightway she sank—smiling so pale—  
But from the seethe upbroke—  
Never thrashed off by gust or gale—  
White, everlasting smoke.

' By stealth it feels all over me  
With numbness that appals ,  
It laps my fierce heart endlessly  
In soft and rolling walls

'A mist no life may pierce, save these  
Wave-wing'd, with puling voice,  
Stars I discern not, nor the seas—'  
'O, dost not rue thy choice?' .

'Rue it' Now tell me what ye are?  
For I doubt if ye be men .'  
And to us from the cloud-breathing deep  
No answer came again

We knew the voice ! We called his name !  
We pulled on, weeping loud,  
All night in earshot of the rock,  
But never through the cloud .

And the gulls across from Brandon,  
They carried back the news  
To the walled town of my mother's folk,  
Youghal, the strand of yews,  
And the woman waiting on the quay—  
Ere we had done the cruise

HERBERT TRENCH

*Dolor Oogo*

**T**HIRTEEN men by Ruan Shore,  
—Dolor Oogo, Dolor Oogo—  
Drownèd men since 'eighty-four,  
Down in Dolor Oogo  
On the cliff against the sky,  
Ailsa, wife of Malachi—  
That cold woman—  
Sits and knits eternally

By her silent husband's side  
 —Dolor Oogo, Dolor Oogo—  
 Stretched awake, she hears the tide  
 Moan in Dolor Oogo  
 Till athwart the easter gale  
 Hark ! the merry dead men hail—  
 'Thou cold woman,  
 Take the lantern from the nail !'

Rising in her chilly sark  
 —Dolor Oogo, Dolor Oogo—  
 Forth she fares by Behan Parc,  
 Out to Dolor Oogo  
 Kneeling there above the brink,  
 Lets her long red tresses sink  
 —That cold woman—  
 For the sailor men to drink

Then the sailor men beneath  
 —Dolor Oogo, Dolor Oogo—  
 Take the ends between their teeth,  
 Deep in Dolor Oogo  
 'Lusty blood is this to quaff  
 (So the merry dead men laugh)  
 'O, cold woman,  
 Hath thy man as good by half ?'

'Drownèd men by Ruan Shore  
 —Dolor Oogo, Dolor Oogo—  
 Lost aboard the *Elsinore*  
 Down by Dolor Oogo—  
 If the gulls behind the share  
 Yesterday had called 'Beware,  
 Thy cold woman !'  
 Paler now had been my hair

‘ Socks I knit you each a pair  
     —Dolor Oogo, Dolor Oogo—  
 Half of yarn and half of hair,  
     Over Dolor Oogo ’  
 ‘ Dripping, dripping on the tide,  
 What red dye thy hair hath dyed,  
     Thou cold woman ? ’  
 ‘ It hath brushed upon his side ’

Knitting with her double thread  
     —Dolor Oogo, Dolor Oogo—  
 Half of black and half of red—  
     Over Dolor Oogo,  
 On the cliff against the sky,  
 Ailsa, wife of Malachi,  
     That cold woman,  
 Wipes her hands incessantly

SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH.

*Santorin*

(*A Legend of the Aegean*)

‘ **W**HO are you, Sea Lady,  
     And where in the seas are we ?  
 I have too long been steering  
 By the flashes in your eyes.  
 Why drops the moonlight through my heart,  
 And why so quietly  
 Go the great engines of my boat  
 As if their souls were free ? ’

‘ Oh ask me not, bold sailor ,  
Is not your ship a magic ship  
That sails without a sail  
Are not these isles the Isles of Greece  
And dust upon the sea ’  
But answer me three questions  
And give me answers three  
What is your ship ’ ’ ‘ A British ’  
‘ And where may Britain be ’ ’  
‘ Oh it lies north, dear lady ,  
It is a small country ’  
‘ Yet you will know my lover,  
Though you live far away .  
And you will whisper where he has gone,  
That lily boy to look upon  
And whiter than the spray ’  
‘ How should I know your lover,  
Lady of the sea ’ ’  
‘ Alexander, Alexander,  
The King of the World was he ’  
‘ Weep not for him, dear lady,  
But come aboard my ship.  
So many years ago he died,  
He ’s dead as dead can be ’  
‘ O base and brutal sailor  
To lie this lie to me  
His mother was the foam-foot  
Star-sparkling Aphrodite ,  
His father was Adonis  
Who lives away in Lebanon,  
In stony Lebanon, where blooms,  
His red anemone  
But where is Alexander,



The soldier Alexander,  
My golden love of olden days  
The King of the world and me ?’

She sank into the moonlight  
And the sea was only sea.

JAMES ELROY FLECKER.

*Alexander*

IT was the Great Alexander,  
Capped with a golden helm,  
Sate in the ages, in his floating ship,  
In a dead calm

Voices of sea-maids singing  
Wandered across the deep.  
The sailors labouring on their oars  
Rowed as in sleep

All the high pomp of Asia,  
Charmed by that siren lay,  
Out of their weary and dreaming minds  
Faded away

Like a bold boy sate their Captain,  
His glamour withered and gone,  
In the souls of his brooding mariners,  
While the song pined on.

Time like a falling dew,  
Life like the scene of a dream  
Laid between slumber and slumber,  
Only did seem . . .

O Alexander, then,  
In all us mortals too,  
Wax not so overbold  
On the wave dark-blue !

Come the calm starry night,  
Who then will hear  
Aught save the singing  
Of the sea-maids clear ?

WALTER DE LA MARE

## PART IV

### SAILORS, THEIR DEEDS AND SONGS

Protégez-moi, mon Seigneur, mon navire est si petit, et votre mer est si grande —*ANON*

There are many advantages in sea-voyaging, but security is not one of them —*SAADI*

The sea, which seems to stop the traveller,  
Is by a ship the speedier passage made  
The windes, who think they rule the mariner,  
Are rul'd by him, and taught to serve his trade

*GEORGE HILBERT*

But perce they have that none may gain who live,  
And rest above them that no love can give,  
And over them, while death and life shall be,  
The light and sound and darkness of the sea

*A. C. SWINBURNE*

#### 225. *From 'Homer's Hymn to Castor and Pollux'*

**Y**E wild-eyed Muses, sing the Twins of Jove.  
... mild Pollux, void of blame,  
And steed-subduing Castor, heirs of fame  
These are the Powers who earth-born mortals save  
And ships, whose flight is swift along the wave  
When wintry tempests o'er the savage sea  
Are raging, and the sailors tremblingly

Call on the Twins of Jove with prayer and vow,  
 Gathered in fear upon the lofty prow,  
 And sacrifice with snow-white lambs,—the wind  
 And the huge billow bursting close behind,  
 Even then beneath the weltering waters bear  
 The staggering ship—they suddenly appear,  
 On yellow wings rushing athwart the sky,  
 And lull the blasts in mute tranquillity,  
 And strew the waves on the white Ocean's bed,  
 Fair omen of the voyage, from toil and dread  
 The sailors rest, rejoicing in the sight,  
 And plough the quiet sea in safe delight

*Trans by PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.*

226

*A Shrine by the Sea*

**T**HIS is the Cyprian's holy ground,  
 Who ever loves to stand  
 Where she can watch the shining seas  
 Beyond the utmost land,  
 That sailors on their voyages  
 May prosper by her aid,  
 Whose radiant effigy the deep  
 Beholding is afraid

*ANYTE by Trans SIR RENNELL RODD*

*From the Greek Anthology*

227

*The Harbour God*

**M**E, Pan, whose presence haunts the shore,  
 The fisher folk set here,  
 To guard their haven anchorage  
 On the cliff that they revere,  
 And thence I watch them cast the net  
 And mind their fishing gear

## ARCHIAS

Sail past me, traveller, for I send  
 The gentle southern breeze,  
 Because of this their piety,  
 To speed thee over seas

ARCHIAS *Trans by* SIR RENNELL RODD  
*From the same.*

228 *On the Empty Tomb of One lost at Sea*

NOT dust nor the light weight of a stone, but all  
 this sea that thou beholdest is the tomb of Erasippus, for he perished with his ship, and in some unknown place his bones moulder, and the sea-gulls alone know them to tell.

GLAUCUS *Trans by* J. W. MACKAIL  
*From the same*

229. *On a Sailor drowned in Harbour*

EVERYWHERE the sea is the sea; why idly blame  
 we the Cyclades or the narrow wave of Helle  
 and the Needles? in vain have they their fame; or  
 why when I had escaped them did the harbour of Scarphe  
 overwhelm me? Pray whoso will for a fair passage home,  
 that the sea's way is the sea, Aristagoras knows who is  
 buried here

ANTIPATER OF SIDON *Trans by* J. W. MACKAIL  
*From the same*

230

*The Sea-Farer*

I CAN sing of myself a true song, of my voyages telling,  
How oft through' laborious days, through the wearisome  
hours

I have suffered . have born tribulations , explored in my ship,  
Mid the terrible rolling of waves, habitations of sorrow  
Benumbed by the cold, oft the comfortless night-watch  
hath held me

At the prow of my craft as it tossed about under the cliffs.  
My feet were imprisoned with frost, were fettered with  
ice-chains,

Yet hotly were wailing the querulous sighs round my heart ,  
And hunger within me, sea-wearied, made havoc of  
courage.

This he, whose lot happily chances on land doth not  
know ,

Nor how I on the ice-cold sea passed the winter in exile,  
In wretchedness, robbed of my kinsmen, with icicles hung  
The hail flew in showers about me , and there I heard  
only

The roar of the sea, ice-cold waves, and the song of the  
swan ,

For pastime the gannets' cry served me , the kittiwakes'  
chatter

For laughter of men , and for mead-drink the call of the  
sea-mews

When storms on the rocky cliffs beat, then the terns, icy-  
feathered,

Made answer , full oft the sea-eagle forebodingly screamed  
The eagle with pinions wave-wet There none of my  
kinsmen

Might gladden my desolate soul , of this little he knows  
Who possesses the pleasures of life, who has felt in the  
city  
Some hardship, some trifling adversity, proud and wine-  
flushed  
How weary I oft had to tarry upon the sea-way !  
The shadows of night became darker, it snowed from the  
north  
The world was enchained by the frost , hail fell upon  
earth.  
'Twas the coldest of grain Yet the thoughts of my heart  
now are throbbing  
To test the high streams, the salt waves in tumultuous play.  
Desire in my heart ever urges my spirit to wander  
To seek out the home of the stranger in lands afar off  
There is no one that dwells on earth so exalted in mind,  
So large in his bounty, nor yet of such vigorous youth.  
Nor so daring in deeds, nor to whom his liege lord is so  
kind,  
But that he has always a longing, a sea-faring passion  
For what the Lord God shall bestow, be it honour or  
death  
No heart for the harp has he, nor for acceptance of  
treasure,  
No pleasure has he in a wife, no delight in the world,  
Nor in aught save the roll of the billows , but always a  
longing,  
A yearning uneasiness hastens him on to the sea.

ANONYMOUS

*Trans from the Anglo-Saxon by L. IDDINGS*

231 *The Building of the Ark*

**A** SHIP behovès the to dight,  
 Thi self shal be the master wright,  
 I shal the tell how brood, how long,  
 Of what mesure, and als how strong  
 When the timber is festened wele,  
 Windè the sidès everich dele  
 First binde it wele with balk and band,  
 And wind it sithen wele with wand  
 With pickè<sup>1</sup>—loke it be not thin—  
 Plastre it well without and in

Make them of bordes and wandes betwene,  
 Thus thrivandly,<sup>2</sup> and not ouer-thin,  
 Loke that thi semes be suttly sene,  
 And nailed wele that thei not twin<sup>3</sup>

ANONYMOUS (*adapted*)

 232. *How Alfied Caused Ships to be Built,  
 and how the Pagans were Beaten at  
 Swanage*

**I**N the year of the Incarnation of the Lord eight  
 hundred and seventy-seven, as autumn drew nigh, some  
 of the pagans remained at Exeter, and some returned to  
 Mercia in search of plunder. Moreover, the number of  
 the heathen increased every day, so that, indeed, if thirty  
 thousand of them were slain in one day, twice that number  
 would take their place. At that time did King Alfred  
 command barks and galleys, that is, long ships, to be built  
 throughout his dominions, that he might engage in a naval

<sup>1</sup> pitch

<sup>2</sup> thoroughly well

<sup>3</sup> part



battle with those who were newly arriving. In them he placed pirates and gave them charge to protect the ways of the sea

But he himself hastened to Exeter, where the pagans were then wintering, and when he had shut them in, he laid siege to the city. Moreover, he gave orders to his sailors that they should suffer no great assistance to come to the enemy by way of the estuary. Then there met with his sailors one hundred and twenty ships filled with armed men, who were coming to the help of their comrades; and when the King's officers knew that the ships were filled with heathen they rushed to arms and boldly attacked the barbarous nations. But the pagans, who had now for almost a month suffered disaster amid the waves of the wild sea, fought against them in vain. Therefore in the twinkling of an eye were their ranks broken, and they were swallowed up in the waters, and they all perished together at a place which is called Swanage

ASSER, *Life of Alfred*

**A**SHIPMAN was ther, woning fer by weste  
 For aught I woot, he was of Dertemouthe.  
 He rood up-on a rouncy, as he couthe,  
 In a gowne of falding to the knee  
 A daggere hanging on a laas hadde he  
 Aboute his nekke under his arm adoun  
 The hote somer had maad his hewe al broun,  
 And, certainly, he was a good felawe.  
 Ful many a draughte of wyn had he y-drawe  
 From Burdeux-ward, whyl that the chapman sleep  
 Of nyce conscience took he no keep

If that he faught, and hadde the hyer hond,  
 By water he sente hem hoom to every lond  
 But of his craft to rekene wel his tydes,  
 His stremes and his daungers him bisydes,  
 His herberwe and his mone, his lodemenage,  
 Ther nas noon swich from Hulle to Cartage  
 Hardy he was, and wys to undertake,  
 With many a tempest hadde his berd been shake  
 He knew wel alle the havenes, as they were,  
 From Gootlond to the cape of Finistere,  
 And every cryke in Britayne and in Spayne,  
 His barge y-cleped was the *Maudelayne*

GEOFFREY CHAUCER

234 *Winchelsea Fight, or the Humbling of  
 the Spaniards*

HOW King Edward & his menyne  
 Met with the Spaniardes in the see

I wald noght spare for to speke, wist I to spede,  
 Of wight men with wapin and worthly in wede,  
 That now er driuen to dale and ded all thaire dede,  
 Thai sail in the see-gronde fissesches to fede,  
 Fele fissesches thai fede for all thaire grete fare,  
 It was in the waniand that thai come thare

Thai sailed furth in the Swin in a somers tyde,  
 With trompes and tabuins and mekill other pride,  
 The word of tho weremen walked full wide,  
 The gudes that thai robbed in holl gan thai it hide,  
 In holl than thai hided grete welthes, als I wene,  
 Of gold and of siluer, of skailet and grene.

When thai sailed westward, tho wight men in were,  
 Thaire hurdis, thaire ankers hanged thai on here;  
 Wight men of the west neghed tham nerr.  
 And gert tham snaper in the snaie, might thai no ferr,  
 Fer might thai nocht flit bot thare most thai fine,  
 And that thai bifore reued than most thai tyne.

Boy with thi blac berd, I rede that thou blin,  
 And sone set the to schriue with sorow of thi syn,  
 If thou were on Ingland nocht saltou win,  
 Cum thou more on that coste thi bale sall bigin  
 Thare kindels thi care kene men sall the kepe,  
 And do the dye on a day and domp in the depe

Ye broght out of Bretayne yowre custom with care,  
 Ye met with the marchandes and made tham ful bare,  
 It es gude reson and right that ye euill misfare,  
 When ye wald in Ingland lere of a new lare,  
 New laie sall ye lere, sir Edward to lout  
 For when ye stode in yowre strenkith ye wai all to  
 stout.

LAURENCE MINOT

*The Pilgrim's Sea Voyage*

**M**EN may leue alle gamys,  
 That saylen to seynt Jamys!  
 For many a man hit gramys,  
 When they begyn to sayle  
 For when they haue take the see,  
 At Sandwyche, or at Wynchylsee.  
 At Brystow, or where that hit bee  
 Theyr hertes begyn to fayle

Anone the mastyr commaundeth fast  
To hys shyp-men in alle the hast,  
To dresse hem sone about the mast,  
    Theyr takelyng to make  
With 'howe' hissa' then they cry,  
'What, howe, mate' thow stondyst to ny  
Thy felow may nat hale the by,'

    Thus they begyn to crake

A boy or tweyn Anone up styen,  
And ouerthwart the sayle-yerde lyen,—  
'Y how' raylia' the remenaunt cryen,  
    And pulle with alle theyr myght  
'Bestowe the boote, Bote-swayne, anon,  
That our pylgryms may pley theron,  
For som ar lyke to cowgh and grone  
    Or hit be full mydnyght

'Hale the bowelyne' now, vere the shete'—  
Cooke, make redy anon our mete,  
Our pylgryms haue no lust to ete,  
    I pray God yeue hem rest'  
'Go to the helm' what, howe' no nere'  
Steward, felow' A pot of bere'  
'Ye shalle have, sir, with good chere,  
    Anon alle of the best'

'Y howe' trussa' hale in the brayles'  
Thow halyst nat, be god, thow fayles'  
O se howe welle owre good shyp sayles'  
    And thus they say among  
'Hale in the wartake!' 'Hit shal be done'  
'Steward' couer the boorde anone,  
And set bred and salt therone,  
    And tary nat to long'

Then cometh oone and seyth, 'be mery ;  
 Ye shall haue a storme or a pery.'  
 'Holde thou thy pace ! thou canst no whery.  
 Thow medlyst wondyr sore'

Thys mene whyle the pylgryms le,  
 And haue theyr bowlys fast theym by,  
 And cry after ho'e maluesz,  
 'Thow helpe for to restore.'

And som wold haue a saltyd tost.  
 For they myght ate neyther code ne rost,  
 A man myght sone pay for theyr cost.

As for oo day or twayne.  
 Som layde theyr bookys on theyr kne,  
 And rad so long they myght nat se,—  
 'Allas' myne hede wolle cleue on thre !'  
 Thus seyth another certayne.

Then commeth owre owner lyke a lord  
 And spekethe many a Royall word,  
 And dresseth hym to the hygh borde,  
 To see alle thyng be welle.

Anone he calleth a carpentere,  
 And byddyth hym bryng with hym hys gere,  
 To make the cabans here and there,  
 With many a febylle celle,

A sak of strawe were there ryght good,  
 For som must lyg theym in theyr hood,  
 I had as lefe be in the wood,

Without mete or drynk,  
 For when that we shall go to bedde,  
 The pumpe was nygh oure beddes hede,  
 A man were as good to be dede  
 As smell therof the styнк'

ANON, *XVth Cent.*

236

*'Lustely, Lustely'*

LUSTELY, lustely, lustely, let vs sayle forth,  
The winde trim doth serue vs, it blowes at the  
north

All thinges wee haue ready and nothing wee want,  
To furnish our ship that rideth hereby  
Victals and weapons they be nothing skant,  
Like worthy mariners our selues wee will try.  
Lustely, lustely, &c.

Her flagges be new trimmed set flanting aloft.  
Our ship for swift swimming oh shee doth excell,  
Wee feare no enemies, we haue escaped them oft,  
Of all ships that swimmeth shee bareth the bell  
Lustely, lustely, &c

And here is a master excelleth in skill,  
And our masters mate hee is not to seeke  
And here is a boteswaine will do his good will,  
And here is a ship boy wee neuer had his leeke.  
Lustely, lustely, &c.

If fortune then faile not, and our next viadge proue  
Wee will returne merely and make good cheere  
And hould all together as freends linkt in loue,  
The cannes shalbe filled with wine ale and beere.  
Lustely, lustely, &c.

ANON

237. *In Prais of Seafaringe Men, in Hope  
of Good Fortune*

WHOE siekes the waie to win renowne,  
Or flies with whinges of hie desire,  
Whoe seikes to wear the lawreat crowen,  
Or hath the mind that would espire,  
Lett him his native soylle eschew,  
Lett him go rainge and seeke a newe

Eche hawtie harte is well contente,  
With everie chance that shal betyde ,  
No hap can hinder his entente ,  
He steadfast standes, though fortune slide  
The sunn, quoth he, doth shine as well  
Abrod, as earst where I did dwell.

In chaynge of streames each fish can live,  
Eche foule content with everie ayre,  
Eche hautie hart remainethe still,  
And not be dround in depe dispaire  
Wherfor I judg all landes alieke,  
To hautie hartes who fortune sieke

Too pas the seaes som thinkes a toille,  
Sum thinkes it strange abrod to rome  
Sum thinkes it a grefe to leave their soylle,  
Their parents, cynfolke, and their whome  
Thinke soe who list, I like it nott ,  
I must abrod to trie my lott.

Whoe list at whome at carte to drudge,  
And carke and care for worldlie trashe,  
With buckled sheoes let him goe trudge,  
Instead of launce a whip to slashe ,

A mynd that is base his kind will show,  
Of caronn sweete to feed a crowe.

If Jasonn of that mynd had bine,  
The Gresions when thay cam to Troye,  
Had never so the Trogian's foylde,  
Nor never put them to such anoye  
Wherfore who lust to live at whome,  
To purchas fame I will go rome.

ANON

238      *From 'The Faerie Queene'*

## 1

NOW strike your sailes ye iolly Mariners,  
For we be come vnto a quiet rode,  
Where we must land some of our passengers  
And light this wearie vessell of her lode  
Here she a while may make her safe abode,  
Till she repaired haue her tackles spent,  
And wants supplide    And then againe abroad  
On the long voiage whereto she is bent.  
Well may she speede and fairely finish her intent.

## 11

Who fares on sea, may not commaund his way,  
Ne wind and weather at his pleasure call  
The sea is wide, and easie for to stray,  
The wind vnstable, and doth neuer stay  
But here a while ye may in safety rest,  
Till season serue new passage to assay  
Better safe port, then be in seas distrest

EDMUND SPENSER



239

*To Sleep*

WILT thou upon the high and giddy mast  
Seel up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains  
In cradle of the rude imperious surge,  
And in the visitation of the winds,  
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,  
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them  
With deafning clamour in the slippery clouds,  
That with the hurly death itself awakes ?  
Canst thou, O partial sleep ! give thy repose  
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude,  
And in the calmest and most stillest night,  
With all appliances and means to boot,  
Deny it to a king ?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

240 *Henry V on the Way to France*

SUPPOSE that you have seen  
The well-appointed king at Hampton pier  
Embark his royalty ; and his brave fleet  
With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning  
Play with your fancies, and in them behold  
Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing ,  
Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give  
To sounds confus'd , behold the threaden sails,  
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,  
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,  
Breasting the lofty surge O ! do but think  
You stand upon the rivage and behold  
A city on the inconstant billows dancing ,  
For so appears this fleet majestical,  
Holding due course to Harfleur

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

241. *A Ioyful New Ballad, Declaring the  
Happie Obtaining of the Great Galleazzo*

*Wherein Don Pedro de Valdez was the chiefe, through the  
mightie power and prouidence of God, being a speciall token  
of his gracious and fatherly goodnes towards vs, to the  
great encouragement of all those that willingly fight in the  
defence of his gospel, and our good Queene of England*

To the Tune of *Monseurs Almaigne*

**O** NOBLE England, fall downe vpon thy knee  
 And praise thy God with thankfull hart which  
 still maintaineth thee  
 The forraine forces, that seekes thy vtter spoile  
 Shall then through his especiall grace be brought to shame-  
 full foile  
 With mightie power they come vnto our coast •  
 To ouer runne our countrie quite, they make their brags  
 and boast  
 In strength of men they set their onely stay  
 But we, vpon the Lord our God, will put our trust alway.  
 Great is their number, of ships vpon the sea  
 And their prouision wonderfull, but Lord thou art our stay  
 Their armed souldiers are many by account  
 Their aiders eke in this attempt doe sundrie waies surmount.  
 The Pope of Rome with many blessed graines  
 To sanctify their bad pretense bestowed both cost and  
 paines  
 But little land, is not dismaide at all  
 The Lord no doubt is on our side, which soone will worke  
 their fall

In happy houre our foes we did descry.  
And vnder saile with gallant winde as they cam passing by.  
Which suddaine tidings to Plymmouth being brought  
Full soone our Lord high Admirall for to pursue them  
sought  
And to his traine coragiously he said  
Now, for the Lord and our good Queene, to fight be not  
afraide  
Regard our cause, and play your partes like men.  
The Lord no doubt will prosper vs in all our actions then.

This great Galleazzo, which was so huge and hye  
That like a bulwarke on the sea did seeme to each mans  
eye  
There was it taken, vnto our great reliefe  
And diuers Nobles, in which traine Don Pietro was the  
chiefe  
Stronge was she stuf, with Cannons great and small  
And other instruments of warre, which we obtained all.  
A certaine signe of good successe we trust  
That God will ouerthrow the rest, as he hath done the  
first.

Then did our Naue pursue the rest amaine  
With roaring noise of Cannons great, till they neare Callice  
came  
With manly courage they followed them so fast  
Another mightie Gallion did seeme to yeeld at last  
And in distresse, for sauegard of their lues  
A flag of truce they did hand out, with many mournfull  
cries  
Which when our men did perfectly espie  
Some little Barkes they sent to her, to board her quietly.

But these false Spaniards, esteeming them but weake  
When they within their danger came, their malice forth  
did breake

With charged Cannons, they laide about them then  
For to destroy those proper Barkes, and all their valiant men  
Which when our men perceiued so to be  
Like Lions fierce they forward went, to quite this iniurie  
And bounding them, with strong and mightie hand  
They kild the men vntill their Arke did sinke in Callice  
sand.

The chieftest Captaine of this Gallion so hie  
Don Hugo de Moncaldo he within this fight did die.  
Who was the Generall of all the Gallions great .  
But through his braines, with pouders force, a Bullet strong  
did beat  
And manie more by sword did loose their breath  
And manie more within the sea did swimme and tooke  
their death  
There might you see the salt and foming flood  
Died and stand like scarlet red, with store of Spanish  
blood.

This mightie vessell was threescore yards in length  
Most wonderfull to each mans eie, for making and for  
strength.  
In her was placed an hundreth Cannons great  
And mightily prouided eke, with bread, corne, wine and  
meat  
There was of Oares, two hundereth I weene  
Threescore foote and twelue in length, well measured to  
be seene  
And yet subdued, with manie others more  
And not a Ship of ours lost, the Lord be thankt therefore

Our pleasant countrie, so fruitfull and so faire  
They doe intend by deadly warre to make both poore and  
bare

Our townes and cities to rack and sacke likewise :  
To kill and murder man and wife, as malice doth arise ;  
And to deflower our virgins in our sight  
And in the cradle cruelly the tender babe to smite  
Gods holy truth they meane for to cast downe .  
And to deprive our noble Queene both of her life and  
crowne.

Our wealth and riches, which we enioyed long,  
They doe appoint their pray and spoile, by crueltie and  
wrong

To set our houses a fier on our heades  
And cursedly to cut our throates, as we lye in our beds  
Our childrens branes to dash against the ground  
And from the earth our memorie for euer to confound  
To change our ioy to grief and mourning sad  
And neuer more to see the dayes of pleasure we haue had.

But God almightie be blessed euermore,  
Who doth encourage Englishmen to beate them from our  
shoare

With roaring Cannons, their hastie steps to stay  
And with the force of thundering shot to make them flye  
away

Who made account, before this time or day  
Against the walles of faire London their banners to display.  
But their intent the Lord will bring to nought :  
If faithfully we call and cry for succour as we ought

And you deare bretheren, which beareth Arms this day  
For safegarde of your natue sole, marke well what I  
shall say

Regarde your dueties, thinke on your countries good :  
And feare not in defense thereof to spend your dearest  
bloud.

Our gracious Queene doth greete you euey one  
And saith, she will among you be, in euey bitter storme.  
Desiring you, true English hearts to beare  
To God, and her, and to the land wherein you nursed were

Lord God almightie, which hath the harts in hand.  
Of euerie person to dispose defend this English land.  
Bless thou our Sovereigne with long and happie life :  
Indue her Councel with thy grace, and end this mortall  
strife

T[HOMAS] D[ELONFY]

242 *San Francis Drake's First Sight of the  
Pacific February 11th 1593*

ALL the way was thorow woods very coole and pleasant,  
by reason of those goodly and high Trees, that growe  
there so thicke, that it is cooler traueilling there vnder them  
in that hot region, then it is in the most parts of England  
in the Summer time. This gaue a speciall encouragement  
vnto vs all, that we vnderstood there was a great Tree  
about the midway, from which, we might at once discerne  
the North sea from whence we came, and the South sea  
whether we were going

The fourth day following we came to the height of the  
desired Hill, (a very high Hill, lying East and West, like a  
ridge betweene the two Seas) about tenne of the clocke where  
the chieftest of these Symerons tooke our Captaine by the hand,  
and prayed him to follow him, if he was desirous to see  
at once the two Seas which he had so long longed for.

Here was that goodly and great high Tree, in which they  
had cut and made diuers steps, to ascend vp neere vnto the top,

where they had also made a conuenient Bower, wherein tenne or twelue men might easily sit : and from thence we might without any difficulty plainly see, th' Atlantick Ocean whence now we came, and the south Atlanticke so much desired . .

After our Captaine had ascended to this Bower, with the chiefe Symeron, and hauing as it pleased God, at that time, by reason of the brize, a very faire day, had seene that sea, of which he had heard such golden reports hee besought Almightye God of his goodnesse, to gieve him life and leaue to sayle once in an English Ship in that sea and then calling vp all the rest of our men, acquainted Iohn Oxnam especially with this his petition and purpose. if it would please God to grant him that happinesse who vnderstanding it, presently protested, that vnlesse our Captaine did beate him from his company, he would follow him by Gods grace

Thus all throughly satisfied with the sight of the seas, descended, and after our repast, continued our ordinary march, through woods, yet two dayes more as before. . .

PHILIP NICHOLS *Preacher. Sir Francis Drake Renewed*  
(renewed by Sir F Drake himselfe before his death), 1626

243.

*Epitaph on Drake*

SIR Drake whom well the world's end knew,  
Which thou did'st compasse round,  
And whom both Poles of heaven once saw  
Which North and South do bound,  
The stars above, would make thee known,  
If men here silent were ,  
The Sun himself cannot forget  
His fellow traveller

*Wit's Recreations* (1640)

244. *Epitaph on Drake*

ENGLAND his hart, his Corps the Waters haue :  
And that which raysd his fame, became his grave.

RICHARD BARNFIELD

 245 *Epitaph on Hawkins*

THE Waters were his Winding sheete, the Sea was  
made his Toome ;  
Yet for his fame the Ocean Sea, was not sufficient roome

RICHARD BARNFIELD

 246. *From 'Britannia's Pastorals'*

TIME neuer can produce men to o're-take  
The fames of *Greenuil*, *Daues*, *Gilbert*, *Drake*,  
Or worthy *Hawkins*, or of thousands more  
That by their powre made the *Deuonian* shore  
Mocke the proud *Tagus*, for whose richest spoyle  
The boasting *Spaniard* left the *Indian* soyle  
Banckrupt of store, knowing it would quit cost  
By winning this though all the rest were lost  
As oft the *Sea-Nymphes* on her strand haue set  
Learning of *Fisher-men* to knit a net,  
Wherein to wynd vp their disheuel'd hayres,  
They haue beheld the frolicke *Marriners*  
For exercise (got earely from their beds)  
Pitch bars of siluer, and cast golden sleds.



So by *Heroes* were we led of yore,  
 And by our drummes that thundred on each shore,  
 Stroke with amazement Countries farre and neere,  
 Whilst their Inhabitants like Heards of *Deere*,  
 By kingly *Lyons* chas'd, fled from our Armes.  
 If any did oppose, instructed swarmes  
 Of men immayl'd, *Fate* drew them on to be  
 A greater *Fame* to our got Victory

WILLIAM BROWNE

247. *Ode on Drake's Chair*

I

CHEAR up my mates, the wind does fairly blow,  
 Clap on more sail and never spare,  
 Farewell all lands, for now we are  
 In the wide sea of drink, and merrily we go  
 Bless me, 'tis hot! another bowl of wine,  
 And we shall cut the burning line  
 Hey boyes! she scuds away, and by my head I know,  
 We round the world are sailing now  
 What dull men are those who tarry at home,  
 When abroad they might wantonly rome,  
 And gain such experience, and spy too  
 Such countries, and wonders as I do?  
 But prythee good pilot take heed what you do,  
 And fail not to touch at Peru,  
 With gold, there the vessel we'll store,  
 And never, and never be poor,  
 No never be poor any more

## II

What do I mean ? What thoughts do me misguide ?  
As well upon a staff may witches ride  
Their fancy'd journies in the ayr,  
As I sail round the ocean in this chair  
'Tis true, but yet this chair which here you see,  
For all its quiet now, and gravitie,  
Has wandred, and has travailed more,  
Than ever beast, or fish, or bird, or ever tree before.  
In every ayr, and every sea 't has been,  
'T has compas'd all the earth, and all the heavens 't has  
seen  
Let not the Pope's it self with this compare,  
This is the only Universal Chair

## III

The pious wandrers fleet, sav'd from the flame,  
(Which still the reliques did of Troy persue,  
And took them for its due)  
A squadron of immortal nymphs became  
Still with their arms they row about the seas,  
And still make new and greater voyages,  
Nor has the first poetick ship of Greece,  
(Though now a star she so triumphant show,  
And guide her sailing successors below,  
Bright as her ancient freight the shining fleece,)  
Yet to this day a quiet harbour found,  
The tide of heaven still carries her around  
Only Drakes sacred vessel which before  
Had done, and had seen more,  
Than those have done or seen,  
Ev'n since they goddesses, and this a star has been,

As a reward for all her labour past,  
 Is made the seat of rest at last  
 Let the case now quite alter'd be,  
 And as thou went'st abroad the world to see ;  
 Let the world now come to see thee.

## IV

The world will do 't , for curiosity  
 Does no less than devotion, pilgrims make ,  
 And I my self who now love quiet too,  
 As much almost as any chair can do,  
 Would yet a journey take,  
 An old wheel of that chariot to see,  
 Which Phaeton so rashly brake  
 Yet what could that say more than these remains of Drake  
 Great relique ! thou too, in this port of ease,  
 Hast still one way of making voyages ;  
 The breath of fame, like an auspicious gale,  
 (The great Trade-Wind which ne're does fail,)  
 Shall drive thee round the world, and thou shalt run,  
 As long around it as the sun.  
 The straits of time too narrow are for thee,  
 Lanch forth into an undiscovered sea,  
 And steer the endless course of vast Eternitie,  
 Take for thy sail this verse, and for thy pilot mee.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

248

*Drake's Drum*

**D**RAKE he's in his hammock an' a thousand mil  
 away,  
 (Capten, art tha sleepin' there below ?),  
 Slung atween the round shot in Nombre Dios Bay,  
 An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.

Yarnder lumes the Island, yarnder lie the ships,  
Wi' sailor lads a dancin' heel-an'-toe,  
An' the shore-lights flashin', an' the night-tide dashin',  
He sees et arl so plainly as he saw et long ago

Drake he was a Devon man, an' ruled the Devon seas,  
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below'),  
Rovin' tho' his death fell, he went wi' heart at ease,  
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe  
'Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,  
Strike et when your powder's runnin' low,  
If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o' Heaven,  
An' drum them up the Channel as we drummed them  
long ago.'

Drake he's in his hammock till the great Armadas come,  
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below'),  
Slung atween the round shot, listenin' for the drum,  
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe  
Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,  
Call him when ye sail to meet the foe,  
Where the old trade's plyin' an' the old flag flyin'  
They shall find him ware an' wakin', as they found  
him long ago!

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT

249

*The Spanish Armada*

FROM mercilesse invaders,  
From wicked men's device,  
O God ! arise and helpe us,  
To quele owre enemies

Sinke deepe their potent navies,  
 Their strength and corage breake,  
 O God<sup>!</sup> arise and arm us,  
 For Jesus Christ, his sake

Though cruel Spain and Parma  
 With heathene legions come,  
 O God<sup>!</sup> arise and arm us,  
 We'll dye for owre home<sup>!</sup>

We will not change owre Credo  
 For Pope, nor boke, nor bell,  
 And yf the Devil come himself,  
 We'll hounde him back to hell

BISHOP JOHN STILL.

250

*From 'The Armada'*

ATTEND, all ye who list to hear our noble England's  
 praise,

I tell of the thrice famous deeds she wrought in ancient days,  
 When that great fleet invincible against her bore in vain  
 The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain

It was about the lovely close of a warm summer day,  
 There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to Plymouth  
 Bay,

Her crew hath seen Castile's black fleet, beyond Aurigny's  
 isle,

At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving many a mile.  
 At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial grace,  
 And the tall Pinta, till the noon, had held her close in chase.  
 Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the wall,  
 The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgumbe's lofty hall,  
 Many a light fishing-bark put out to pry along the coast,

And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland many  
a post.

With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old sheriff comes ,  
Behind him march the halberdiers , before him sound the  
drums ,

His yeomen round the market cross make clear an ample  
space ,

For there behoves him to set up the standard of Her Grace.  
And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance the bells,  
As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon swells.  
Look how the Lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown,  
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down.  
So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that famed Picard  
field,

Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's eagle  
shield

So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath he turned to bay,  
And crushed and torn beneath his claws the princely hunters  
lay

Ho ! strike the flagstaff deep, Sir Knight . ho ! scatter  
flowers, fair maids

Ho ! gunners, fire a loud salute ho ! gallants, draw your  
blades .

Thou sun, shine on her joyously—ye breezes, waft  
her wide ,

Our glorious SEMPER EADEM, the banner of our pride.

The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that banner's  
massy fold ,

The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty scroll  
of gold ,

Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea,  
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again shall be.

THOMAS BABINGTON, LORD MACAULAY

251 *The Last Fight of H M S 'Revenge'*

THE 13 of September the said (Spanish) Armada arrived at the Iland of Corvo, where the Englishmen with about 16 ships as then lay, staying for the Spanish fleet, whereof some or the most part were come, and there the English were in good hope to have taken them. But when they perceived the kings army to be strong, the Admiral being the lord Thomas Howard, commanded his Fleet not to fall upon them, nor any of them once to separate their ships from him, unlesse he gave commission so to do. notwithstanding the viceadmirall Sir Richard Greenvil, being in the ship called the Revenge, went into the Spanish fleet and shot among them doing them great hurt, & thinking the rest of the company would have folowed, which they did not, but left him there & sailed away, the cause why could not be known. Which the Spaniards perceiving, with 7 or 8 ships they boorded her, but she withstood them all, fighting with them at the least 12 houres together and sunke two of them, one being a new double Flieboat of 600 tunnes, and Admiral of the Flieboats, the other a Biscain. but in the end by reason of the number that came upon her, she was taken, but to their great lose, for they had lost in fighting and by drowning, above 400 men, and of the English were slaine about 100, Sir Richard Greenvil himselfe being wounded in his braine, whereof afterwards he died.

He was caried into the ship called S Paul, wherein was the Admirall of the fleet Don Alonso De Baçan. here his wounds were drest by the Spanish surgeons, but Don Alonso himselfe would neither see him nor speake with him. all the rest of the captaines and gentlemen went to visit him,

and to comfort him in his hard fortune, wondering at his courage and stout heart, for yt he showed not any signe of faintnes nor changing of colour, but feeling the houre of death to approch, he spake these words in Spanish, and said Here die I Richard Greenvil with a joyful & quiet mind, for that I have ended my life as a true souldier ought to do, that has fought for his countrey, Queene, religion and honour, whereby my soule most joyfull departeth out of this body, & shal alwayes leave behind it an everlasting fame of a valiant and true souldier that hath done his dutie as he was bound to doe

When he had finished these or such other like words, he gave up the ghost, with great & stout courage, & no man could perceive any true signe of heaviness in him

JAN HUYGEN VAN LINSCHOTEN

*Trans by W PHILLIP.*

### 252 *The Last Fight of the 'Revenge'*

HIS masts were broken, and his tackle torne,  
 HIS vpper worke hew'd downe into the Sea,  
 Naught of his ship about the source was borne,  
 But even leueld with the Ocean lay,  
 Onely the ships foundation (yet that worne)  
 Remained a trophey in that mighty fray,  
     Nothing at all about the head remained,  
     Either for couert, or that force maintained

Powder for shot, was spent and wasted cleane,  
 Scarce seene a corne to charge a peece withall,  
 All her pykes broken, halfe of his best men slaine,  
 The rest sore wounded, on Deaths Agents call,



On th' other side, her foe in ranks remaine,  
Displaying multitudes, and store of all  
What euer might auaile for victorie,  
Had they not wanted harts true valiancie.

When Grinuile saw his desperate drierie case,  
Meerely dispoyled of all succes-full thought,  
Hee calls before him all within the place,  
The Maister, Maister-gunner, and them taught  
Rules of true hardiment to purchase grace,  
Showes them the end their trauailes toile had bought,  
How sweet it is, swift Fame to ouer-goe,  
How vile to die in captiue ouerthrow.

' Gallants (he saith) since three aclock last noone,  
Vntill this morning, fifteene howers by course,  
We have maintaind stout warre, and still vndoone  
Our foes assaults, and drue them to the worse,  
Fifteene Armados boardings haue not wonne  
Content or ease, but beene repeld by force,  
Eight hundred Cannon shot against our side,  
Haue not our harts in coward colours died

' And thus resolu'd since other meane is reft,  
Sweet Maister-gunner, split our keele in twaine,  
We cannot liue, whom hope of life hath left,  
Dying, our deaths more glorious liues retaine,  
Let not our ship, of shame and foile bereft,  
Vnto our foe-men for a prize remaine,  
Sinke her, and sinking with the Greeke wee'le cry,  
Best not to be, or beeing soone to dye.'

Scarse had his words tane wings from his deare tong,  
But the stout Maister-gunner, euer ritch  
In heauenlie valure and repulsing wrong,  
Proud that his hands by action might inritch  
His name and nation with a worthie song,  
Tow'rd his hart higher then Eagles pitch,  
And instantlie indeuours to effect  
Grinuils desier, by ending Deaths defect.

But th' other Maister, and the other Mat's,  
Disented from the honour of their minds,  
And humbly praid the Knight to rue their stat's,  
Whom miserie to no such mischeife binds,  
To him th' aleadge great reasons, and dilat's  
Their foes amazements, whom their valures blinds,  
And maks more eager t'entertaine a truce,  
Then they to offer words for warres excuse

They show him diuers gallant men of might,  
Whose wounds not mortall, hope gaue of recuer,  
For their saks sue they to diuorce this night  
Of desperate chaunce, calld vnto Deaths black lure,  
Their lengthned lues, their countries cares might right,  
And to their Prince they might good hopes assure  
Then quod the Captaine, (deere Knight) do not spill,  
The lues whom gods and Fat's seeke not to kill

And where thou sayst the Spanyards shall not braue,  
T' haue tane one ship due to our virgin Queene,  
O know, that they, nor all the world can saue,  
This wounded Barke, whose like no age hath seene,

Sixe foote shee leaks in hold, three shot beneath the waue,  
All whose repaire so insufficient beene,  
That when the Sea shall angrie worke begin,  
Shee cannot chuse but sinke and dye therein

. . .

O when Sir Richard saw them start aside,  
More chayne to life then to a glorius graue,  
And those whom hee so oft in dangers tryde,  
Now trembling seeke their hatefull liues to saue.  
Sorrow and rage, shame, and his honors pride,  
Choking his soule, madly compeld him raue,  
Vntill his rage with vigor did confound  
His heaue hart, and left him in a swound

The Maister-gunner, likewise seeing Fate  
Bridle his fortune, and his will to die,  
With his sharpe sword sought to set ope the gate,  
By which his soule might from his body flie,  
Had not his freends perforce preseru'd his state,  
And lockt him in his Cabbın, safe to lie,  
Whilst others swarm'd where haplesse Grinuile lay,  
By cryes recalling life, late runne away

In this too restlesse turmoile of vnrest  
The poore Reuenges Maister stole awaye,  
And to the Spanish Admirall adrest  
The dolefull tidings of this mournfull day  
(The Spanish Admirall who then oprest,  
Houering with doubt, not daring t' end the fray,)  
And pleads for truce, with souldiour-like submission,  
Anexing to his words a straight condition.

Alfonso, willing to giue end to armes,  
For well he knew Grinuile would neuer yeild,  
Albe his power stode like unnumbred swarmes,  
Yet daring not on stricter tearmes to build,  
Hee offers all what may alay their harmes  
Safetie of liues, nor any thrall to weild,  
Free from the Galhe, prisonment, or paine,  
And safe returne vnto their soyle againe.

To this he yeelds, as well for his own sake,  
Whom desperate hazard might indamage sore,  
As for desier the famous Knight to take,  
Whom in his hart he seemed to deplore,  
And for his valure halfe a God did make,  
Extolling him all other men before,  
Admiring with an honourable hart,  
His valure, wisdom, and his Souldiours Art.

.

Sooner they boarded not the crazed Barke,  
But they beheld where speechlesse Grinuile lay,  
All smeard in blood, and clouded in the darke  
Contagious curtaine of Deaths tragick day,  
They wept for pittie, and yet silent marke  
Whether his lungs sent liuing breath away,  
Which when they sawe in ayrie blasts to flie,  
They stru'd who first should stanch his misery

They tooke him vp, and to theyr Generall brought  
His mangled carkasse, but vnmaimed minde,  
Three dayes hee breath'd, yet neuer spake he ought,  
Albe his foes were humble, sad, and kinde,

The fourth, came downe the Lambe that all soules bought,  
 And his pure part, from worser parts refind,  
 Bearing his spirite vp to the loftie skyes,  
 Leauing his body, wonder to wonders eyes.

GERVASE MARKHAM.

*The most Honorable Tragedie of  
 Sir Richard Grinuile, Knight.*

### 253. *The English Admirals*

. . . Their sayings and doings stir English blood like the sound of a trumpet, and if the Indian Empire, the trade of London, and all the outward and visible ensigns of our greatness should pass away, we should still leave behind us a durable monument of what we were in these sayings and doings of the English Admirals

Duncan, lying off the Texel with his own flagship, the *Venerable*, and only one other vessel, heard that the whole Dutch fleet was putting to sea. He told Captain Hotham to anchor alongside of him in the narrowest part of the channel, and fight his vessel till she sank 'I have taken the depth of the water,' added he, 'and when the *Venerable* goes down, my flag will still fly' . . . In the same spirit, Nelson went into Aboukir with six colours flying, so that even if five were shot away, it should not be imagined he had struck. He too must needs wear his four stars outside his Admiral's frock, to be a butt for sharp-shooters. 'In honour I gained them', he said to objectors, adding with sublime illogicality, 'in honour I will die with them'. When Raleigh sailed into Cadiz, and all the forts and ships opened fire on him at once, he scorned to shoot a gun, and made answer with a flourish of insulting trumpets. When the news came to Essex before Cadiz that the attack had been

decided, he threw his hat into the sea . . . Benbow could not lie still in his bunk after he had lost his leg, he must be on deck in a basket to direct and animate the fight .

Trowbridge went ashore with the *Culloden*, and was able to take no part in the battle of the Nile 'The merits of that ship and her gallant captain,' wrote Nelson to the Admiralty, 'are too well known to benefit by anything I could say. Her misfortune was great in getting aground, *while her more fortunate companions were in the full tide of happiness*' This is a notable expression, and depicts the whole great-hearted, big-spoken stock of the English Admirals to a hair It was to be 'in the full tide of happiness' for Nelson to destroy five thousand five hundred and twenty-five of his fellow-creatures, and have his own scalp torn open by a piece of langridge shot Hear him again at Copenhagen A shot through the mainmast knocked the splinters about; and he observed to one of his officers with a smile, 'It is warm work, and this may be the last to any of us at any moment', and then, stopping short at the gangway, added, with emotion, '*But, mark you,—I would not be elsewhere for thousands*'

. . . Sir Richard Greenville was Vice-Admiral to Lord Thomas Howard, and lay off the Azores with the English squadron in 1591 He was a noted tyrant to his crew a dark, bullying fellow apparently, and it is related of him that he would chew and swallow wine-glasses, by way of convivial levity, till the blood ran out of his mouth When the Spanish fleet of fifty sail came within sight of the English, his ship, the *Revenge*, was the last to weigh anchor, and was so far circumvented by the Spaniards, that there were but two courses open—either to turn her back upon the enemy or sail through one of his squadrons The first alternative Greenville dismissed as dishonourable

to himself, his country, and her Majesty's ship. Accordingly, he chose the latter, and entered into the Spanish armament. Several vessels he forced to hulk and fall under his lee, until, about three o'clock of the afternoon, a great ship of three decks of ordnance took the wind out of his sails, and immediately boarded. Thenceforward, and all night long, the *Revenge* held her own single handed against the Spaniards. As one ship was beaten off, another took its place. She endured, according to Raleigh's computation, 'eight hundred shot of great artillery, besides many assaults and entries.' By morning the powder was spent, the plates all broken, not a stick was standing, 'nothing left overhead either for flight or defence'; six feet of water in the hold; almost all the men hurt, and Greenville himself in a dying condition. The captain and crew thought they had done about enough, but Greenville was not of this opinion; he gave orders to the master-gunner, whom he knew to be a fellow after his own stamp, to scuttle the *Revenge* where she lay. The others, who were not mortally wounded like the Admiral, interfered with some decision, locked the master-gunner in his cabin, after having deprived him of his sword, for he manifested a decision to kill himself if he were not to sink the ship, and sent to the Spaniards to demand terms. These were granted. The second or third day after, Greenville died of his wounds aboard the Spanish flagship, leaving his contempt upon the 'traitors and dogs' who had not chosen to do as he did, and engage fifty vessels, well found and fully manned, with six inferior craft ravaged by sickness and short of stores. He at least, he said, had done his duty as he was bound to do, and looked for everlasting fame.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

254

*Henry Martin*

IN Scotland there lived three brothers of late,  
In Scotland there lived brothers three;  
Now, the youngest cast lots with the other two,  
Which should go rob on the salt sea

The lot it did fall to bold Henry Martin—  
The youngest of all the three,  
And he had to turn robber all on the salt seas,  
To maintain his two brothers and he.

He had not been sailing past a long winter's night,  
Past a long winter's night before day,  
Before he espied a lofty, fine ship,  
Come sailing all on the salt sea

'O! where are you bound for?' cried Henry Martin,  
'O! where are you bound for?' cried he  
'I'm a rich loaded ship bound for fair England,  
I pray you to let me pass free'

'O, no! O, no!' cried Henry Martin,  
'O, no! that never can be;  
Since I have turned robber all on the salt sea,  
To maintain my two brothers and me

Heave down your main tack, likewise your main tie,  
And lig yourself under my lee,  
For your rich glowing gold I will take it away,  
And your fair bodies drown in the sea'



Then broadside to broadside they merrily fought,  
 For fully two hours or three,  
 When, by chance, Henry Martin gave her a broad-side,  
 And right down to the bottom went she

Bad news ! bad news ! unto old England,  
 Bad news I tell unto thee ,  
 For your rich glowing gold is all melted away,  
 And your mariners are drown'd in the salt sea

255. *The Sweet Trinity, or Sir Walter  
 Raleigh*

SIR WALTER RALEIGH has built a Ship,  
 In the Neatherlands,  
 Sir *Walter Raleigh* has built a Ship  
 in the Neatherlands,  
 And it is called the *Sweet Trinity*,  
 And was taken by the false Gallaly,  
 sailing in the Low-lands

Is there never a Seaman bold  
 in the Neatherlands ?  
 Is there never a Seaman bold  
 in the Neatherlands ?  
 That will go take this false Gallaly,  
 And to redeem the *Sweet Trinity*,  
 sailing in the Low-lands ?

Then spoke the little Ship-boy  
 in the Neatherlands,  
 Then spoke the little Ship-boy  
 in the Neatherlands,

Master, master, what will you give me ?  
And I will take this false Gallaly,  
And release the *Sweet Trinity*,  
sailing in the Low-lands

I'le give thee gold, and I'le give thee fee,  
in the Neatherlands,  
I'le give thee gold, and I'le give thee fee,  
in the Neatherlands,  
And my eldest daughter thy wife shall be,  
sailing in the Low-lands.

He set his breast, and away he did swim,  
in the Neatherlands,  
He set his breast, and away he did swim,  
in the Neatherlands,  
Until he came to the false Gallaly,  
sailing in the Low-lands

He had an Augor fit for the <n>once,  
in the Neatherlands,  
He had an Augor fit for the <n>once,  
in the Neatherlands ,  
The which will bore  
Fifteen good holes at once,  
sailing in the Low-lands

Some were at Cards, and some at Dice,  
in the Neatherlands,  
Some were at Cards, and some at Dice,  
in the Neatherlands ;  
Until the salt water flash'd in their eyes,  
sailing in the Low-lands

Some cut their hats and some cut their caps,  
in the Neatherlands,  
Some cut their hats and some cut their caps,  
in the Neatherlands ,  
*For to stop the salt-water gaps,*  
sailing in the Low-lands

He set his breast and away did swim,  
in the Neatherlands,  
He set his breast and away did swim  
in the Neatherlands ,  
Until he came to his own Ship again,  
sailing in the Low-lands.

I have done the work I have promis'd to do  
in the Neatherlands, .  
I have done the work I have promis'd to do  
in the Neatherlands ;  
For I have sunk the false Gallaly,  
And released the *Sweet Trinity*,  
sailing in the Low-lands

You promis'd me gold, and you promis'd me fee,  
in the Neatherlands,  
You promis'd me gold, and you promis'd me fee,  
in the Neatherlands ,  
Your eldest daughter my wife she must be,  
sailing in the Low-lands

You shall have gold, and you shall have fee,  
in the Neatherlands,  
You shall have gold, and you shall have fee,  
in the Neatherlands ,  
But my eldest daughter your wife shall never be,  
for sailing in the Low-lands

Then fare you well, you cozening Lord,  
in the Neatherlands,  
Then fare you well, you cozening Lord,  
in the Neatherlands,  
Seeing you are not so good as your word,  
for sailing in the Low-lands.

And thus I shall conclude my Song,  
of the sailing in the Low-lands,  
And thus I shall conclude my Song,  
of the sailing in the Low-lands  
Wishing all happiness to all Seamen, both old and young,  
in their sailing in the Low-lands

256. *The Golden Vanity*

I HAVE a ship in the North Countrie,  
And she goes by the name of the *Golden Vanity*,  
I'm afraid she will be taken by some Turkish gallee,  
As she sails on the Low Lands Low

Then up starts our little cabin boy,  
Saying, 'Master, what will you give me if I do them  
destroy?'  
'I will give you gold, I will give you store,  
You shall have my daughter when I return on shore,  
If you sink them in the Low Lands Low'

The boy bent his breast, and away he jumpt in,  
He swam till he came to this Turkish galleon,  
As she laid on the Low Lands Low

The boy he had an auger to bore holes two at twice ;  
While some were playing cards, and some were playing  
dice,  
He let the water in, and it dazzled in their eyes,  
And he sunk them in the Low Lands Low

The boy he bent his breast, and away he swam back again,  
Saying, ' Master, take me up, or I shall be slain,  
For I have sunk them in the Low Lands Low.'

' I'll not take you up,' the master he cried,—  
' I'll not take you up,' the master replied ,  
' I will kill you, I will shoot you, I will send you with the  
tide,  
I will sink you in the Low Lands Low '

The boy he swam round all by the starboard side ;  
They laid him on the deck, and it 's there he soon died  
Then they sewed him up in an old cow's hide,  
And they threw him overboard to go down with the tide,  
And they sunk him in the Low Lands Low.

O N Friday morning as we set sail,  
It was not far from land,  
O, there I spy'd a fair pretty maid,  
With a comb and a glass in her hand  
The stormy winds did blow,  
And the raging seas did roar,  
While we poor Sailors went to the top,  
And the land lubbers laid below.

Then up spoke a boy of our gallant ship,  
And a well speaking boy was he,  
' I've a father and mother in Portsmouth town,  
And this night they weep for me.'  
The stormy, &c

Then up spoke a man of our gallant ship,  
And a well speaking man was he,  
' I've married a wife in fair London town,  
And this night she a widow will be '  
The stormy, &c

Then up spoke the Captain of our gallant ship,  
And a valiant man was he,  
' For want of a boat we shall be drown'd,  
For she sunk to the bottom of the sea.'  
The stormy, &c

The moon shone bright, and the stars gave light,  
And my mother was looking for me,  
She might look and weep with watery eyes,  
She might look to the bottom of the sea  
The stormy, &c

Three times round went our gallant ship,  
And three times round went she,  
Three times round went our gallant ship,  
Then she sunk to the bottom of the sea.  
The stormy, &c

258. *Les Merveilles de la Mer*

**Q**UI congnoistra les merveilles de mer,  
 L'horrible son, plein de peril amer.  
 Des flotz esmeus et troublez sans mesure ?  
 Qui la verra par gros ventz escumer,  
 Pousser, fumer, sublimer, s'abysmer,  
 Et puis souldain tranquille sans fracture ?  
 Qui congnoistra son ordre et sa nature ?  
 Mais qui dira . j'ay veu telle aventure,  
 Sinon celluy qui navigue dessus ?  
 Celluy là peult bien dire par droicture  
 O merueilleux qui habite là sus

O navigantz, O povres matelotz,  
 Qui congnoissez la nature et les flotz  
 De la grand mer où pretendez profitz,  
 Levez les yeulx, ayant les cueurs devotz,  
 Devers le ciel, et je seray des vos  
 A donner gloire a celuy qui la fit

Considerez la grandeur et l'estente  
 De ceste mer tant large et tant patente  
 Dont la moytié pourroit noyer la terre,  
 Et non obstant sa force violente,  
 La main de Dieu forte et omnipotente  
 La tient ensemble en arrest et en serre,  
 Par sa puissance en lieu bourné la serre,  
 Par sa prudence il luy donne son erre,  
 Son mouvement et son cours ordinaire,  
 Et quant el' bruit, comme horrible tonnerre,

Dont povrement maint esquippage enerre,  
Par sa clémence il l'appaise et faict taire

Considerez les merveillex troppeaulx,  
Qu'on voit cingler au travers de ces eaux,  
De gros poissons et d'horribles belues,  
Diversement et à si grandz monceaux  
Qu'engin humain jugeroit cela faulx  
Si de premier telz bestes estoient veues ,  
Ilz sont sans nombre et toutes sont repues ;  
Le seul Parfaict qui surmonte les nues  
Sustente tout et leur donne pasture  
Qu'ilz vont chercher parmy vagues esmues  
En sortissant de leur profondes mues  
Jouxte l'instinct de leur propre nature.

JEAN PARMENTIER.

259.

*To the Virginian Voyage*

YOU braue Heroyque mynds,  
Worthy your Countries Name,  
That honor still pursue,  
Goe and subdue ,  
Whilst loytering hyndes  
Lurck heere at home with shame.

Britans, you stay too long ,  
Quickly aboard bestowe you,  
And with a merry gale  
Swell your stretch'd Sayle,  
With Vowes as stronge,  
As the Winds that blow you.



Your Course securely steare ;  
West and by South forth keep  
Rocks, Lee-shores, nor Sholes,  
When Eolus scoulds  
You need not feare,  
Soe absolute the Deepe

And cheercfully at Sea  
Successe you still entise  
To get the pearle and Gold ,  
And ours to hould  
Virginia,  
Earths onely Paradise

Where Nature hath in store  
Fowle, Venison and Fishe ,  
And the Fruitefull'st Soyle,  
Without your Toyle,  
Three Haruests more,  
All greater then your Wish.

And the ambitious Vine  
Crownes with his purple Masse  
The Cedar, reaching hie  
To kisse the Skye ,  
The Cypresse, Pine,  
And usefull Sassafras

To whome the golden Age  
Still Natures lawes doth giue ,  
No othei Cares attend  
But Them to defend  
From Winters rage,  
That long there doth not liue

When as the Lushious smell  
Of that delitious Land,  
    Aboue the Seas that flowes,  
    The cleere Wind throwes,  
    Your Harts to swell,  
Approching the deare Strand  
In kenning of the Shore  
(Thanks to God first giuen)  
    O! you the happy'st men,  
    Be Frolike then ;  
    Let Cannons roare,  
Frighting the wide Heauen  
And in Regions farre  
Such Heroes bring yee foorth,  
    As those from whome We came ,  
    And plant Our name  
    Vnder the Starre  
Not knowne vnto our North  
And where in Plenty growes  
Of lawrell euery where,  
    Apollos Sacred tree ,  
    Your may dayes see  
    A Poet's Browes  
To crowne, that may sing there  
Thy Voyages attend  
Industrious Hacklutt ,  
    Whose Reading shall inflame  
    Men to seeke Fame,  
    And much commend  
To after Times thy Wit

MICHAEL DRAYTON

260. *Like an adventurous sea-farer am I*

LIKE an aduenturous Sea-farer am I,  
 Who hath some long and dang'rous Voyage beene,  
 And calld to tell of his Discouery,  
 How farre he sayld, what Countries he had seene  
 Proceeding from the Port whence he put forth,  
 Shewes by his Compasse how his Course he steer'd  
 When East, when West, when South and when by North,  
 As how the Pole to eu'ry place was rear'd,  
 What Capes he doubled, of what Continent,  
 The Gulphes and Straits that strangely he had past,  
 Where most becalm'd, where with foule Weather spent,  
 And on what Rockes in perill to be cast.

Thus in my Loue Time calls me to relate  
 My tedious Travells and oft-varying Fate.

MICHAEL DRAYTON

261. *On the Victory obtained by Blake*

*Over the Spaniards, in the Bay of Santa Cruz in the Island  
 of Teneriffe, 1657*

NOW does Spains fleet her spatious wings unfold,  
 Leaves the new world and hastens for the old :  
 But though the wind was fair, they slowly swomme,  
 Frayted with acted guilt, and guilt to come  
 For this rich load, of which so proud they are,  
 Was rais'd by tyranny, and rais'd for war ,  
 Every capatious gallions womb was fill'd,  
 With what the womb of wealthy kingdomes yield,  
 The new worlds wounded entrails they had tore,  
 For wealth wherewith to wound the old once more  
 Wealth which all others avarice might cloy,

But yet in them caus'd as much fear, as joy.  
For now upon the main, themselves they saw,  
That boundless empire, where you give the law,  
Of winds and waters rage, they fearful be,  
But much more fearful are your flags to see.  
Day, that to those who sail upon the deep,  
More wish't for, and more welcome is then sleep,  
They dreaded to behold, least the sun's light,  
With English streamers, should salute their sight.  
In thickest darkness they would choose to steer,  
So that such darkness might suppress their fear,  
At length theirs vanishes, and fortune smiles,  
For they behold the sweet Canary isles,  
One of which doubtless is by nature blest  
Above both worlds, since 'tis above the rest  
For least some gloominess might stain her sky,  
Trees there the duty of the clouds supply,  
O noble trust which heaven on this isle poures,  
Fertile to be, yet never need her showres.  
A happy people, which at once do gain  
The benefits without the ills of rain  
Both health and profit, fate cannot deny,  
Where still the earth is moist, the air still dry;  
The jarring elements no discord know,  
Fewel and rain together kindly grow,  
And coolness there, with heat doth never fight,  
This only rules by day, and that by night  
Your worth to all these isles, a just right brings,  
The best of lands should have the best of kings  
And these want nothing heaven can afford,  
Unless it be, the having you their lord,  
But this great want, will not a long one prove,  
Your conquering sword will soon that want remove

For Spain had better, shee'l ere long confess,  
Have broken all her swords, then this one peace,  
Casting that league off, which she held so long,  
She cast off that which only made her strong.  
Forces and art, she soon will feel, are vain,  
Peace, against you, was the sole strength of Spain ;  
By that alone those islands she secures,  
Peace made them hers, but war will make them yours ;  
There the indulgent soil that rich grape breeds,  
Which of the gods the fancied drink exceeds ;  
They still do yield, such is their pretious mould,  
All that is good, and are not curst with gold  
With fatal gold, for still where that does grow,  
Neither the soyl, nor people quiet know  
Which troubles men to raise it when 'tis oar,  
And when 'tis raised, does trouble them much more.  
Ah, why was thither brought that cause of war,  
Kind nature had from thence remov'd so far  
In vain does she those islands free from ill,  
If fortune can make guilty what she will.  
But whilst I draw that scene, where you ere long,  
Shall conquests act, your present are unsung.

For Sanctacruze the glad fleet takes her way,  
And safely there casts anchor in the bay  
Never so many with one joyful cry,  
That place saluted, where they all must dye  
Deluded men ! Fate with you did but sport,  
You scap't the sea, to perish in your port  
'Twas more for Englands fame you should dye there,  
Where you had most of strength, and least of fear.

The Peek's proud height, the Spaniards all admire,  
Yet in their brests, carry a pride much higher

Onely to this vast hill a power is given,  
At once both to inhabit earth and heaven  
But this stupendious prospect did not neer,  
Make them admire, so much as they did fear.

For here they met with news, which did produce,  
A grief, above the cure of grapes best juice  
They learn'd with terrour, that not summers heat,  
Nor winters storms, had made your fleet retreat  
To fight against such foes, was vain they knew,  
Which did the rage of elements subdue.  
Who on the ocean that does horror give,  
To all besides, triumphantly do live.

With hast they therefore all their gallions moar,  
And flank with cannon from the neighbouring shore  
Forts, lines, and sconces all the bay along,  
They build and act all that can make them strong

Fond men who know not whilst such works they raise,  
They only labour to exalt your praise  
Yet they by restless toyl, became at length,  
So proud and confident of their made strength,  
That they with joy their boasting general heard,  
Wish then for that assault he lately fear'd  
His wish he has, for now undaunted Blake,  
With winged speed, for Sanctacruze does make  
For your renown, the conquering fleet does ride,  
Ore seas as vast as is the Spaniards pride  
Whose fleet and trenches view'd, you soon did say,  
We to their strength are more oblig'd then they  
Wer't not for that, they from their fate would run,  
And a third world seek out our armes to shun

Those forts, which there, so high and strong appear,  
Do not so much suppress, as shew their fear.  
Of speedy victory let no man doubt,  
Our worst works past, now we have found them out  
Behold their navy does at anchor lye,  
And they are ours, for now they cannot fly.

This said, the whole fleet gave it their applause,  
And all assumes your courage, in your cause  
That bay they enter, which unto them owes,  
The noblest wreaths, that victory bestows.  
Bold Stainer leads, this fleets design'd by fate,  
To give him lawrel, as the last did plate

The thund'ring cannon now begins the fight,  
And though it be at noon, creates a night  
The air was soon after the fight begun,  
Far more enflam'd by it, then by the sun  
Never so burning was that climate known,  
War turn'd the temperate, to the torrid zone

Fate these two fleets between both worlds had brought.  
Who fight, as if for both those worlds they sought  
Thousands of wayes, thousands of men there dye,  
Some ships are sunk, some blown up in the skie  
Nature never made cedais so high aspire,  
As oakes did then, urg'd by the active fire  
Which by quick powders force, so high was sent,  
That it return'd to its own element  
Torn limbs some leagues into the island fly,  
Whilst others lower in the sea do lye  
Scarce souls from bodies sever'd are so far,  
By death, as bodies there were by the war  
Th' all-seeing sun, ne er gaz'd on such a sight,  
Two dreadful navies there at anchor fight

And neither have, or power, or will to fly,  
There one must conquer, or there both must dye  
Far different motives yet, engag'd them thus,  
Necessity did them, but choice did us.

A choice which did the highest worth express,  
And was attended by as high success  
For your resistless genius there did reign,  
By which we laurels reapt ev'n on the mayn.  
So prosperous stars, though absent to the sence,  
Bless those they shine for, by their influence.

Our cannon now tears every ship and sconce,  
And o're two elements triumphs at once  
Their gallions sunk, their wealth the sea does fill,  
The only place where it can cause no ill

Ah would those treasures which both Indies have,  
Were buried in as large, and deep a grave,  
Wars chief support with them would buried be,  
And the land owe her peace unto the sea.  
Ages to come, your conquering arms will bless,  
There they destroy, what had destroy'd their peace.  
And in one war the present age may boast,  
The certain seeds of many wars are lost

All the foes ships destroy'd, by sea or fire,  
Victorious Blake, does from the bay retire,  
His siege of Spain he then again pursues,  
And there first brings of his success the news,  
The saddest news that ere to Spain was brought,  
Their rich fleet sunk, and ours with lawrel fraught  
Whilst fame in every place, her trumpet blowes,  
And tells the world, how much to you it owes

ANDREW MARVELL



262. *Saylors for my Money*

*A new Ditty composed in the praise of Saylors and Sea  
Affaires, briefly showing the nature of so worthy a calling,  
and effects of their industry*

To the Tune of *The Iovial Cobbler*

COUNTRIE men of England, who live at home with  
ease,

And little thinke what dangers are incident o' th' seas,  
Give eare unto the saylor who unto you will shew

His case, his case : *how ere the winde doth blow.*

He that is a saylor must have a valiant heart,  
For, when he is upon the sea, he is not like to start,  
But must with noble courage all dangers undergoe

Resolve, resolve *how e're the wind doth blow*

Our calling is laborious, and subject to much care,  
But we must still contented be with what falls to our share  
We must not be faint-hearted, come tempest, raine or snow,  
Nor shrink nor shrink *how e'er the winde doth  
blow*

Sometimes on Neptune's bosome our ship is tost with  
waves,

And every minute we expect the sea must be our graves  
Sometimes on high she mounteth, then falls againe as low  
-With waves • with waves *when stormie winds do blow*

Then with unfained prayers, as Christian duty binds,  
Wee turne unto the Lord of hosts, with all our hearts and  
minds,

To Him we flie for succour, for He, we surely know,  
Can save can save *how ere the wind doth blow.*

Then He who brake the rage of the rough and blustrous  
    seas,  
When His disciples were afraid, will straight the stormes  
    apease,  
And give us cause to thanke, on bended knees full low  
    Who saves    who saves • *how ere the wind doth blow.*

Our enemies approaching, when wee on sea espie,  
Wee must resolve incontinent to fight, although we die,  
With noble resolution we must oppose our foe  
    In fight, in fight    *how ere the wind doth blow*

And when, by God's assistance, our foes are put to th' foile,  
'To animate our courages wee all have share o' th' spoile.  
Our foes into the ocean we back to back do throw,  
    To sinke, or swimme    *how ere the wind doth blow*

Thus wee gallant sea-men, in midst of greatest dangers,  
Doe alwaies prove our valour, wee never are no changers;  
But what soe ere betide us, wee stoutly undergoe,  
    Resolv'd, resolv'd    *how ere the wind doth blow*

If fortune doe befriend us, in what we take in hand,  
Wee prove our selves still generous wherere we come to land,  
Ther's few that shall out brave us, though neere so great  
    in show  
We spend, and lend    *how ere the wind doth blow*

We travell to the Indies, from them we bring som spice,  
There we buy rich merchandise at very little price,  
And many wealthy prizes we conquer from the foe  
    In fight, in fight    *how ere the wind doth blow*

Into our native country with wealth we doe returne,  
And cheere our wives and children, who for our absence  
                        mourne

Then doe we bravely flourish, and where soe ere we goe  
We roare we roare *how ere the wind doth blow.*

For when we have received our wages for our paynes  
The vintners and the tapsters by us have golden gaines  
We call for liquor roundly, and pay before we goe.

And sing and drink *how ere the wind doth blow*

We bravely are respected when we walke up and downe,  
For if wee meet good company wee care not for a crowne,  
Ther's none more free than saylors, where ere he come  
                        or goe,

They'll roare o' th' shore. *how ere the winde doth blow*

Then who would live in England and norish vice with  
                        ease,

When hee that is in povertie may riches get o' th' seas'  
Let's saile unto the Indies, where golden grass doth grow.

To sea, to sea *how ere the wind doth blow*

MARTIN PARKER

263. *On His Majesties Fleet*

CEASE now the talke of wonders, nothing rare  
Of floateing ilandes, castles in the aire,  
Of wooden walls, graves walkeing, flieing steedes,  
Or Trojan horse. The present truth exceeds  
Those ancient fables, floating iles great store,  
Sent from the British Ile, now guard her shore,

And castles strong without foundation stande  
More safe on waters pavement then on lande.  
Now wooden walles defend our walles of rocke,  
These walles are cittyes too, tooke from the block  
Arise those christned frames, which are the health  
And moddle of a vaster Commonwealthe,  
Beyond the Kentish stratagem now ghosts  
Of trees not greene doe walk about our coasts,  
Which humane art hath made move quick, by death  
Inur'd to motion, taught to feed on breath  
Now winged steeds with bridles plac'd behind,  
Leaving no print, accompany the winde,  
Their bowells greate with sonns of Mars doth groane  
To be deliverd into action  
Ride on, Arts liveing creatures, flie and swell  
Your wings like angry swans, while wee that dwell  
On shore, with prayer and fame encrease the gale  
Which Heaven shall breath into each pregnant saile  
Powre out the language of a chastning Jove  
That speakes in thunder here, like him above.  
Cannot your *Lion* roare and act her king?  
Is shee with all her *Whelpes* not swift to bringe  
Her pray into her den? Is not your *Rose*  
Worth lilies three, or any flower that growes?  
Your *Honour* (which is admirall) maintaine,  
She leades you forth, come home to her againe.  
For sea and fish, if tempests rise, bee free.  
Give them to what they love, that troublers bee.

264. *Neptune to England*

O F thee, great state, the god of waves  
In equall wrongs, assistance craves,  
defend thyselfe and mee .

For if ore seas there be no sway,  
My godhead cleane is tane away,  
the scepter pluckt from thee.

Such as ore seas all sovereigntie oppose,  
Though seeming friends, to both are truly foes

If little Venice brings alone  
Such waves to her subjection,  
as in the gulfe doe stirre ,  
What then should great Britannia please,  
But rule as ladie ore all seas.  
and thou as queen of her  
For sea-dominion may as well bee gain'd  
By new acquests, as by descent maintain'd.

Goe on, great state, and make it knowne,  
Thou never wilt forsake thine owne,  
nor from thy purpose start  
But that thou wilt thy power dilate,  
Since narrow seas are found too straight  
for thy capacious heart.  
So shall thy rule, and mine, have large extent .  
Yet not so large, as just and permanent

265 ' *To all you Ladies now at Land*'

TO all you ladies now at land,  
 We men at sea indite,  
 But first wou'd have you understand  
 How hard it is to write;  
 The Muses now, and Neptune too,  
 We must implore to write to you.  
*With a fa, la, la, la, la.*

For tho' the Muses should prove kind,  
 And fill our empty brain,  
 Yet if rough Neptune rouze the wind,  
 To wave the azure main,  
 Our paper, pen, and ink, and we,  
 Roul up and down our ships at sea  
*With a fa, la, la, la, la.*

Then, if we write not by each post,  
 Think not we are unkind,  
 Nor yet conclude our ships are lost -  
 By Dutchmen, or by wind  
 Our tears we'll send a speedier way,  
 The tide shall bring 'em twice a day  
*With a fa, la, la, la, la*

The King, with wonder and surprize,  
 Will swear the seas grow bold,  
 Because the tides will higher rise,  
 Than e'er they us'd of old  
 But let him know it is our tears -  
 Brings floods of grief to Whitehall stairs  
*With a fa, la, la, la, la*

## EARL OF DORSET

Should foggy Opdam chance to know  
 Our sad and dismal story ,  
 The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe  
 And quit their fort at Goree  
 For what resistance can they find  
 From men who've left their hearts behind '  
*With a fa, la, la, la, la.*

Let wind and weather do its worst  
 Be you to us but kind ,  
 Let Dutchmen vapour, Spaniards curse.  
 No sorrow we shall find :  
 'Tis then no matter how things go,  
 Or who's our friend, or who's our foe.  
*With a fa, la, la, la, la.*

To pass our tedious hours away,  
 We throw a merry main ;  
 Or else at serious ombre play ;  
 But why should we in vain  
 Each others ruin thus pursue ?  
 We were undone when we left you  
*With a fa, la, la, la, la.*

But now our fears tempestuous grow,  
 And cast our hopes away ,  
 Whilst you, regardless of our woe,  
 Sit careless at a play  
 Perhaps permit some happier man  
 To kiss your hand, or flirt your fan.  
*With a fa, la, la, la, la.*

When any mournful tune you hear,  
 'That dies in ev'ry note ,  
 As if it sigh'd with each man's care,  
 For being so remote  
 Think then how often love we've made  
 To you, when all those tunes were play'd.  
*With a fa, la, la, la, la*

In justice you cannot refuse,  
 To think of our distress ,  
 When we, for hopes of honour, lose  
 Our certain happiness ,  
 All those designs are but to prove  
 Ourselves more worthy of your love,  
*With a fa, la, la, la, la.*

And now we've told you all our loves,  
 And likewise all our fears,  
 In hope this declaration moves  
 Some pity for our tears .  
 Let's hear of no inconstancy,  
 We have too much of that at sea  
*With a fa, la, la, la, la.*

EARL OF DORSET

266.

*Thurot*

*(Naval Battle fought off Ramsey, 1760)*

THUROT he came round Point of Ayre—  
 He came with vessels three,  
 He'd harried the shores of Ern fair—  
 A piteous sight to see —



## ANONYMOUS

Tow'ri and town he'd stripp'd them bare—

A merciless man was he !

And now he'd sail to his south-land lair,

In safety there to be

' See Captain, three tall English craft

Reach out from Ramsey Bay '

He gripp'd his sword and grimly laugh'd,

' We've fallen on an evil day !

But the wine is pour'd, and must e'en be quaff'd,

We'll fight it as we may ,

Welcome the cup that holds the draught

To rovers bold and gay ! '

' Carrickfergus is smoking yet,

In Larne the maids still weep ,

Except to fight your hearts be set,

In English jail ye'll sleep,

But light I reck'n their fume and fret,

They buy me not so cheap,

And ere those dogs my ship may get

She'll be ten fathoms deep ! '

The French they rag'd like flaming fire,

Like beasts that seek to flee,

The English fought with deadly ire,

And dumb as dumb could be,

With wrath and scorn that would not tire

Or doubt of victory !

How should the spawn of prison mire

Resist the kings of the sea ?

Thro' ragged holes the sea came fast,  
    'Captain she sinks!' they cried.  
'Amen! fight on while she may last,'  
    The bold Thurot replied  
The English grape-shot rattled past,  
    His arm fell by his side,  
And crashing fell his tall fore-mast,  
    And his men despairing died

'I yield me not!' Thurot he said,  
    'Nor ye, while I command!  
Curs! be ye out of steel and lead?  
    E'en die there as ye stand!'     '  
His crew were mad with craven dread,  
    And fear their anger fann'd,  
And a traitor shot brave Thurot sped  
    From his own men's felon hand

And never since the world began  
    Was braver tar than he;  
For he that doth the best he can  
    How may he better be?  
So fill your cup and fill your can,  
    And pledge him lustily,  
And stand, as ye drink to a valiant man,  
    Tho' he was your enemy!

267

*Hearts of Oak*

COME cheer up my lads, 'tis to glory we steer,  
 To add something new to this wonderful year ;  
 To honour we call you, not press you like slaves,  
 For who are so free as the sons of the waves ?

Hearts of Oak are our ships, Hearts of Oak are our men,  
     We always are ready,  
     Steady, boys, steady,  
 We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again

We ne'er meet our foes but we wish them to stay,  
 They ne'er meet us but they wish us away ,  
 If they run, then we follow, and drive them ashore,  
 For if they won't fight us, we cannot do more  
     Hearts of Oak, &c

Monsieur Thurot in the absence of Boyce,  
 Went over to Ireland to brag the dear boys ;  
 Near Man, Elliot met him, and gave him a blow,  
 Which sent him to tell it to Pluto below  
     Hearts of Oak, &c

They talk to invade us, these terrible foes,  
 They frighten our women, our children, and beaux ,  
 But, if their flat bottoms in darkness come o'er,  
 Sure Britons they'll find to receive them on shore  
     Hearts of Oak, &c.

We'll make them to run, and we'll make them to sweat,  
 In spite of the Devil and Russel's Gazette ,  
 Then cheer up my lads, with one heart let us sing,  
 Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen our king.  
     Hearts of Oak, &c

DAVID GARRICK.

268

*The Arethusa*

COME all ye jolly Sailors bold,  
Whose hearts are cast in honour's mould,  
While England's glory I unfold,  
Huzza to the *Arethusa*  
She is a Frigate tight and brave,  
As ever stemm'd the dashing wave ;  
Her men are staunch  
To their fav'rite Launch,  
And when the foe shall meet our fire,  
Sooner than strike we'll all expire,  
On board of the *Arethusa*.

'Twas with the spring-fleet she went out,  
The English Channel to cruize about,  
When four French sail, in show so stout,  
Bore down on the *Arethusa*  
The fam'd *Belle Poule* straight ahead did lie,  
The *Arethusa* seem'd to fly,  
Not a sheet, or a Tack,  
Or a brace did she slack,  
Tho' the French men laugh'd, and thought it stuff,  
But they knew not the handful of men, how tough,  
On board of the *Arethusa*

On deck five hundred men did dance,  
The stoutest they could find in France,  
We, with two hundred, did advance,  
On board of the *Arethusa*.  
Our captain hail'd the Frenchman, ho !  
The Frenchman cry'd out hallo !

'Bear down, d'ye see  
 To our Admiral's lee'  
 'No, no,' says the Frenchman, 'that can't be'  
 'Then I must lug you along with me,'  
 Says the Saucy Arethusa

The fight was off the Frenchman's land,  
 We forc'd them back upon their strand,  
 For we fought till not a stick would stand  
 Of the gallant Arethusa  
 And now we've driven the foe ashore,  
 Never to fight with Britons more,  
 Let each fill a glass  
 To his favorite lass!  
 A health to our Captain, and Officers true,  
 And all that belong to the jovial crew,  
 On board of the Arethusa!

PRINCE HOARE

269.

*Song*

**B**LOW high, blow low, let tempests tear  
 The mainmast by the board,  
 My heart with thoughts of thee, my dear,  
 And love, well-stored,  
 Shall brave all danger, scorn all fear,  
 The roaring winds, the raging sea,  
 In hopes on shore  
 To be once more,  
 Safe moor'd with thee!

Aloft while mountains high we go,  
 The whistling winds that scud along,  
 And surges roaring from below  
 Shall my signal be  
 To think on thee,  
 And this shall be my song.  
 Blow high, blow low, let tempests tear  
 The mainmast by the board

And on that night when all the crew,  
 The memory of their former lives  
 O'er flowing cans of flip renew,  
 And drink their sweethearts and their wives,  
 I'll heave a sigh and think on thee,  
 And, as the ship rolls through the sea,  
 The burden of my song shall be  
 Blow high, blow low, let tempests tear  
 The mainmast by the board.

CHARLES DIBDIN

270.

*Copenhagen*

OF Nelson and the north,  
 Sing the day,  
 When, their haughty powers to vex,  
 He engaged the Danish decks,  
 And with twenty floating wrecks  
 Crowned the fray

All bright, in April's sun,  
 Shone the day,  
 When a British fleet came down  
 Through the islands of the Crown,  
 And by Copenhagen town  
 Took their stay.

In arms the Danish shore  
Proudly shone,  
By each gun the lighted brand  
In a bold, determined hand,  
And the Prince of all the land  
Led them on

For Denmark here had drawn  
All her might  
From her battleships so vast  
She had hewn away the mast,  
And at anchor, to the last  
Bade them fight.

Another noble fleet  
Of their line  
Rode out, but these were nought  
To the batteries which they brought  
Like Leviathans afloat  
In the brine

It was ten of Thursday morn  
By the chime,  
As they drifted on their path  
There was silence deep as death,  
And the boldest held his breath  
For a time—

Ere a first and fatal round  
Shook the flood  
Every Dane looked out that day,  
Like the red wolf on his prey,  
And he swore his flag to sway  
O'er our blood

Not such a mind possessed  
England's tar,  
'Twas the love of noble game  
Set his oaken heart on flame—  
For to him 'twas all the same,  
Sport and war.

All hands and eyes on watch  
As they keep,  
By their motion light as wings,  
By each step that haughty springs,  
You might know them for the kings  
Of the deep.

'Twas the *Edgar* first that smote  
Denmark's line,  
As her flag the foremost soared,  
Murray stamped his foot on board,  
And an hundred cannons roared  
At the sign

Three cheers of all the fleet  
Sung Huzza!  
Then from centre, rear, and van,  
Every captain, every man,  
With a lion's heart began  
To the fray

Oh, dark grew soon the heavens—  
For each gun  
From its adamant lips  
Spread a death-shade round the ships,  
Like a hurricane eclipse  
Of the sun



Three hours the raging fire  
Did not slack ,  
But the fourth, their signals drear  
Of distress and wreck appear,  
And the Dane a feeble cheer  
Sent us back

The voice decayed , their shots  
Slowly boom  
They ceased—and all is wail,  
As they strike the shattered sail,  
Or in conflagration pale  
Light the gloom

Oh, death—it was a sight  
Filled our eyes !  
But we rescued many a crew  
From the waves of scarlet hue  
Ere the Cross of England flew  
O'er her prize.

Why cease not here the strife  
O ye brave ?  
Why bleeds old England's band  
By the fire of Danish land,  
That smites the very hand  
Stretched to save ?

But the Britons sent to warn  
Denmark's town  
' Proud foes, let vengeance sleep !  
If another chain-shot sweep—  
All your navy in the deep  
Shall go down.

Then, peace instead of death  
Let us bring '  
If you'll yield your conquered fleet  
With the crews, at England's feet,  
And make submission meet  
To our King.'

The Dane returned, a truce  
Glad to bring .  
He would yield his conquered fleet,  
With the crews, at England's feet,  
And make submission meet  
To our King

Then Death withdrew his pall  
From the day ,  
And the sun looked smiling bright  
On a wide and woful sight  
Where the fires of funeral light  
Died away

Yet, all amidst her wrecks  
And her gore,  
Proud Denmark blest our chief  
That he gave her wounds relief ,  
And the sounds of joy and grief  
Filled her shore

All round, outlandish cries  
Loudly broke ,  
But a nobler note was rung  
When the British, old and young,  
To their bands of music sung  
'Hearts of Oak !'

## THOMAS CAMPBELL

Cheer ! cheer ! from park and tower,  
London town !

When the King shall ride in state  
From St James's royal gate,  
And to all his peers relate  
Our renown !

The bells shall ring ! the day  
Shall not close,  
But a blaze of cities bright  
Shall illuminate the night,  
And the wine-cup shine in light  
As it flows

Yes—yet amid the joy  
And uproar,  
Let us think of them that sleep  
Full many a fathom deep,  
All beside thy rocky steep  
Elsinore !

Brave hearts, to Britain's weal  
Once so true !  
Though death has quenched your flame,  
Yet immortal be your name !  
For ye died the death of fame  
With Riou

Soft sigh the winds of Heaven  
O'er your grave !  
While the billow mournful rolls  
And the mermaid's song condoles,  
Singing—glory to the souls  
Of the brave

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

271

*Ye Mariners of England*

**Y**E Mariners of England  
That guard our native seas !  
Whose flag has braved a thousand years  
The battle and the breeze !  
Your glorious standard launch again  
To match another foe ,  
And sweep through the deep,  
While the stormy winds do blow !  
While the battle rages loud and long  
And the stormy winds do blow

'The spirits of your fathers  
Shall start from every wave—  
For the deck it was then field of fame,  
And Ocean was their grave  
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell  
Your manly hearts shall glow,  
As ye sweep though the deep,  
While the stormy winds do blow !  
While the battle rages loud and long  
And the stormy winds do blow

Britannia needs no bulwarks,  
No towers along the steep ,  
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,  
Her home is on the deep  
With thunders from her native oak  
She quells the floods below,  
As they roar on the shore,  
When the stormy winds do blow !  
When the battle rages loud and long  
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England  
 Shall yet terrific burn,  
 Till danger's troubled night depart  
 And the star of peace return  
 Then, then, ye ocean-warriors !  
 Our song and feast shall flow  
 To the fame of your name,  
 When the storm has ceased to blow !  
 When the fiery fight is heard no more  
 And the storm has ceased to blow

THOMAS CAMPBELL,

272.

*Adieu, mona beau Navire*

**A**DIEU, mon beau navire,  
 Aux grands mâts pavoisés,  
 Je te quitte et puis dire  
 Mes beaux jours sont passés !

Toi, qui plus fort que l'onde,  
 En sillonnant les flots,  
 A tous les bouts du monde  
 Portes nos matelots,  
 Nous n'irons plus ensemble  
 Voir l'équateur en feu,  
 Mexique où le sol tremble,  
 Et l'Espagne au ciel bleu !  
 Adieu, mon beau, etc.

Quand éclatait la nue,  
 Et la foudre à nos yeux,  
 Lorsque la mer émue  
 S'élançait jusqu'aux cieux

Sous nos pieds, sur nos têtes,  
 Quand grondaient mer et vent,  
 Entre ces deux tempêtes,  
 Tu passais triomphant !  
 Adieu, mon beau, etc

Plus de courses paisibles,  
 Où l'espoir rit au cœur !  
 Plus de combats terribles  
 Dont tu sortais vainqueur !  
 Et d'une main hardie  
 Un autre à mon vaisseau,  
 Sur la poupe ennemie,  
 Plantera ton drapeau !  
 Adieu, mon beau, etc

FRÉDÉRIC SOULIÉ ET EDMOND ARNOULD

273 *A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea*

**A** WET sheet and a flowing sea,  
 A wind that follows fast,  
 And fills the white and rustling sail,  
 And bends the gallant mast,  
 And bends the gallant mast, my boys,  
 While, like the eagle free,  
 Away the good ship flies, and leaves  
 Old England on the lee  
 O for a soft and gentle wind !  
 I heard a fair one cry,  
 But give to me the snoring breeze,  
 And white waves heaving high,  
 And white waves heaving high, my lads,  
 The good ship tight and free—

The world of waters is our home,  
 And merry men are we  
 There's tempest in yon horned moon,  
 And lightning in yon cloud,  
 But hark the music, mariners '  
 The wind is piping loud,  
 The wind is piping loud, my boys,  
 The lightning flashes free—  
 While the hollow oak our palace is,  
 Our heritage the sea

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM

274 *The Loss of the Royal George*

TOLL for the brave—  
 The brave ' that are no more  
 All sunk beneath the wave,  
 Fast by their native shore.  
 Eight hundred of the brave,  
 Whose courage well was tried,  
 Had made the vessel heel  
 And laid her on her side,  
 A land-breeze shook the shrouds,  
 And she was overset,  
 Down went the Royal George,  
 With all her crew complete.  
 Toll for the brave—  
 Brave Kempenfelt is gone,  
 His last sea-fight is fought,  
 His work of glory done  
 It was not in the battle,  
 No tempest gave the shock,  
 She sprang no fatal leak,  
 She ran upon no rock,

His sword was in the sheath,  
His fingers held the pen,  
When Kempenfelt went down  
With twice four hundred men  
Weigh the vessel up,  
Once dreaded by our foes,  
And mingle with your cup  
The tears that England owes,  
Her timbers yet are sound,  
And she may float again,  
Full charged with England's thunder,  
And plough the distant main,  
But Kempenfelt is gone,  
His victories are o'er,  
And he and his Eight hundred  
Must plough the wave no more  
WILLIAM COWPER.

275.

*The Mariner*

O GOD ! have mercy in this dreadful hour  
On the poor mariner ! in comfort here  
Safe sheltered as I am, I almost fear  
The blast that rages with resistless power  
What were it now to toss upon the waves,  
The madden'd waves, and know no succour near,  
The howling of the storm alone to hear,  
And the wild sea that to the tempest raves,  
To gaze amid the horrors of the night  
And only see the billow's gleaming light,  
Then in the dread of death to think of her  
Who, as she listens sleepless to the gale,  
Puts up a silent prayer and waxes pale ?  
O God ! have mercy on the mariner !

ROBERT SOUTHEY



276. *From 'Oceano Nox'*

O H ! combien de marins, combien de capitaines  
 Qui sont partis joyeux pour des courses lointaines,  
 Dans ce morne horizon se sont évanouis !  
 Combien ont disparu, dure et triste fortune !  
 Dans une mer sans fond, par une nuit sans lune,  
 Sous l'aveugle océan à jamais enfouis !

Combien de patrons morts avec leurs équipages !  
 L'ouragan de leur vie a pris toutes les pages,  
 Et d'un souffle il a tout dispersé sur les flots !  
 Nul ne saura leur fin dans l'abîme plongée  
 Chaque vague en passant d'un butin s'est chargée ;  
 L'une a saisi l'esquif, l'autre les matelots !

Nul ne sait votre sort, pauvres têtes perdues !  
 Vous roulez à travers les sombres étendues,  
 Heurtant de vos fronts morts des écueils inconnus  
 Oh ! que de vieux parents, qui n'avaient plus qu'un rêve,  
 Sont morts en attendant tous les jours sur la grève  
 Ceux qui ne sont pas revenus !

On demande — Où sont-ils ? Sont-ils rois dans quelque  
 île ?

Nous ont-ils délaissés pour un bord plus fertile ? —  
 Puis votre souvenir même est enseveli.  
 Le corps se perd dans l'eau, le nom dans la mémoire  
 Le temps, qui sur toute ombre en verse une plus noire,  
 Sur le sombre océan jette le sombre oubli.

Bientôt des yeux de tous votre ombre est disparue.  
 L'un n'a-t-il pas sa barque et l'autre sa charrue ?

Seules, durant ces nuits où l'orage est vainqueur,  
Vos veuves aux fronts blancs, lasses de vous attendre,  
Parlent encor de vous en remuant la cendre  
De leur foyer et de leur cœur !

Et quand la tombe enfin a fermé leur paupière,  
Rien ne sait plus vos noms, pas même une humble pierre  
Dans l'étroit cimetière où l'écho nous répond,  
Pas même un saule vert qui s'effeuille à l'automne,  
Pas même la chanson naïve et monotone  
Que chante un mendiant à l'angle d'un vieux pont !

Où sont-ils les marins sombrés dans les nuits noires ?  
Ô flots ! que vous savez de lugubres histoires,  
Flots profonds, redoutés des mères à genoux !  
Vous vous les racontez en montant les marées,  
Et c'est ce qui vous fait ces voix désespérées  
Que vous avez le soir quand vous venez vers nous !

VICTOR HUGO.

277.

*Hervé Riel*

I

ON the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-  
two,

Did the English fight the French,—woe to France !  
And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter through the blue,  
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks  
pursue,

Came crowding ship on ship to Saint-Malo on the Rance,  
With the English fleet in view

## II.

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full  
chase,  
First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship,  
Damfreville,  
Close on him fled, great and small,  
Twenty-two good ships in all,  
And they signalled to the place  
'Help the winners of a race'  
Get us guidance, give us harbour, take us quick—or,  
quicker still,  
Here's the English can and will !'

## III

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leapt on board,  
'Why, what hope or chance have ships like these  
to pass?' laughed they  
'Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage scarred  
and scored,—  
Shall the "Formidable" here, with her twelve and eighty  
guns,  
Think to make the river-mouth by the single narrow way,  
Trust to enter—where 'tis ticklish for a craft of twenty tons,  
And with flow at full beside?  
Now, 'tis slackest ebb of tide  
Reach the mooring? Rather say,  
While rock stands or water runs,  
Not a ship will leave the bay!'

## IV

Then was called a council straight  
Brief and bitter the debate.

'Here's the English at our heels; would you have them  
take in tow

All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and bow,  
For a prize to Plymouth Sound'

Better run the ships aground!'

(Ended Damfreville his speech).

'Not a minute more to wait!'

Let the Captains all and each

Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the  
beach!

France must undergo her fate.

## v

Give the word! But no such word

Was ever spoke or heard,

For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all these  
—A Captain? A Lieutenant? A Mate—first, second,  
third?

No such man of mark, and meet

With his betters to compete!

But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for the  
fleet,

A poor coasting-pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.

## vi

And 'What mockery or malice have we here?' cries Hervé  
Riel

'Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards, fools,  
or rogues?'

Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the soundings,  
tell

On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell  
 'Twixt the offing here and Grève where the river dis-  
 embogues?  
 Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying's for?  
 Morn and eve, night and day,  
 Have I piloted your bay,  
 Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.  
 Burn the fleet and ruin France? That were worse than  
 fifty Hogues!  
 Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me  
 there's a way!  
 Only let me lead the line,  
 Have the biggest ship to steer,  
 Get this "Formidable" clear,  
 Make the others follow mine,  
 And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know well,  
 Right to Solidor past Grève,  
 And there lay them safe and sound,  
 And if one ship misbehave,—  
 —Keel so much as grate the ground,  
 Why, I've nothing but my life,—here's my head!' cries  
 Hervé Riel

## VII.

Not a minute more to wait  
 'Steer us in, then, small and great'  
 Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!' cried  
 its chief  
 Captains, give the sailor place!  
 He is Admiral, in brief.  
 Still the north-wind, by God's grace  
 See the noble fellow's face  
 As the big ship, with a bound,  
 Clears the entry like a hound,

Keeps the passage, as its inch of way were the wide sea's  
 profound !

See, safe thro' shoal and rock,

How they follow in a flock,

Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the  
 ground,

Not a spar that comes to grief !

The peril, see, is past.

All are harboured to the last,

And just as Hervé Riel hollas 'Anchor !'—sure as fate,  
 Up the English come,—too late !

## VIII.

So, the storm subsides to calm

They see the green trees wave

On the heights o'erlooking Grève

Hearts that bled are stanch'd with balm

'Just our rapture to enhance,

Let the English rake the bay,

Gnash their teeth and glare askance

As they cannonade away !

'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance !'

How hope succeeds despair on each Captain's countenance !

Out burst all with one accord,

'This is Paradise for Hell !

Let France, let France's King

Thank the man that did the thing !'

What a shout, and all one word,

'Hervé Riel !'

As he stepped in front once more,

Not a symptom of surprise

In the frank blue Breton eyes,

Just the same man as before

## IX

Then said Damfreville, ' My friend,  
 I must speak out at the end,  
   Though I find the speaking hard  
 Praise is deeper than the lips  
 You have saved the King his ships,  
   You must name your own reward  
 'Faith, our sun was near eclipse '  
 Demand whate'er you will,  
 France remains your debtor still  
 Ask to heart's content and have ' or my name's not  
   Damfreville '

## X

Then a beam of fun outbroke  
 On the bearded mouth that spoke,  
 As the honest heart laughed through  
 Those frank eyes of Breton blue  
 ' Since I needs must say my say,  
   Since on board the duty's done,  
   And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it but  
     a run ?—  
 Since 'tis ask and have, I may—  
   Since the others go ashore—  
 Come ! A good whole holiday !  
   Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle  
     Aurore !'  
 That he asked and that he got,—nothing more.

## XI.

Name and deed alike are lost  
 Not a pillar nor a post  
   In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell ,

Not a head in white and black  
On a single fishing-smack,  
In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack  
All that France saved from the fight whence England  
bore the bell  
Go to Paris rank on rank  
Search the heroes flung pell-mell  
On the Louvre, face and flank !  
You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé Riel  
So, for better and for worse,  
/ Hervé Riel, accept my verse !  
In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more  
Save the squadron, honour France, love thy wife the Belle  
Aurore !

ROBERT BROWNING

278. *Home-thoughts, from the Sea*

NOBLY, nobly Cape Saint Vincent to the North-west  
died away,  
Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking into Cadiz Bay,  
Bluish 'mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar lay,  
In the dimmest North-east distance dawned Gibraltar grand  
and gray,  
'Here and here did England help me how can I help  
England?'—say,  
Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to praise  
and pray,  
While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa.

ROBERT BROWNING.



279 *The Last Three from Trafalgar*

**I**N grappled ships around The Victory,  
 Three boys did England's Duty with stout cheer,  
 While one dread truth was kept from every ear,  
 More dire than deafening fire that churned the sea  
 For in the flag-ship's weltering cockpit, he  
 Who was the Battle's Heart without a peer,  
 He who had seen all fearful sights save Fear,  
 Was passing from all life save Victory  
 And round the old memorial board to-day,  
 Three greybeards—each a war-worn British Tar—  
 View through the mist of years that hour afar  
 Who soon shall greet, 'mid memories of fierce fray,  
 The impassioned soul which on its radiant way  
 Soared through the fiery cloud of Trafalgar.

D. G. ROSSETTI

## 280

*Admirals All*

**E**FFINGHAM, Grenville, Raleigh, Drake,  
 Here's to the bold and free '  
 Benbow, Collingwood, Byron, Blake,  
 Hail to the Kings of the Sea '  
 Admirals all, for England's sake,  
 Honour be yours and fame '  
 And honour, as long as waves shall break,  
 To Nelson's peerless name '

*Admirals all, for England's sake,  
 Honour be yours and fame '  
 And honour, as long as waves shall break,  
 To Nelson's peerless name '*

Essex was fretting in Cadiz Bay  
With the galleons fair in sight,  
Howard at last must give him his way,  
And the word was passed to fight.  
Never was schoolboy gayer than he,  
Since holidays first began  
He tossed his bonnet to wind and sea,  
And under the guns he ran

Drake nor devil nor Spaniard feared,  
Their cities he put to the sack,  
He singed his Catholic Majesty's beard,  
And harried his ships to wrack  
He was playing at Plymouth a rubber of bowls  
When the great Armada came,  
But he said, 'They must wait their turn, good souls,'  
And he stooped, and finished the game.

Fifteen sail were the Dutchmen bold,  
Duncan he had but two,  
But he anchored them fast where the Texel shoaled  
And his colours aloft he flew  
'I've taken the depth to a fathom,' he cried,  
'And I'll sink with a right good will,  
For I know when we're all of us under the tide,  
My flag will be fluttering still'

Splinters were flying above, below,  
When Nelson sailed the Sound  
'Mark you, I wouldn't be elsewhere now,'  
Said he, 'for a thousand pound!'

The Admiral's signal bade him fly,  
 But he wickedly wagged his head,  
 He clapped the glass to his sightless eye  
 And 'I'm damned if I see it' he said

Admirals all, they said their say  
 (The echoes are ringing still),  
 Admirals all, they went their way  
 To the haven under the hill  
 But they left us a kingdom none can take  
 The realm of the circling sea,  
 To be ruled by the rightful sons of Blake  
 And the Rodneys yet to be

*Admirals all, for England's sake,  
 Honour be yours and fame '  
 And honour, as long as waves shall break,  
 To Nelson's peerless name '*

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT

281      *Song for all Seas, all Ships*

TO-DAY a rude brief recitative,  
 Of ships sailing the Seas, each with its special flag or  
 ship-signal,  
 Of unnamed heroes in the ships—Of waves spreading and  
 spreading, far as the eye can reach,  
 Of dashing spray, and the winds piping and blowing,  
 And out of these a chant, for the sailors of all nations,  
 Fitful, like a surge

Of Sea-Captains young or old, and the Mates—and of all  
intrepid Sailors,  
Of the few, very choice, taciturn, whom fate can never  
surprise, nor death dismay,  
Pick'd sparingly, without noise, by thee, old Ocean—  
chosen by thee,  
Thou Sea, that pickest and cullest the race, in Time, and  
untest Nations '  
Suckled by thee, old husky Nurse—embodying thee '  
Indomitable, untamed as thee

(Ever the heroes on water or on land, by ones or twos  
appearing,  
Ever the stock preserv'd, and never lost, though rare—  
enough for seed preserv'd )

Flaunt not O Sea, your separate flags of nations '  
Flaunt out, visible as ever, the various ship-signals '  
But do you reserve especially for yourself, and for the soul  
of man, one flag above all the rest,  
A spiritual woven Signal, for all nations, emblem of man  
elate above death,  
Token of all brave captains, and all intrepid sailors and  
mates,  
And all that went down doing their duty ,  
Reminiscent of them—twined from all intrepid captains,  
young or old ,  
A pennant universal, subtly waving, all time, o'er all brave  
sailors,  
All seas, all ships.

WALT WHITMAN

282

*Old Anchor Chanty**First Voice*

WITH a long heavy heave, my very famous  
men.

(Chorus *Bring home ! heave and rally !*)

*Second Voice*

And why do you, lad, look so pale ? Is it for love or  
lack of ale ?

*First Voice*

All hands bear a hand that have a hand to len'—  
And there never was a better haul than you gave  
then .

(Chorus *Bring home !*)

*First Voice*

Heave hearty, my very famous men

(*Bring home ! heave and rally !*)

*Second Voice*

Curl and scud, rack and squall—sea-clouds you shall  
know them all .

*First Voice*

For we're bound for Valparaiso and round the Horn  
again

From Monte Desolado to the parish of Big Ben !

(*Bring home !*)

*First Voice*

Heave hearty, my very famous men

(*Bring home ! heave and rally !*)

*Second Voice*

Bold through all or scuppers under, when shall we be  
back, I wonder ?

*First Voice*

From the green and chancy water we shall all come  
back again

To the Lizard and the ladies—but who can say for  
when ?

(*Bring home !*)

*First Voice*

Heave and she's a-trip, my very famous men

(*Bring home ! heave and rally !*)

*Second Voice*

When you fair lass says farewell to you a fair wind

I will sell to you

*First Voice*

You may sell you soul's salvation, but I'll bet you  
two-pound-ten

She's a-tripping on the ribs of the devil in his den.

(*Bring home !*)

*First Voice*

Heave and she's a-peak, my very famous men

(*Bring home ! heave and rally !*)

*Second Voice*

You shall tread, for one cruzado, Fiddler's Green in

El Dorado

*First Voice*

Why, I've seen less lucky fellows pay for liquor with  
doubloons

And for 'baccy with ozellas, gold mohurs, and  
ducatoons ! . .

(*Bring home !*)

*First Voice*

Heave and a-weigh, my very famous men

(*Bring home ! heave and rally !*)

*Second Voice*

And drop her next in heat or cold, the flukes of  
England they shall hold ! .

*First Voice*

Ring and shank, stock and fluke, she's coming into  
ken—

Give a long and heavy heave, she's a-coming into  
ken

(*Bring home !*)

*First Voice*

Heave and in sight, my very famous men .

(*Bring home ! heave and rally !*)

*Second Voice*

With her shells and tangle dripping she's a beauty we  
are shipping

*First Voice*

And she likes a bed in harbour like a decent citizen,  
But her fancy for a hammock on the deep sea comes  
again

(*Bring home !*)

*First Voice*

Heave and she's a-wash, my very famous men. . .

(*Bring home ! heave and rally !*)

*Second Voice*

O never stop to write the news that we are off upon  
a cruise

*First Voice*

For the Gulf of Calfoiny's got a roller now and then  
But it's better to be sailing than a-sucking of a pen .

(*Bring home !*)

HERBERT TRENCH

283.

*The Last Chantey*

‘And there was no more sea’

THUS said the Lord in the vault above the Cheru-  
bim,  
Calling to the Angels and the Souls in their degree  
‘Lo! Earth has passed away  
On the smoke of Judgment Day’  
That Our word may be established shall We gather up the  
sea’

Loud sang the souls of the jolly, jolly mariners  
‘Plague upon the hurricane that made us furl and flee’  
But the war is done between us,  
In the deep the Lord hath seen us—  
Our bones we’ll leave the barracout and God may sink  
the sea’

Thus said the soul of Judas that betrayéd Him  
‘Lord hast Thou forgotten Thy covenant with me’  
How once a year I go  
To cool me on the floe’  
And Ye take my day of mercy if Ye take away the sea’

Then said the soul of the Angel of the Off-shore Wind  
(He that bits the thunder when the bull-mouthed breakers  
flee)  
‘I have watch and ward to keep  
O’er thy wonders on the deep,  
And Ye take mine honour from me if Ye take away the sea’



Loud sang the souls of the jolly, jolly mariners.

‘Nay, but we were angry, and a hasty folk were we’

If we worked the ship together

Till she foundered in foul weather,

Are we babes that we should clamour for a vengeance on  
the sea?’

Then said the souls of the slaves that men threw over-  
board

‘Kennelled in the picaroon a weary band were we,

But Thy arm was strong to save,

And it touched us on the wave,

And we drownsed the long tides idle till Thy Trumpets  
tore the sea’

Then cried the soul of the stout Apostle Paul to God.

‘Once we frapped a ship, and she laboured woundily

There were fourteen score of these,

And they blessed Thee on their knees,

When they learned Thy Grace and glory under Malta by  
the sea!’

Loud sang the souls of the jolly, jolly mariners

Plucking at their harps, and they plucked unhandily

‘Our thumbs are rough and tarred,

And the tune is something hard—

May we lift a Deepsea Chantey such as seamen use at  
sea?’

Then said the souls of the gentlemen adventurers,

Fettered wrist to bar all for red iniquity

‘Ho, we revel in our chains

O’er the sorrow that was Spain’s

Heave or sink it, leave or drink it, we were masters of  
the sea!’

Up spake the soul of a gray Gothavn' speckshioner—  
(He that led the finching in the fleets of fair Dundee)

' Oh the ice-blink white and near,  
And the bowhead breaching clear !

Will Ye whelm them all for wantonness that wallow in  
the sea ? '

Loud sang the souls of the jolly, jolly mariners,  
Crying ' Under Heaven, here is neither lead nor lee !  
Must we sing for evermore

On the windless, glassy floor ?

Take back your golden fiddles and we'll beat to open sea ! '

Then stooped the Lord, and He called the good sea up to  
Him,

And 'stablished His borders unto all Eternity,

That such as have no pleasure

For to praise the Lord by measure,

They may enter into galleons and serve Him on the sea.

*Sun, wind, and cloud shall fail not from the face of it,*

*Stinging, ringing spindrift, nor the fulmar flying free,*

*And the ships shall go abroad*

*To the Glory of the Lord*

*Who heard the silly sailor-folk and gave them back their sea*

284

*L' Envoy*

THERE's a whisper down the field where the year  
has shot her yield

And the ricks stand gray to the sun,

Singing — ' Over then, come over, for the bee has quit the  
clover

And your English summer's done '  
You have heard the beat of the off-shore wind  
And the thresh of the deep-sea rain ,  
You have heard the song—how long ! how long !  
Pull out on the trail again !

Ha' done with the Tents of Shem, dear lass,  
We've seen the seasons through,  
And it's time to turn on the old trail, our own trail, the out  
trail,

Pull out, pull out, on the Long Trail—the trail that is  
always new

It's North you may run to the rime-ring'd sun,  
Or South to the blind Horn's hate ,  
Or East all the way into Mississippi Bay.

Or West to the Golden Gate ,  
Where the blindest bluffs hold good, dear lass,  
And the wildest tales are true,  
And the men bulk big on the old trail, our own trail, the  
out trail,

And life runs large on the Long Trail—the trail that is  
always new.

The days are sick and cold, and the skies are gray and  
old,

And the twice-breathed airs blow damp ,  
And I'd sell my tired soul for the bucking beam-sea roll  
Of a black Bilbao tramp ,

With her load-line over her hatch, dear lass,  
And a drunken Dago crew,  
And her nose held down on the old trail, our own trail, the  
out trail,

From Cadiz Bar on the Long Trail—the trail that is  
always new

There be triple ways to take, of the eagle or the snake,  
Or the way of a man with a maid,  
But the sweetest way to me is a ship's upon the sea  
In the heel of the North-East Trade  
Can you hear the crash on her bows, dear lass,  
And the drum of the racing screw,  
As she ships it green on the old trail, our own trail, the  
out trail  
As she lifts and 'scends on the Long Trail—the trail that  
is always new ?

See the shaking funnels roar, with the Peter at the fore,  
And the fenders grind and heave,  
And the derricks clack and grate as the tackle hooks the  
crate,  
And the fall-rope whines through the sheave,  
It's 'Gang-plank up and in,' dear lass,  
It's 'Hawsers warp her through !'  
And it's 'All clear aft' on the old trail, our own trail, the  
out trail,  
We're backing down on the Long Trail—the trail that is  
always new

O the mutter overside, when the port-fog holds us tied,  
And the sirens hoot their dread !  
When foot by foot we creep o'er the hueless viewless deep  
To the sob of the questing lead !  
It's down by the Lower Hope, dear lass,  
With the Gunfleet Sands in view,  
Till the Mouse swings green on the old trail, our own  
trail, the out trail,  
And the Gull Light lifts on the Long Trail—the trail  
that is always new

O the blazing tropic night, when the wake's a welt of light  
That holds the hot sky tame,  
And the steady fore-foot snores through the planet-  
powder'd floors

Where the scared whale flukes in flame !  
Her plates are scarr'd by the sun, dear lass,  
And her ropes are taut with the dew,  
For we're booming down on the old trail, our own trail,  
the out trail,  
We're sagging south on the Long Trail—the trail that is  
always new

Then home, get her home, where the drunken rollers comb,  
And the shouting seas drive by,  
And the engines stamp and ring, and the wet bows reel  
and swing,  
And the Southern Cross rides high !  
Yes, the old lost stars wheel back, dear lass,  
That blaze in the velvet blue.  
They're all old friends on the old trail, our own trail, the  
out trail,  
They're God's own guides on the Long Trail—the trail  
that is always new

Fly forward, O my heart, from the Foreland to the Start—  
We're steaming all too slow,  
And it's twenty thousand mile to our little lazy isle  
Where the trumpet-orchids blow !  
You have heard the call of the off-shore wind  
And the voice of the deep-sea rain,  
You have heard the song—how long ! how long !  
Pull out on the trail again ?

The Lord knows what we may find, dear lass,  
And the deuce knows what we may do—  
But we're back once more on the old trail, our own trail,  
the out trail,  
We're down, hull down on the Long Trail—the trail that  
is always new.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

285

*From 'Erechtheus'*

FROM the depth of the springs of my spirit a fountain  
is poured of thanksgiving,  
My country, my mother, for thee,  
That thy dead for their death shall have life in thy sight  
and a name everliving  
At heart of thy people to be  
In the darkness of change on the waters of time they shall  
turn from afar  
To the beam of this dawn for a beacon, the light of these  
pyres for a star.  
They shall see thee who love and take comfort, who hate  
thee shall see and take warning,  
Our mother that makest us free;  
And the sons of thine earth shall have help of the waves  
that made war on their morning,  
And friendship and fame of the sea

A. C. SWINBURNE.

## NOTES

I *Hymn of St Colum* Translation by Michael O'Curry from an Irish MS in the Burgundian Library at Brussels, given in Elizabeth A Sharp's *Lyra Celtica*, 1896 I have omitted the last 18 lines

25. MOORE, *The First Ship* From *Lyra Celtica*. I have omitted the last verse, which is inferior to the others

80 *In Hebride Seas* Mr William Sharp says in *Lyra Celtica* 'This stirring Hebridean poem is given as from the ancient Gaelic.' Probably by this is meant old Gaelic, mediaeval or even later The translation is by Mr Thomas Pattison and is included in his 'Gaelic Bards'

81. *The St Kilda Maid's Song* Translated from the Gaelic by Alexander Stewart, at least as old as the middle of the eighteenth century (see *Edinburgh Book of Scottish Verse*, p 895)

118-121 From Cook and Tinker's *Select Translations from Old English Poetry*, 1902

203, 204 *The Bark of Clannanald, The Blessing of the Ship, and The Sailing* These are translations of two sections of *Birlinn Chlann-Raonuill*, the masterpiece of Alexander Macdonald, son of Alexander Macdonald, episcopal clergyman of Ardnamurchan, who was born in the beginning of the eighteenth century. He became an ardent follower of Prince Charlie in '45, and his warlike Jacobite songs were sung throughout the Highlands, they were published in Edinburgh, in 1751

208. *The Lawlands o' Holland* Some of this ballad was probably composed in the eighteenth century, other verses may be older I have used the shorter version taken by Mr Stone in his *Sea Songs*

211 *Merman Rosmer*. I have kept some changes found in the version used by Mr Masefield in his *Sailor's Garland* The ballad of Rosmer is found in all the Scandinavian languages

214 *Il Corsaro* From *Canti popolari del Piemonte* collected by Costantino Nigra, Turin, 1888

### LE CORSAIRE

(Literal translation by H Gonnet)

'O marin de la mer,  
O chantez-moi une chanson'  
'Montez, la belle, dans ma barque,  
La chanson je la chanterai'

Quand la belle fut dans la barque,  
 Le beau marin se mit à chanter  
 Ils naviguerent plus de cinq cents lieues,  
 Toujours en chantant cette chanson  
 Quand la chanson fut finie  
 La belle a la maison voulut retourner  
 ' Vous êtes plus loin de cinq cents lieues,  
 Vous êtes cloignée de votre maison '

' Que dira ma maman,  
 Que je reste tant à revenir? '  
 ' Ne pensez plus a votre maman,  
 O pensez, la belle, au marin.'  
 Vint la moitié de la nuit,  
 L'heure arriva d'aller dormir  
 ' O deshaillez-vous, O dechaussez-vous,  
 Couchez-vous là avec le marin '  
 ' Je me suis lacée si fort,  
 Que le lacet je ne puis detacher

' O marin de la mer,  
 O prêtez-moi, galant, votre épée,  
 Pour que le lacet je puisse couper.'  
 Quand la belle eut eu l'épée,  
 Au milieu du cœur elle se l'est plantée  
 ' O maudite soit l'épée,  
 Et cette main qui l'a prêtée,  
 Mais si je n'ai pu la baiser vivante!  
 Elle est morte, je la veux baiser '  
 Il la prit par ses mains blanches  
 Et dans la mer il la jeta

215 *Lo Mariner*. From *Cansons de la Terra* collected by Francesch Pelay Briz and Candi Candi, Barcelona, 1866-7

### THE MARINER

(Translation)

It is on the sea-shore that a maiden is sitting, and a kerchief  
 that she is broidering for the queen

The kerchief is but half broidered and the silk it is lacking  
 Now it is a ship that is coming, 'Ah, a sail, a sail!'



'Mariner, good mariner, is it silk you are carrying?'  
 'Of what shade would'st thou have it, white or cramoisie?'

'Cramoisie I will have it, the best is cramoisie'  
 'Come then to my ship, and choose for thyself'

It is in the ship that the maiden now is    The ship sets sail  
 It is the sailor that is singing to her new songs

With the singing of the sailor it is sleeping that she is  
 It is the swell of the sea that awakens her

It is awake that she is and seeing no land  
 The ship is on the high seas, a sailing, a sailing

'Mariner, good mariner, oh take me to shore  
 It is suffering that I am from the sea air'

'Nay, it is not from here that thou canst be going'  
 'But we are three sisters, and I am the fairest'

'It is with a duke that one is wedded, and it is a princess  
       that the other is  
 Ah me! Ah me! to wed a mariner.

'It is a robe of gold that the one is wearing, and of silk the  
       other  
 Ah me! Ah me! to wear woollen'

'It will be no woollen, but silk that you will be wearing, and  
       no mariner's wife that you will be, but a queen rather

'It is the son of England's king that I am    And it is seven  
       years that the seas I have been sailing for thee, my love'

230 *The Sea-Farer* From the translation by L. Iddings in  
 Cook and Tinker (see nos 118-21)

234. MINOT, *Winchelsea Fight* From Joseph Hall's edition  
 of Poems of Laurence Minot, Clarendon Press

235 *The Pilgrim's Sea Voyage*. Printed by Halliwell in *Early  
 Naval Ballads* (Percy Society) from MS Trin Coll Camb R  
 iii 19

236 *Lustely, Lustely* Printed in Collier's *English Dramatic  
 Poetry*, Stone's *Sea Songs and Ballads*, and *Naval Songs and  
 Ballads*, ed C H Firth for the Navy Records Society, 1908

237 *In Prais of Scafarunge Men* Printed by Halliwell  
 (see no 235) from MS Sloane 2497, fol 47

247. A. COWLEY, *Ode on Drake's Chair* I have included this fine ode, for although it is not exactly a sea poem it breathes the spirit that inspired Drake and his companions

254 *Henry Martin* Evidently an echo of the early ballad (too long to be included here) of Sir Andrew Barton This is the version in Christopher Stone's *Sea Songs* Mr. Masfield has a different one in the *Sailor's Garland*

255. *The Sweet Trinity* occurs in broadsides of the late seventeenth century

256. *The Golden Vanity* I have taken the version used by Mr Stone in his *Sea Songs*

257. *The Mermaid* Prof Child gives six versions of this ballad It was sung by sailors until quite recently

258. PARMENTIER, *Les Merveilles de la Mer* Jean Parmentier, a sailor-poet of the sixteenth century, and the first navigator to sail as far as Sumatra, wrote his poem 'Navigation de Parmentier contenant les merveilles de la mer, du ciel et de la terre, avec la dignité de l'homme' during a long and dangerous voyage

262 MARTIN PARKER, *Sailors for my Money* Printed in *Roxburghe Ballads* and *Naval Songs and Ballads* (see no 236)

263 *On His Majesties Fleet*, printed in *Naval Songs and Ballads* (see no 236), must date from the period when Charles I was endeavouring to maintain his claim to the sovereignty of the seas against the French and Dutch He built about twelve new ships between 1632 and 1640

265. EARL OF DORSET *To all you Ladies now at Land* Written at sea, in the first Dutch War, 1665, the night before an engagement.

266 *Thurot* Adapted from the original ballads in Manx and English by E. Crabb

271. CAMPBELL, *Ye Mariners of England* The first and complete version of Campbell's 'Battle of the Baltic', taken from the 'Oxford Campbell'

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